CORONET

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on mother's day

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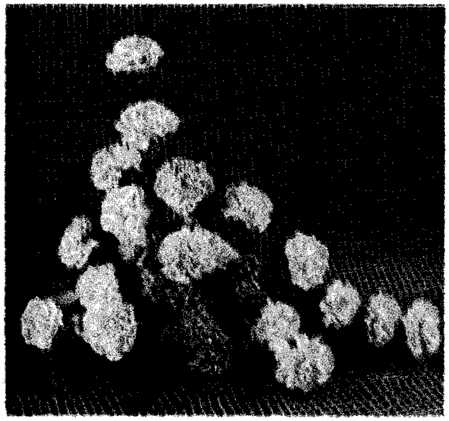

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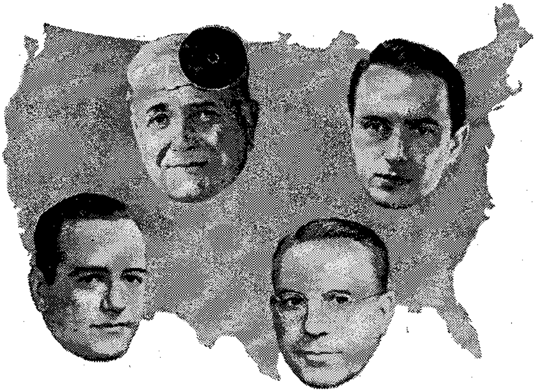

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A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here is why Anacin® gives you a better *total* effect in pain relief:

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...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in the October issue of Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests *...at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

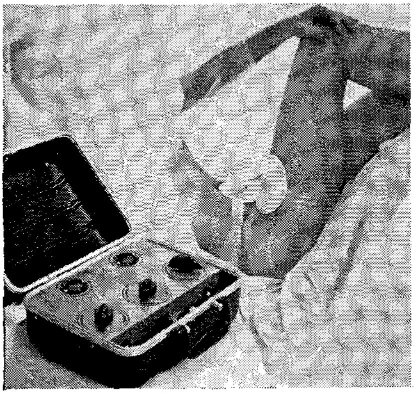
Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)



Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in October CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

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Use margin for more writing space CT-14

Helps put more smiles in the day!

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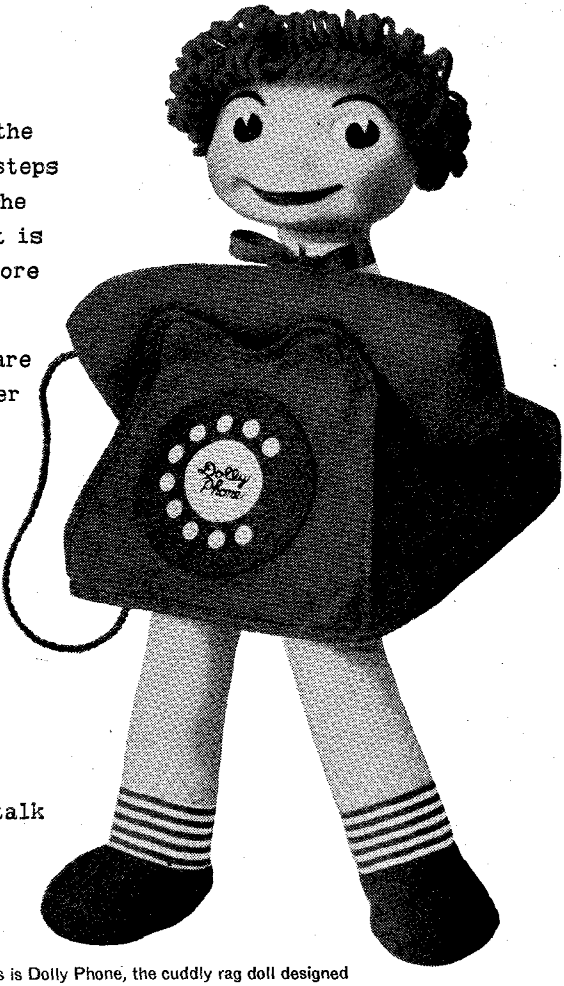
Friends and families are closer--life is happier--there are more good times for everyone--when pleasant voices go back and forth by telephone.

It doesn't have to be a weighty thing. Many a time it's fun to call up just for a friendly chat.

Wouldn't you like to talk to someone right now?



This is Dolly Phone, the cuddly rag doll designed by Bil Baird of the famous Baird Marionettes.

Working together to bring people together . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

Dear Reader:

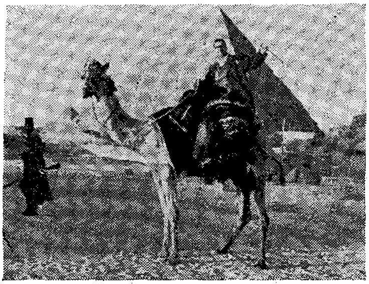
Recently, a man carrying a copy of CORONET hopped off a plane in Washington, D. C., rushed over to the offices of the International Cooperation Administration and buttonholed recruiting chief Will L. Gates for an overseas job. "Looks like you might be the kind of a man we need," beamed Gates.

The link connecting the alert job-seeker and the ICA was the article "500 Dream Jobs Waiting" published in the February CORONET. It described overseas employment opportunities in Uncle Sam's Point Four Program to aid other nations. Our flying CORONET reader had come to Washington for another purpose. But he had become so enthused while reading the article on the plane that he had rushed right over to apply.

As it turned out, this was only the beginning. CORONET had been on the stands only a few days when letters of application began flooding ICA at the rate of more than 300 a day. By the time this issue went to press, over 5,000 had poured in and the flow was continuing unabated. The letters came from all the 48 states plus Canada—even from armed services APOs overseas—and added up to the biggest ICA job rush in recent history.

Naturally, this huge response is gratifying to CORONET editors. Not only because we feel ICA is worth helping, but also because it is proof that our articles can be of personal benefit to our readers. There is no greater reward for editorial labors.

Equally gratified is author David Landman. Accompanied by his wife and two children, he spent 15 months in Indonesia and was constantly intrigued by the work of Point Four people there. "So much so," says Landman, "that I couldn't resist passing the good word about job opportunities along to CORONET readers." Apparently, they're taking him at his word—and taking advantage of it.


ICA booster Landman on recent Egyptian jaunt.

The Editors

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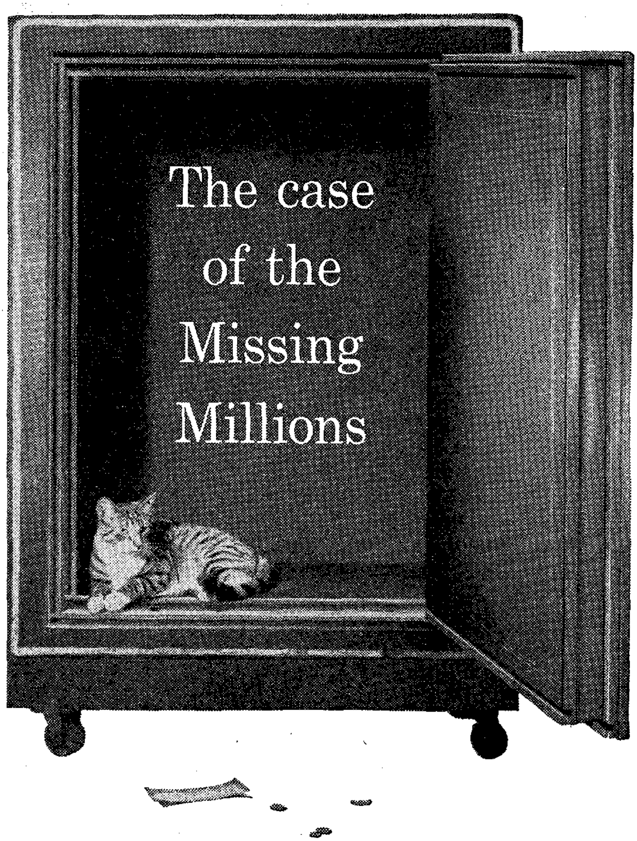

Millions of tax dollars are lost every year through a strange kind of tax favoritism. And you are taxed extra to help balance the loss.

As a customer of an independent electric light and power company, about 23¢ out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, people served by federal government power systems escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. They pay taxes of only about 4¢ per dollar on power from the government's TVA, for example. So to make up for the tax revenues which federal power projects *don't* pay, you have to be taxed *more*.

Don't you think that *every* American should carry his fair share of taxes? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Company names on request through this magazine*

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Contents for May, 1957

Vol. 42, No. 1, WHOLE No. 247

Articles

"Leopold Should Be Freed!"............MEYER LEVIN 36
The Devil and Jack Wyrtzen.........ANTHONY ARDEN 54
Beware "Boiler-Room" Stock Frauds..WILBUR CROSS III 59
16—The Perilous Brink of Manhood.....LILA LENNON 64
Heart Attacks and High-Fat Diets......JOHN PFEIFFER 68
Mad Monster of the Deep...............REED MILLARD 76
Hock Shop for the Rich............HAROLD MEHLING 79
Home Delivery........................JOSEPH LAITIN 83
The Story of a Restless Troubadour........IRWIN ROSS 84
The Laughing Child..................HOLGER JENSEN 100
Mr. Saund Goes to Washington........JOSEPH LAITIN 102
The Flight of the Jailbirds........MARTIN ABRAMSON 107
A Spinster Finds Her Place..AS TOLD TO ROSANNE SMITH 111
The Sunken Treasure of Silver Shoals..T. J. NAUGHTON 116
Everybody's Helping Hand.......NORMAN M. LOBSENZ 120
Washington's Cancer Answer.........HAROLD HELFER 125
What Makes You Tense?...............ANNE FROMER 126
The Noble Agony of Mario Ponzio....GEOFFREY BOCCA 142
Our Farmlands Are Shrinking.........D. A. WILLIAMS
AS TOLD TO PETER FARB 148
Liver for Life....................MADELYN CARLISLE 156
A Spot of England in Oklahoma.........KEN MILLER 159
They Called It Justice................WILL BERNARD 170

Pictorial Features

Roundup at Sea.................................. 16
Bus League..........PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MOTTAR 44
River of Dreams.......PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSS MELCHER 90
Career Housewife.......PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZINN ARTHUR 131

Service Features

Products on Parade................................ 20
Coronet Family Shopper............................ 160
Coronet Shopping Guide............................ 165
Coronet School and College Directory............... 168

Departments

Dear Reader....................................... 5
Ageless Astaire..............................MOVIES 8
You 12
Human Comedy................................HUMOR 43
Four of a Kind..............A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 67
Grin and Share It............................HUMOR 74
Merry Mix-Ups...............................HUMOR 119
Small Talk..................................HUMOR 161
Silver Linings.................................... 162

Book Excerpt

The Zany Cruise of Mrs. Z....WILLIAM K. ZINSSER 27

237926

Cover

Painting...................................BOB HILBERT

Ageless Astaire

THE MOST FAMOUS LEGS in Hollywood do not belong to a movie queen. They're appended to a 5′9½″, 133-pound beanpole named Fred Astaire. A veteran of 24 years in movies at age 58, Astaire has syncopated America's native dance form—the tap dance—to the pinnacle of respectability, and won a special Oscar for his feat.

Perfectionist Astaire begins working on his routines three to eight months before filming starts. He rehearses daily with a pianist or records, blueprinting and editing steps until every movement is meaningful. "Choreography for the camera requires 80 per cent brainwork and 20 per cent footwork," he says.

It also requires a lunch which Astaire brings from home in a paper bag—and a quiet half-hour to digest it, according to Audrey Hepburn and Kay Thompson, his partners in the delightful new film musical *Funny Face.*

Astaire started hoofing in Omaha, Nebraska, at four, and at five toured in vaudeville with his sister Adele. From the "three-a-day" the Astaires moved to Broadway in 1917 and subsequently to London. Adele quit in 1932 to wed a British peer and Fred returned to Broadway in *The Gay Divorcee.* In the movie *Flying Down to Rio* the next year, he teamed with a Texas hoofer named Ginger Rogers. Their successful collaboration continued through ten films.

A widower for almost three years, Astaire's principal interests off screen are his family (Ava, 14; Fred, Jr., 20; and a stepson, Peter, 26), a chain of dancing schools and a stable of horses. When he is no longer agile enough for hoofing, he plans to produce or direct pictures. His pet peeve is "this constant chewing over my age. Does that matter? The important thing is how well a fellow works."

On the golf course, the non-smoking, freckle-pated Astaire finds his limber legs a handicap. "I'm too loose," he laments. And he rarely indulges in a busman's holiday. "I don't enjoy dancing as a social pastime," he says. "Dancing is hard work for me."

(*Continued on page 10*)

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DESIGNING WOMAN. What Hollywood needs is more screwball farces like this one—not the dreary tide of problem pictures that have deluged moviegoers recently.

This comedy focuses on the impulsive marriage of a leading fashion designer (Lauren Bacall) to an outspoken sportswriter (Gregory Peck). Two different worlds clash in a fun-to-the-finish draw.

Dolores Gray nearly steals the show with a tongue-in-cheek portrayal of one of Peck's bad girls. And Dancer Jack Cole scores in a clever, perfectly timed fight finale.

A FACE IN THE CROWD. Director Elia Kazan and Writer Budd Schulberg—the team responsible for *On the Waterfront*—mercilessly dissect a TV folk singer and homespun philosopher whose ego is even larger than his listeners' ratings. Andy Griffith (*below*) is the perfect choice for the singing hillbilly. He gets played-to-the-hilt competition from Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau and two talented newcomers, Lee Remick and Anthony Franciosa.

—Mark Nichols

You'll really know

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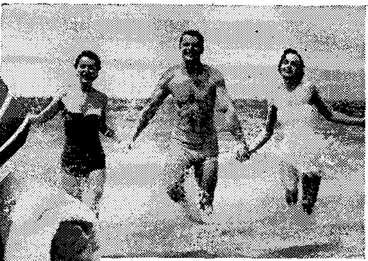

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YOU

Curing psychosomatic ills; the real smokers; and what your gestures reveal

YOU CAN'T WIN: Even if you're cured medically of psychosomatic symptoms, new ones will pop up unless you get to the bottom of your emotional troubles. That's the warning of Dr. Daniel W. Badal, on the basis of his research at Western Reserve University. Thirty ulcer patients, treated by diet, drugs or surgery, found their stomach distress gone. But in its stead they soon developed a Pandora's Box of other psychosomatic ailments—asthma, twitching and swift mood and behavior changes. One woman patient turned out to be a striking laboratory example of Dr. Badal's thesis. When, after prolonged treatment, her ulcer pains vanished, she developed eczema; that was replaced by hypertension; that by drug addiction; that by alcoholism and that, finally, by obesity!

SMOKE SIGNALS: Who smokes? Well, here's the answer. A survey of 40,000 men and women by the U.S. Bureau of the Census Current Population Survey reveals that you're more likely to be a regular cigarette smoker if you're between 25 and 34, and, if a woman, you don't live in the northeastern or western regions of the country. Chances are you're less likely to be a smoker at all if you're a farmer, a white-collar worker, or a single or divorced person. One additional fact: more women than men disclosed that they'd once been smokers, and quit.

AS THE SAYING GOES: There's a new lesson to be learned from the old proverbs, says Dr. Donald R. Gorham. At the Veterans Administration Center, Baylor University, he uses proverb tests to separate normal patients from schizophrenics. It seems that not everyone can discern the point of a proverb. The mentally ill are limited to thinking literally and are therefore likely not to realize that

(Continued on page 14)

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YOU

New use for old proverbs; sex and courting

(Continued from page 12)

the meaning of a proverb such as "You can't tell a book by its cover" lies beyond the exact words. A normal person, however, is able to handle abstractions and usually has no such trouble. Normal subjects even as young as fifth-grade students are able to score well on the tests.

PRESSURE GESTURE: You may be letting off steam indirectly when you tap your foot, scratch your head or whistle. Unconscious gestures act as emotional safety valves, says Dr. Maria Constance Maginnis of the University of California, who has categorized over 10,000 different ones. Dr. Maginnis found that girls evidence fewer gestures than boys. But certain types are more characteristic of girls, such as chewing pencils and twisting hair. Eye-blinking, face-covering, stretching and humming are more common to boys. Surprisingly, extremely popular girls seem to pound tables and clench their fists. Very well-liked boys exhibit virtually none of these gestures.

COMPARATIVE SEX: American parents who fear for their engaged daughters' virtue have less to worry about than they think. In Norway, for instance, engaged coeds advocate more sex liberty than do engaged American males, according to a study of courtship patterns among Norwegian and American college students by William Simenson of Iceland and Gilbert Geis of the University of Oklahoma. The Norwegian students are more conservative at the outset of a dating relationship than their American counterparts—but both male and female believe in considerably more sexual freedom as the relationship progresses. In America, students go in for necking and petting in initial stages, but are less likely to engage in premarital relations. Bachelor Norwegians are more apt to be going steady than single American men. The reason is probably more economic than romantic. In America, the men pay the expenses of a date but this is rare in Norway, where splitting the bill is the custom.

The Bible is a CATHOLIC Book

People differ radically in what they think about the Bible. Some seem to think it was handed down from Heaven written in English and bound in morocco. Many accept it as the inspired Word of God without knowing why they are justified in doing so. And others say that the Bible is full of contradictions and must be taken "with a grain of salt."

A proper understanding of the Scriptures can exert a tremendous influence for good in your personal life. You should, therefore, know where we get the Bible . . . what it means . . . why you can believe its every word.

Nowhere in the Bible text will you find a list of the 73 inspired books of which it is composed. This list was given to the world by the Catholic Church almost three full centuries after the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Between the time of the Crucifixion and the time the Scriptures were gathered into a single Book, millions had received and accepted the teachings of Jesus Christ . . . and had died without ever seeing the complete Bible.

Established by Jesus Christ Himself and rapidly spread among the nations of the world, the Catholic Church was carrying on Christ's work for the salvation of men some 60 years before the Apostle John wrote his books of the New Testament.

For more than a thousand years afterward, the Scriptures were preserved and circulated by Catholic monks and scholars who laboriously copied the sacred text by hand. And the Bible authorized by the Catholic Church was the first book produced by Gutenberg upon the invention of printing.

Yes, the Bible is truly a Catholic book. They were members of the Catholic Church who, under God's inspiration, wrote the New Testament in its entirety.

It was the Catholic Church which treasured it and gave it to the world in its original and unaltered form. It is the infallible authority of the Catholic Church that always has been the only sure guarantee of its inspiration.

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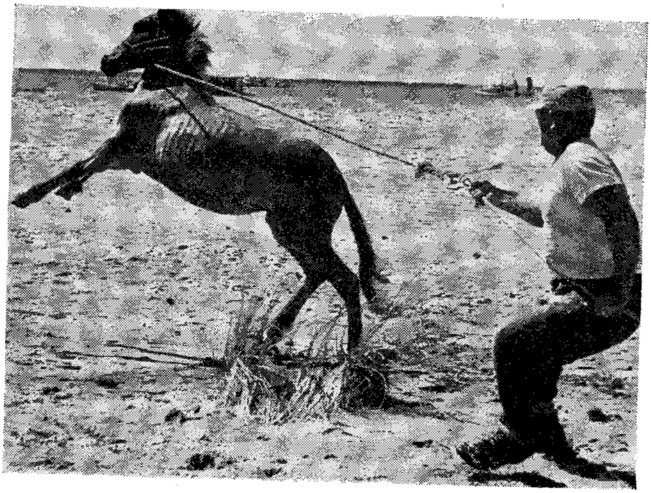

Roundup at Sea

Each year fishermen from Beaufort, N.C., turn cowboy to stage a roundup on an offshore island inhabited solely by wild ponies. Legend has it the animals swam ashore centuries ago from a wrecked Spanish galleon

Hoisted into a flat-bottomed boat to be ferried to the mainland, the ponies will bring from $40 to $85 a head to the local citizens of Beaufort who own them. Other horses that are not chosen for sale are set free until the next roundup.

(Continued on page 18)

The difference
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CHAFE-GUARD your baby...with the powder that protects baby skin *even when wet!* It has a special ingredient that neutralizes the irritants in diaper moisture.

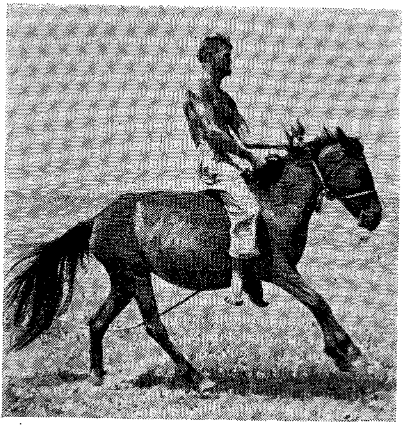
SAFE-GUARD your baby . . . with the *purest* baby oil. It's specially blended with soothing lanolin to guard against irritation, cleanse thoroughly yet gently.

(Continued from page 16)

Their life of unbridled freedom on the wind-blown sands comes to a sudden end

Fenced-in after roundup, the wild horses kick, rear and bite in angry frustration.

Once corralled and branded, the hooves of the ponies are trimmed to make it easier for them to walk on the pavement.



Usually it takes several men to handle one banker pony but, cut from the herd, ponies take quickly to bareback riders.

Now *Everyone* can afford
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the famous
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Coffeematic
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New 8-cup Model
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Now, there's a new Universal Coffeematic priced within easy reach of every coffee lover! At last, you too can enjoy that full-flavored, *real* coffee brewed quickly and automatically. Just set the Flavor-Selector to the strength you prefer. Coffeematic will always brew exactly to that setting and keep your coffee hot without increasing the strength. Get this chrome-on-copper beauty today . . . make perfect coffee the Coffeematic way, as millions of others do.

ten-cup model, $29.95
in copper, $32.95

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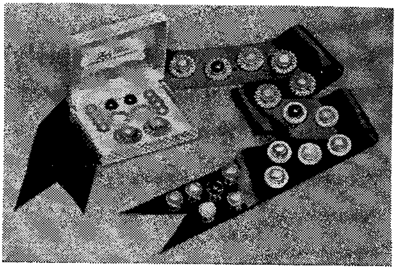
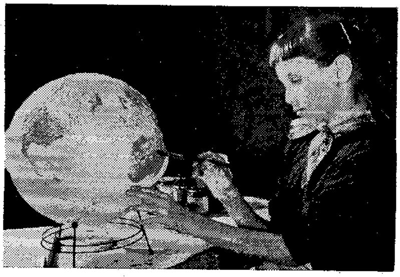
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Products on Parade

Edited by FLORENCE SEMON



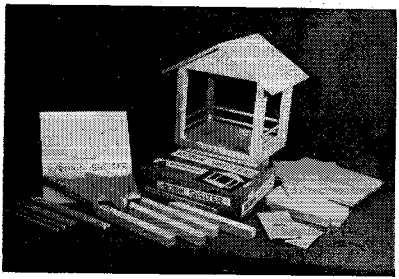
IDEAL MOTHER'S DAY GIFT is this 18-in-1 magnetized earring set. Includes 6 pairs of interchangeable pearls in blue, pink, aqua, gold, gunmetal and white; a pair of yellow halos for daytime wear and rhinestone for evening wear. $4.95 pp. Lynn Denise, 246 Fifth Ave., Dept. C, New York 1, N. Y.



WORLD IN HAND three-dimensional globe gives children better idea of what our world is really like. Made of strong dent-proof plastic. Color with water colors or crayons. 12″ globe complete with metal base and color world map, $14.95 pp. Geo-Physical Maps, C-1, 521 5th Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Concentrate for Mambo Punch
makes 1 quart

TROPICAL MAMBO PUNCH concentrate is delicious blend of 7 fruit juices: apricot, papaya, lemon, lime, pineapple, guava, passion-fruit. One 6 oz. can makes full quart of beverage. Two Cuban Maracas included with three 6 oz. cans, $1.00 pp. Realemon-Puritan Co., 1200 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill.



NOW IS THE TIME to build a home for friend robin and family with this easy-to-assemble kit. Contains the necessary pre-fab cut wood pieces, nails and instruction sheet. Finished dimensions 7″ wide x 8¾″ high. $1.50 pp. Los Hermanos Workshop, Dept. C., 4324 Woodberry St., Hyattsville, Md.

(Continued on page 22)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

NOW! EASIER, SURER PROTECTION FOR YOUR MOST INTIMATE MARRIAGE PROBLEM

Tested by doctors . . . proved in hospital clinics

- **Antiseptic** (*Protective, germicidal action*) Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

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- **Convenient** (*So easy to use*) Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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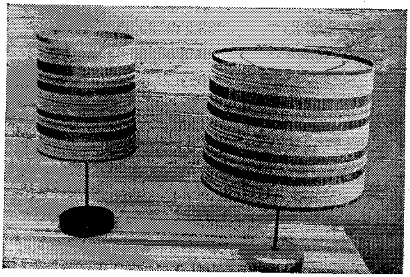
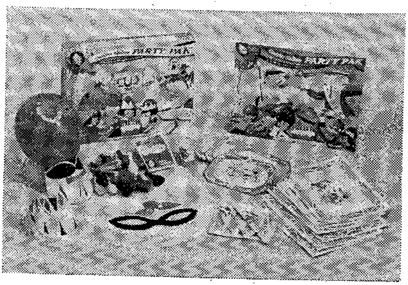
Products on Parade

TRAV L BINGO

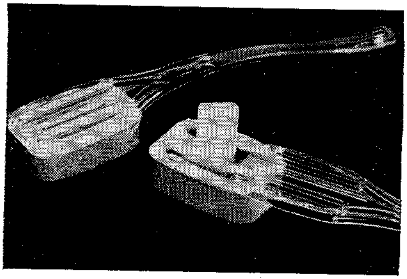
TRAV-L-BINGO solves the problem of keeping restless children entertained on trips. Each set contains 14 cards with over 300 objects to spot and check off along the way. Educational and loads of fun for the whole family. 2 sets, $1.00 pp. B. C. Moses, P.O. Box 8052, Houston 4, Texas.



LAMP SHADES of beige bamboo sticks interwoven with white fabric and gold thread fit into any decorating scheme. Dust-free and warp-proof. Easily cleaned with damp cloth. 13″ x 14″ x 14″, $6.25 pp. 16″ x 17″ x 14″, $8.25 pp. Quartite Creative Corp., 134-03C Dahlia Ave., Flushing 55, N. Y.



BOON for busy mothers, Party Pak is complete children's party for eight. Contains paper cups, napkins, plates, place mats, book of games, party hats and lots of colorful balloons. Choice of clown, Cinderella or cowboy motif. $3.50 pp. Pioneer Rubber Co., Dept. C., 497 Tiffin Road, Willard, Ohio.



SELF-LATHERING BATH SPONGE BRUSH is like a third arm. Curved 17″ handle permits you to wash all over with ease. Sponge slides forward to hold a bar of soap. Plastic handle in either pink, blue, green or clear, with matching sponge. $2.50 pp. Post-Way Products, Dept. C., 30 E. 20th St., N.Y. 3, N.Y.

(Continued on page 24)

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 160.

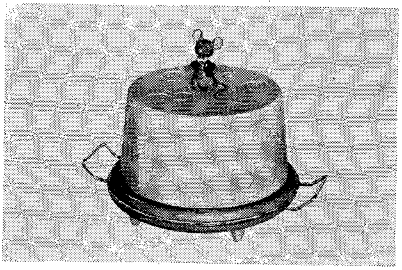
Going her way?

She's on her toes . . . knows where she's going . . . knows what she likes. She picks the best of the latest in fashions . . . shirtwaist dresses, Italian silk scarves, dangle bracelets. But when it comes to personal aids to good grooming, she's *really* fastidious. She *insists* on Tampax® internal sanitary protection. She can't understand how any woman could settle for the same kind of external pads that made her grandmother uncomfortable.

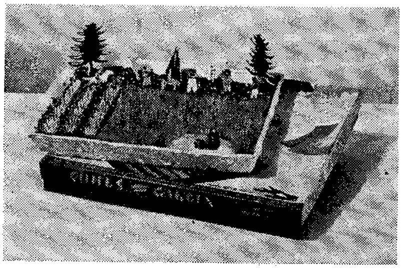
She's up on things. Knows the internal absorption of Tampax makes for perfect comfort. Tampax not only eliminates cutting belts and chafing pads—*it can't even be felt when in place.* She moves about in complete freedom . . . ridge lines don't betray her . . . bulging pads don't embarrass. And internal absorption prevents odor, too. No disturbing questions buzz through her mind.

She likes convenience. Likes the speedy, easy insertion, changing and disposal of Tampax. You will, too. Buy Tampax (wherever drug products are sold), tuck it away in your purse, and take it home to try this month. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

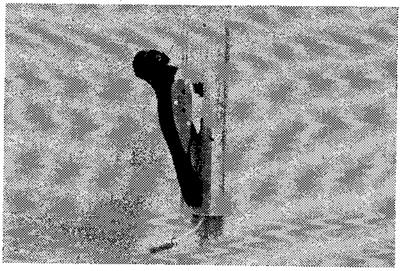
Products on Parade



CHEESE SERVER is also a preserver. Air space between wood board and base allows for vinegar-water which deters molding. Cover is yellow plastic with copper finish handles and trim. 9″ wide x 6½″ high. $3.95 pp. Nue-Line Sales, Dept. 29, 3046 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 39, California.



PINT-SIZED GARDENERS will love setting up this Indian Village and watching it grow its own greenery (takes only 5 days). Complete with wigwam, totem pole, plastic trees, Indians, 10″ x 13″ waterproof tray, magic soil and seeds. $2.98 pp. Max Schling, Dept. 619, 538 Madison, N.Y. 22, N.Y.



CLEVER is the word for the Woodpecker Door Knocker made of polished hardwood. Sturdy cord tipped with wood is pulled and the bird knocks with his beak. Bird is painted bright red, black and white. Over-all height 8″. $1.25 pp. Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th St., New York 22, N. Y.

A LITTLE MISS will have music whenever she opens this gay plaid handbag. Music stops when bag is closed. Winding device at bottom. Bag measures 6″ long x 5″ high. Fashioned of durable vinyl in green or red plaid. $4.25 pp. Gina & Selma Inc., 1048 Lexington Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 160.

for the smartest
lips and fingertips
this Spring,
Helen Neushaefer
creates for you:

Helen Neushaefer
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HELEN NEUSHAEFER/ORIGINATOR OF CREME NAIL POLISH

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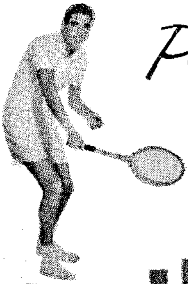

Pancho Gonzales, TENNIS CHAMPION, SAYS:

"Viceroy has the smoothest taste of all!"

Smooth!

From the finest tobacco grown, Viceroy selects only the Smooth Flavor Leaf. No other will do!

Extra Smooth!

Each Smooth Flavor Leaf is specially Deep-Cured, golden brown through and through, for *extra* smoothness!

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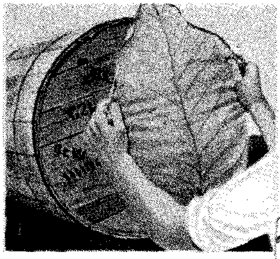
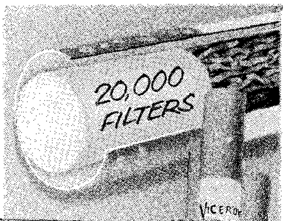
Only Viceroy smooths each puff through *20,000 filters* made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural!





Pancho Gonzales,

and his lovely wife, Henrietta, both agree: "Only Viceroy has that richer, smoother flavor! It's the smoothest smoke of all"! Join them—and all the other champion athletes who have changed to Viceroy for the *smoothest taste of all!*

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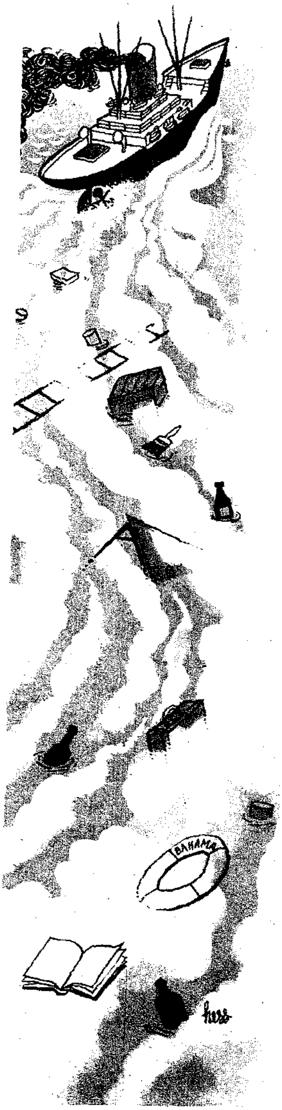
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

©1957, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR CORONET MAY 1957



The Zany Cruise of Mrs. Z.

by WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

ONE AUGUST EVENING a few years ago on a park bench in Manhattan, I turned to a willowy blonde named Caroline Fraser, and spoke the words that started it all: "Let's get married and take a trip to Africa."

Her blue eyes widened, and I searched them for an answer. But I could see only two words: "Drink Budweiser." They were reflected from a blinking neon sign.

"Now that Niagara is falling apart," she said, "Stanley Falls will have to do."

"You mean . . .?" I asked, as they do in movies.

"Of course," she said, and excitement blinked brighter than Budweiser in her eyes.

Several days later we broke the news to Lola Oggins of Magellan World Tours. We explained that we wanted to take a ship across the Atlantic and then fly to Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo.

Miss Oggins promptly dove into a nest of shipping schedules. Suddenly we heard a squeal of pleasure. "I've got it!" she said. "It's an absolute dream of a ship. It's leaving for Italy on Tuesday, October 12, but it stops first in Lisbon. You'll have three days there to catch the plane to Leopoldville. It's a good safe connection."

"Let's get married on Sunday the tenth," Caroline said. "That will give us two days to get from Iowa to New York."

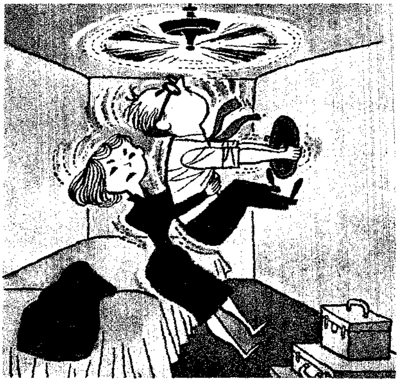
"You'll just adore this ship," Miss Oggins said. "It's

From *Any Old Place With You* by William K. Zinsser. Copyright 1957 by William K. Zinsser. Published by Simon and Schuster.

called the *Bahama*. It makes weekly trips between New York and Haiti, but once a year it goes home to Leghorn for repairs. This year it's to be a cruise—it will stop at Lisbon, Tangier, Palermo and Naples."

"Is it an Italian ship?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly. It flies the Panamanian flag. Actually it's owned by a syndicate headed by a wealthy Italian family. The crew are all Italian, and you know how much fun they are! They'll be going home for the first time in a year. It'll be a happy-go-lucky voyage, a real barrel of laughs.



Though the sea breeze blew
fresh air unerring,
With the porthole stuck
it smelled of herring

"Facilities-wise it's a paradise," Miss Oggins continued. "There are two swimming pools—the *Bahama* has the largest fun deck afloat. That's what it says right here in the brochure."

She gave us a brochure announcing the October cruise. It had many glossy photographs. One showed a sleek black liner knifing through the waves. Other scenes showed happy passengers frolicking around the pool, tangoing on a shiny dance floor, holding hands under a Caribbean moon.

We were helpless before her rhetoric. We signed the necessary papers and left. Miss Oggins' Mona Lisa smile followed us right out the front door.

We were married during the worst rainfall that anyone in the Midwest could remember. The car that took us from the church was almost awash in the main street of Cedar Rapids.

Tuesday was sailing day, and we awoke bright and early to the ringing of a telephone in our room at the Plaza Hotel in New York. It was Miss Oggins to tell us that the *Bahama* had postponed its sailing for 24 hours.

"Has something happened to the ship?" I asked. We had a chain of plane and hotel reservations across Africa. If we missed the first flight, we would never catch up.

"The ship was late getting in, that's all," Miss Oggins said. "But it will leave tomorrow. The officials at the line assured me they'll reach Lisbon with two days to spare."

On Wednesday we went down to the sea at last. We climbed a worn staircase to the pier. There was hardly anybody in sight. But on our right there was, unquestionably, a ship. But it didn't look like the kind that is called "ocean-going." It was very old, and time had mottled its paint.

"I didn't think they allowed things like this in New York harbor," Caroline said. "I wonder where the *Bahama* is."

"So do I. Can you make out that name up there?"

On the bow of the ship a name was spelled out in big copper letters. The first letter was so festooned with seaweed that it looked like Gothic script, but it was almost certainly a B, and the others fell quickly into line—A H A M A.

"Well, our dream ship has come in," Caroline said.

"Yes, but can it go out?"

"It's got to go out. This is the barrel-of-laughs voyage home to Leghorn. Let's go meet the happy-go-lucky crew."

We proceeded to the gangplank, where an official was checking tickets and passports.

"Welcome to the *Bahama*," he said with a flourish. "We have taken the liberty of giving you a bigger cabin. The ship is not full and we want everyone to be happy. We are all happy. We are going home to our wives and bambinos."

Cares washed off us when we set foot on the deck. There, as advertised, was the fun deck. The blue water of the swimming pool danced in the afternoon sun. Shuffleboard courts and deck chairs beckoned us, and on our way to our cabin we passed a bar, a bandstand and a "novelty shop" gleaming with magazines and other treasures.

At the end of a narrow corridor we came to our honeymoon nest. The steward proudly waved us into the big new cabin that the line had arranged—bigger far than the one Miss Oggins had booked for us. Still it was one of the smallest rooms I had ever seen. It had a dank air, and I tried to throw open the portholes, but they were stuck. The steward switched on a fan which started with a deep rumble.

We hurried back up to the open deck. The ship was strangely deserted. A few passengers were straggling up the gangplank. Eventually some of our friends turned up.

"Sorry we can't ask you people down to our cabin," Caroline said. "It only has room for one."

We sat on the fun deck sipping champagne. We all agreed that the *Bahama* had unusual privacy. Only one friend had any premonitions. "Maybe I'm crazy," he said, taking me aside, "but there's something odd about this ship. It's still not too late to get off and fly to Lisbon."

"You're just imagining things," I said. "Besides, I promised Caroline a boat trip."

The whistle blew and our friends debarked. Our fellow passengers stood on both sides of us waving to their loved ones. I was surprised at how few passengers there were, but I assumed many were in the bar.

We went down to the dining room to reserve a table. The steward rubbed his hands in the ingratiating manner of headwaiters everywhere, and we told him that we would like the second sitting.

"Oh, sir and madam, there will be only one sitting," he said. "Usually we have an early and a late sitting to accommodate all 600 passengers, but now there are only 50 passengers on board."

"Only 50! What happened to all the others?"

"Most of them canceled when

they heard that we were sailing late. Perhaps they thought they would miss their connections in Europe."

"Oh, how silly to worry about a little thing like that," I said. "I'm sure we'll make up the lost time."

The steward smiled. "Just be sure to get to dinner at six o'clock. If you miss the first sitting, there won't be any others."

At the appointed hour we came back. It was a large room full of tables, but only about ten were occupied. Our nearest neighbors were 12 swarthy men chattering in a language that was a long jump from English.

Farther away we counted 12 old ladies. A few had brought their knitting to dinner. There were some couples who had the solemn look of missionaries, and we saw ten children. Two or three were in high chairs; the rest were seven or eight years old and were jabbing each other with forks. At 6:15, five teen-agers burst in—two boys and three girls. They took a table near the door and began singing a fraternity song.

The captain's table was in the center. At least we thought it was the captain's table, for it had six men in blue uniforms. The captain seemed to be a small old man with a sleeve full of gold stripes. They were all drinking wine and laughing. They didn't look like genuine sailors—they were more like actors who had strayed in from a road company of *Pinafore*. There was something mournful about the atmosphere. We bolted our dinner and hurried out into the night air.

The fun deck was bright and gay. Colored party lights were strung around the pool. Soon the band would arrive and we would tango under the stars, just as those happy people did in the brochure.

While we waited, one of the officers came by. He was about 40, and he had the lecherous good looks of an Italian movie star.

"I'm the ship's doctor," he began. "How about a drink?"

"I can tell you're a good doctor already," I said.

He took us into the bar. I could see that he had some gloomy tale to unfold.

"I've been on the *Bahama* five years," he said, "and in that time we've carried 100,000 people from New York to Haiti and back. Ninety thousand of them were young American girls looking for a good time. Believe me, I've seen some interesting situations. That's why I never married. I'm probably the only man on this crew who's sorry we're going home." He finally wandered off to his solitary cabin.

The band never did arrive. A few dowagers strolled around the pool. The heavy rouge on their faces turned green and orange in the party lights. The teen-agers came by singing a college song, and we crept below, where we were lulled to sleep by the roar of the fan.

Morning broke at 8:30 when a buxom woman strode into the cabin. "I am Tosca, your stewardess," she announced. "Here is your morning newspaper, and later I will bring you some coffee."

"Black with two lumps of aspirin," I said.

The newspaper was a mimeographed sheet abstracting the previous day's riots, border wars and atrocities. Across the top it said: GOOD MORNING! WE'RE HAPPINESS BOUND ON THE GOOD SHIP BAHAMA! The paper also called attention to the ship's library, with its "hundreds of new editions."

Tosca returned with a viscous black potion that she said was coffee. "Breakfast ended at eight," she said, "but I found you some toast." We spooned down the coffee and managed to crack the toast.

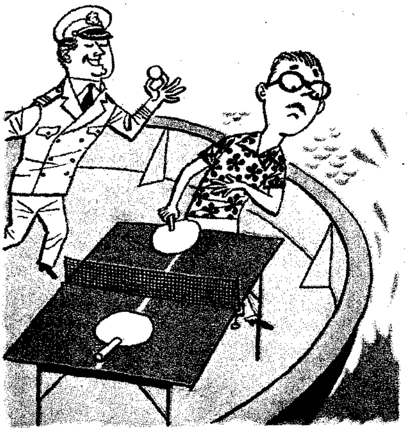
The first day was warm and tranquil. The deck steward installed us in deck chairs, and we spent the morning lazing in the sun. That afternoon some carpenters took down the party lights on the fun deck—lights that had twinkled on the revels of 90,000 happiness-bound American girls and one happiness-bound ship's doctor. The ship also began to ring with the noise of hammering.

"I thought you were going to repair the ship in Leghorn," I said to one of the officers.

"But, sir, we must start on the job now to save time," he said. "The owners do not like the *Bahama* to be idle for more than a week or two. They are a very successful family financially—ah, if I could tell you some of the tricks they pull!"

The day passed without further omens.

The next morning we noticed something different about the novelty shop. Its shelves were absolutely bare. The door was locked, and a penciled sign said, "Closed Up." The sounds of repair were louder, too. The whine of the welding torch rang out, and painters rigged their scaffolds and canvas over the deck tennis court.



There were no unwed girls
to chase at all,
So our medico chased
the ping-pong ball

Still, the sea was placid and we were happy. Around noon the ship's doctor dropped by. He had the pained look of a man who has been denied his natural rights.

"I am not—how do you say it in America?—making much time," he confessed. "Four of the women are missionaries going to Angola. Did you ever try to make time with a missionary lady? It is the most difficult sport in the world."

He invited us for a game of ping-pong. There were two paddles on the table, but no ball. I sought out the deck steward to ask where he kept the game equipment.

"We left it all in New York," he said. "I forgot to take the paddles off."

I reported this exchange to the doctor. He sighed. "Wait a minute," he said suddenly. "I have a ball in my cabin. I keep it there for emergencies. Some of these American girls, you know, are very athletic, and it is the only approach."

He darted off and came back with a ball. "It is the last one," he said, "so we must be careful." The table was on a sloping wind-blown part of the deck, and we got our exercise keeping the ball from flying overboard.

That afternoon we stopped in the library to sample its "hundreds of new editions." It was a spacious salon, full of easy chairs and writing tables, but we could see only three books—a Gideon Bible, Hoyle's manual of games, and *Tom Swift and His Magic Motorcycle*. The other shelves had nothing but a film of dust. Over in one corner the library steward was slumped on a sofa, dozing. I leaned over him and he opened one eye.

"Excuse me," I asked, "but where are the books?"

"Down in the hold," he said. "The painters are going to do this place over, so we put the books away."

"How about games?" Caroline asked. "You know—cards, chess, checkers?"

"They are in New York, madam."

Well, there was always the pool and the deck chairs.

The next morning we found the passengers deployed around the pool in the tragic attitudes of a Greek chorus. Many of them were in bathing suits. We came closer and looked. The pool was empty. Three workmen were standing on the dry bottom, scrubbing the sides.

We were fast running out of pastimes, but there was still ping-pong and shuffleboard. To play ping-pong, however, we first had to find the doctor. On the fourth day we were so desperate for a game that I feigned sickness and paid him a professional call. The evenings were dreary. Every other night the dance band played old Neopolitan boating songs, but nobody danced. One bingo game was organized, but the 12 swarthy men couldn't understand the rules, and the evening ended in wrangling. The sea became rougher, and a vague impatience crept over the passengers.

On the sixth day a terrible thing happened. We were all sitting in a row of deck chairs when one of the old ladies came by. She was so agitated that she could hardly speak.

"Have you heard the news?" she spluttered. "The purser told me that we are not going to stop at Tangier, Palermo or Naples. He says the ship is going more slowly than usual, and since it started a day late, they're going to omit every stop but Lisbon."

Panic swept the wretched passengers. Nobody likes to be trapped in mid-ocean with sailors who capriciously cancel their promised ports of call. For all we knew, the captain might change his course at any moment and steer for Capetown.

"They can't do this to us!" one of the ladies declaimed at last. "We must persuade the captain to change his mind." Everyone agreed that she was the proper emissary, and she was pushed off toward the bridge. She was a big, choleric woman, and she looked as if she might explode.

Soon our envoy returned; her face was chalky with defeat. "It's all true," she said. "The captain got his order by radio from the ship's owners in Leghorn. There's nothing he can do. He says the owners are terrible people." She burst into tears.

Most of the passengers, in fact, had taken the *Bahama* mainly to see the famous ports en route to Leghorn and quite a few had made connecting arrangements in Palermo and Naples. Presumably their friends are waiting there to this day.

Caroline and I were appalled at the turn of events. It didn't affect our plans, since Lisbon was still a port of call, but it made us wonder when we would get there. After six days, we weren't even halfway across the ocean.

I tried to conceal my doubts from my bride. We were both terribly cheerful—we kept reminding each other that this certainly was *An Adventure.*

On the seventh day we heard that the bridge would be open to visitors, and we decided to have a little chat with the captain. We found him at the helm. Captain Vermicelli was a small man with a shiny bald head and a puzzled look. There was something about him that spelled authority—the authority of the sea over him.

"Well, Captain," I began heartily, "I guess you'll be getting us to Lisbon on schedule."

"Lisbon?" The word seemed new to his vocabulary. "Oh yes," he said at last, "I suppose we'll get there some time. But I told the people in New York that we would be late. Didn't they tell you?"

Caroline tried to swing the conversation back to the facts. "It doesn't matter if we're a little late," she said sweetly. "We still have two days to spare. Can you get there by the night of the twenty-sixth?"

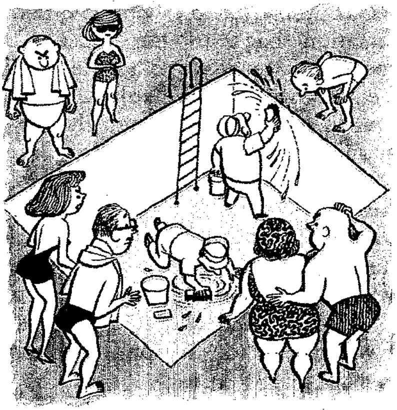
"Let's see, what day is it now?" He began counting on his fingers in Italian: "Venti-uno, duo, trei. . . ." He stopped and called his first officer who began counting on *his* fingers.

"No," he said eventually. "Even if we still decide to stop at Lisbon, we can't make it by the twenty-sixth." He walked away.

They ate their fingernails —
chunk by chunk
As the ship was torn up —
hunk by hunk

The game was up, and I knew it. The bright vision of Africa faded. We were doomed to sail the seven seas forever in this ghostly craft.

"Captain, we've just got to get to Lisbon on time," I said. "We have a



Oh breathes there a man
with brain so dead
As in an empty pool
to dunk his head?

connection with a plane to Africa. Our whole trip depends on it."

"I'm sorry," Captain Vermicelli said, though no trace of regret crossed his wrinkled face. "But we are not sailing at full speed. Of course you know that we left one engine in New York."

The sentence exploded in our midst like a grenade. Caroline and I looked at each other in amazement.

"I thought of course you knew," the captain went on. "The owners removed one of the two engines so that it could be repaired in New York. I told them to notify all the passengers."

The awful secret was out. No wonder so many people canceled their reservations. Their travel agents had found out about the missing engine. But at least one agent didn't know the secret, and her name was OGGINS.

Rage billowed up inside me. "I'm going to sue this damn line!" I shouted, shaking my fist in the captain's face.

"Yes, I think that would be your best course," he said affably. "Right now there's only one thing to do—enjoy yourself."

A more remote possibility is hard to imagine. The crew had no desire to give us a good time. Their job was to overhaul the ship, and they meant to get it done early. Every day they eliminated another prop of shipboard life.

One morning we came up and looked for our deck chairs. They were gone. So were all the other chairs. The fun deck was a barren tundra. We toured the ship to look for the chairs. We found them at both ends of the ping-pong table, where the players normally stand, being repainted. Thus one job eliminated two pastimes—ping-pong and deck-sitting. But there was always shuffleboard. And we brought blankets and pillows up from our cabin and propped them against the railings. But the painters always caught up with us and made us move on.

One night it was announced that movies would be shown in the lounge. Everyone flocked with pitiful eagerness to the big paneled room, where the purser was hastily assembling an old projector. Finally he got it started and we saw a film of the *Bahama* on its last cruise.

This was the *Bahama* in a happier day. Almost every scene showed Captain Vermicelli mingling with young American girls. Twice the camera caught the ship's doctor pushing a luscious blonde into the pool. People were playing all kinds of games and reading hundreds of new editions. Young couples lolled in deck chairs sipping tall drinks, and an orchestra was playing under the lights. It was a beautiful movie, but it went over badly that night.

The last days dragged interminably. The weather turned cold, and bitter ocean winds raked our little ship on its lonely journey. The deck steward and library steward never reappeared. With the stewards in the bar, it was a different problem. They were at their posts, but asleep. One evening we couldn't rouse anybody and this was unlucky, for we needed sustenance in any form. The meals were smaller every day. The chef was using his wits to save the dwindling food supply, and one night we thought he had eked out a pie with the missing ping-pong balls.

Finally the painters scraped the markings off the shuffleboard court, and this left no games except one which the passengers invented, called "circulating petitions." It went this way: a passenger whose plans had been hopelessly damaged would draw up a legal statement of his plight. Any number could play, and almost 50 did. They went from table to table in the dining room soliciting signatures on their little chronicles of grief.

I improvised a game called "Sending Cables to Miss Oggins." They went something like this: YOU WERE RIGHT STOP VOYAGE REAL BARREL LAUGHS STOP HAPPY GO LUCKY SHIP CRUISING INDEFINITELY STOP DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO SEE AFRICA ANYWAY STOP LOVE. Meanwhile the *Bahama* was dismantled progressively. Every day some excessive thing was thrown overboard—that's probably what happened to the deck steward—and we estimated that the ship would be ready to scuttle just beyond Gibraltar.

On the fourteenth day, despair hovered over the ship like fog. It was the morning of the twenty-seventh—our plane would just be leaving Lisbon. That afternoon Caroline was mooning over the rail, when she abruptly snapped to attention.

"This may be a mirage," she said, "but I think I see land." There was a hazy strip in the distance, like a low bank of clouds, and we waited for it to blow away. But it lingered, and suddenly we knew.

"Land ho!" I shouted, but all the passengers were already at the rail.

One man thought it was Dakar. Another thought it was Miami, and a third said it reminded him of Recife, on the coast of Brazil. We made some small bets, and Dakar was the odds-on favorite. Finally we nosed into a river and saw a big white city sprawled along the banks. Nobody could have been more surprised than I—unless possibly it was the captain—to learn that it was Lisbon.

"Welcome to picturesque Portugal," I said to Caroline. "You've always wanted to see Lisbon, haven't you?"

"Now that you mention it, no. Do you think there will ever be another plane from here to Leopoldville?"

"Oh sure. They go at least once a month."

"Well, let's remember to ask the pilot how many engines he left behind." ♛ ♛ ♛

Editor's Note: *In 1924, two brilliant scions of wealthy Chicago families—Richard Loeb, 18, and Nathan Leopold, Jr., 19—kidnapped and murdered a 14-year-old boy. Apprehended, they confessed and were sentenced to life imprisonment. Their crime became celebrated as America's foremost "thrill murder."*

Today, Leopold is still in prison, Loeb having been slain by a fellow-convict 21 years ago. In the last decade, Leopold has petitioned for parole several times. Each plea was denied, and his case seemed destined for obscurity until a powerful novel called "Compulsion" appeared several months ago.

Written by Meyer Levin, this best-seller purports to explain the crime's psychological background and the character motivations of the two young men involved. It ends with the question: Should the surviving prisoner be released? Here is the author's answer, written in response to the many readers who have asked his personal views on the subject.

"Leopold

by Meyer Levin

NOT LONG AGO, I was talking with Nathan Leopold in the high-ceilinged visitors' chamber inside Stateville Penitentiary, near Joliet, Illinois.

"I want to earn my own way," he said, gazing steadily into my eyes. "I would like to go somewhere where no one would know me, and work for my own keep according to my ability."

He was speaking of a possible parole, and even the remote chance of its ever occurring brought a rare gleam of emotion into his eyes. Only a person who had never been given the opportunity to pursue the normal social goal of earning a living could understand what it meant to Leopold.

He was facing me on the other side of a double-sided table running the length of the room. There were no other visitors or prisoners present. The guards stood out of earshot. We had been speaking a long while and suddenly I realized that I had completely forgotten I was in the presence of a "notorious" murderer. We might have been talking in a library or an office.

Leopold was dressed in his prison-gray shirt and pants. He was not over five feet six inches tall, heavily

Should Be Freed!"

built. His face was coarse and yet curiously sensitive. I did not recognize in him the young undergraduate of my college days in Chicago.

"About the crime," I asked him suddenly, "don't you want to say anything about that?"

His answer came only after a long pause. "I feel I've earned the right to keep silent. I've paid for it with my whole life in prison."

We shook hands and said goodby. I never saw him again. But there was no doubt in my mind that Nathan Leopold should be given his freedom as soon as it is legally possible. Not only has he paid adequately for his crime through 32 years of imprisonment, but he represents the best possible risk for a parole from the criminologists' point of view.

I make these statements with the full awareness of Leopold's crime. I base my opinion on a thorough reexamination of the case, on the reports of clergymen, penal experts and psychiatrists, and on my personal contact with Leopold and his prison record. From that record, it is apparent that he will never again be a danger to his fellow men "on the outside."

On the contrary, if freed he can contribute substantially toward the betterment of man's lot in the world.

Let me tell you why I feel justified in saying this. I was involved in the crime from the very beginning—as a cub reporter assigned to the case the moment it happened and as a contemporary of Loeb and Leopold on the University of Chicago campus. I was practically the same age as they—18—and, like them, already a college graduate. It was perhaps this curious parallelism that intrigued me in the first place and has continued to haunt me ever since.

I felt then, as I felt in the years following, that the case had to be understood in all its psychological complications rather than simply as a crime committed by two ginned-up kids in search of a thrill. I thought then, as I think now, that a profound understanding of the murder can contribute significantly to the whole problem of youth, crime and delinquency that plagues our country.

First of all, Leopold's role must be assayed correctly. His part in the murder was never fully understood by the public. During the trial and all the years since then, the two boys have been lumped together wrongly as one personality and have even been confused one for the other. Actually, the differences between their characters and their actions during the crime are extraordinarily divergent. A psychiatric report at the trial stressed that Leopold had "no criminalistic tendencies" in contrast to Loeb, who admitted to other crimes.

Leopold's adolescent attachment to the stronger personality of Loeb—not unusual in boys—placed him completely under the latter's domination. In analyzing the events that led up to the murder, Leopold shrinks almost to the status of an accomplice.

LOEB had the delusion of being a "master criminal." The idea of the kidnapping was Loeb's. So was the plan as it was eventually carried out, including the random choice of the victim. It was Loeb who supplied the criminal impulse underlying the whole scheme. And it was he—riding in the back of the car while Leopold drove—who delivered the fatal blow with a chisel. It was Loeb also who concocted the ransom plan, and who, after the killing, flirted with capture by mingling in the frenetic hunt for the kidnappers as a way of "getting kicks."

Besides their differences in criminal motivation, the two boys were worlds apart in character. Both were highly intelligent and graduated from college at an unusually early age. But Leopold alone was the creative and productive personality. Loeb got by on his good looks and his charm as well as his bright mind, while Leopold was studious and reserved. Loeb, interested primarily in "excitement" and having a good time, made little effort in school despite his precocious college career.

Leopold, in contrast, was productive from childhood onward. He made important ornithological studies while still a youth. He wrote for magazines, organized and taught bird-lore classes, did positive work on his own initiative and achieved an envious scholastic record.

Leopold was, however, unpopular and shunned by his fellow-students, both boys and girls. Short and unattractive, he suffered from an overwhelming feeling of social inferiority, particularly when confronted with the tall, handsome and popular figure cut by Dick Loeb. It was largely because of his desire to hold Loeb's friendship that he consented to accompany him on that fatal afternoon adventure to commit "the perfect crime." It was an adventure that culminated in the death of their neighbor, 14-year-old Bobby Franks.

The crime resulted directly from Leopold's coming into contact with Loeb at a decisive point in his youthful development. It was unique, in the sense that it could only have occurred at that time and under circumstances which will never be duplicated. This is why criminologists consider Leopold—and other prisoners who have committed similar crimes—as the best kind of parole risk among convicts.

So much for the crime itself. What about Leopold's life in prison? What has happened to him since that day in 1924 when the walls shut in on him "for the term of his natural life?"

The record shows that Leopold has maintained a background in prison of achievement and creative endeavor, most of it directed for the communal good. This is a remarkable achievement in itself. Even a mature person often falls victim to the moral and mental corrosion that results from prison existence. Leopold achieved his record even though he was catapulted into notorious old Joliet when he was still in his teens and fresh from a luxurious home. His first contact with the reality of prison life was, of course, a terrible shock. It is a credit to his personality that he was able to overcome the shock and bring his productive tendencies to the fore.

At present, Leopold works as a clerk and teaches in the prison high school. This activity culminates 32 years devoted to convict education and health as well as to the development of his own intellectual and social outlook. During his prison career, he worked in the chaplain's office and then in the prison library. He went on to establish the first free correspondence high school for prison inmates. He also made original contributions to prison sociology and wrote articles on criminological and parole problems. In World War II, he was among the first men in the prison who volunteered to be infected with malaria, then submitted himself as a guinea pig for new serums to cure that dread disease. He has also worked as a skilled X-ray technician in the prison hospital.

It was his own idea to work with the prison chaplain. His job was to find some "outside" contact for about-to-be-paroled convicts fearful of the loneliness and rejection they faced. Leopold made a personality file of prospective parolees and then wrote to many groups and organizations to obtain "parole sponsors." Helping unfortunates sobered and matured young Leopold, whose family came to see him regularly and who had never before had to think much about the problems of others. He grew up emotionally, realizing that helping others was one of the ways he could atone.

In the high school he helped establish, convicts who worked in the prison shops daytimes could study at night free of charge. To keep the school going, Leopold spent his days in his regular prison library job, and at night supervised his school, patiently organizing and systematizing the study courses and correcting the hundreds of papers sent to him.

He wrote his own textbooks in courses ranging from Latin and geometry to American literature and world history. Within one year, he had 200 students and, later, he began receiving correspondence homework from inmates in prisons in New York, Alabama, Iowa and other states. Many thousands of prisoners over the years benefited from Leopold's school.

Despite his solid record of achievement and obvious rehabilitation, Leopold has received little encouragement from the public or the authorities on the question of a parole. Periodically throughout the years, public hysteria and prejudice forced Leopold to interrupt his creative activities. Threatening letters sent to newspapers and prison officials charged that he was unfit for any kind of mental contact with others. When he wrote for criminological journals under a pseudonym, it was soon found out and his writings were banned thereafter.

This kind of blind prejudice, which still exists to some extent, apparently stems largely from the family's wealth. Leopold's older brother recently explained to me that the family had been very careful never to use any influence, particularly financial influence, in trying to secure a parole.

"Our money is a curse on my brother," he said. "If we were poor, he'd have had a parole long ago like hundreds of criminals whose crimes were just as bad. But the moment a move is made in his case, it gets in the papers and the prejudice starts all over again."

Late in 1949, Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois reduced Leopold's sentence to 85 years as a reward for having volunteered as a human guinea pig. This made him legally eligible for parole in 1953. It was generally believed at the time that the parole board would meet and release Leopold on recommendation of prison officials and other competent authorities.

"We had a job for him in an isolated place outside the country," his brother related. "He was going to be a lab technician in a hospital in an American overseas possession where he was needed and could do some good for humanity."

But when Stevenson relinquished the governorship to become a presidential candidate, his successor immediately changed the membership of the parole board and the new members rejected Leopold's appeal. At the same time, the board made it impossible for him to have the right to a hearing before their members again until 1965. They cannot, however, deny him the right to renew his appeal for a hearing every year.

SOME OF THE ROOTS of the prejudice against Leopold are said to be due to the widespread belief that he committed a sex crime. If so, it is a completely mistaken belief, contrary to the facts established in the official testimony. To dispel any further speculations, I point to the fact that Leopold has no record whatsoever of homosexuality in prison, where such records are quite common even for persons without any previous activity of this kind.

The charge that there is a specific campaign of prejudice against Leopold stands up when you consider what has happened in the disposition of other criminal cases. Erle Stanley Gardner, the famous lawyer and criminologist, pointed out recently in *The New York Times* that others who committed similar crimes have already been released.

One, for instance, was D. C. Stephenson, the ex-Ku Klux Klan chieftain. He was freed in December, 1956, from a life term in the Indiana State Prison for a rape-murder perpetrated in 1925.

Leopold's crime was no worse than many others who have already been paroled. And there is the mitigating fact that he was only 19 when it was committed.

Oddly, one of the most cogent

arguments for consideration of a parole for Leopold at this time was made 32 years ago by Clarence Darrow, his chief defense attorney, at the trial in Chicago.

"These boys," Darrow said, "may have the hope that as the years roll around they may be released . . . Sometime, when life and age have changed their bodies and their emotions, they may once again return to life."

The proper time to put them "at large," Darrow added, should be "when they pass through the next stage of life, at 45 or 50." This past year, Leopold turned 52.

In its most important aspect, Darrow's reasoning was sound. A man of 50 must be considered a totally different person from a boy of 19, particularly in the case of a youth moved by the compulsions of a maladjusted childhood. Leopold himself stated the case perhaps awkwardly, even if scientifically, when he pointed out that every cell in his body had been changed several times over. But the fact remains that he is a "different person." To continue to punish him after 32 years in prison for a crime in which everyone today can recognize ameliorating factors seems purposeless and cruel.

America may be justly proud of its modern prisons. But what is their purpose? To punish or rehabilitate?

The purpose in imprisoning Leopold—as well as the tens of thousands of prisoners like him—was to reform his criminal intent and to rehabilitate him so he could assume his human right to a place in society. Setting Leopold free would be in itself an eloquent act of reaffirming the purpose of our penal institutions, demonstrating that prison has achieved its goal in taking a misdirected youth and releasing him as a mature, responsible man.

He has lived 32 years of meaningful experience and spiritual transformation in prison. It would be valuable to himself and to society for a man of his high mental capacity to help provide a record of the changes that took place in his personality as he turned from a disturbed, sick youth into a whole man. Some psychologists feel that prison itself, if the conditions are not totally antagonistic, provides for some disturbed persons the necessary security that a mental hospital might provide in shielding them from the conflicts of everyday life. It would be instructive to know if such a process took place in Nathan Leopold.

This self-evaluation, effected through a methodical depth analysis, could perhaps be a condition for Leopold's release.

All the necessary recommendations for Leopold's release—from doctors, sociologists, clergymen and others who knew him intimately in prison—are in the hands of the officials. No further evidence is required, legally speaking. His brother guarantees him a job and a home. His personality is intact—if by no other evidence than his capacity to contribute continuously to the welfare of the prison despite the grave disappointment suffered by the rejection of his parole appeal. In this respect, he has been helped by his return to religion, a sincere change from the atheism he professed at 19.

No man who is sane and fit for normal life should be forced to stay and die in prison, and Leopold's physical condition is not good. Despite the bleak outlook, he has not given up hope for his freedom, for without hope, the life-impulse itself shrivels.

At his age, Leopold can still be of real value to society. He has indeed arrived at "that other stage of life" predicted by Clarence Darrow. His gifted, brilliant mind and his imprisonment have given him the social perspective and practical experience to complement his long years of penology studies. Outside prison, he could not only work in an occupation beneficial to the community but could use his talents and example to give us greater insight into the nature of youthful crime—to delineate the stresses and strains to which our society subjects adolescents and brings about the type of juvenile delinquency that seems to perplex us more than ever today.

With today's alertness for signals of psychic disorder, particularly in private schools of the type attended by both Leopold and Loeb, it would seem likely that their disturbances would have been noticed at an early stage. Many such schools, even many public schools, have visiting psychiatrists. Staff members and teachers now also know the most common danger signs—such as Loeb's compulsive lying and Leopold's unsociability.

It is fair to assume that today these boys would have arrived at the desk of a therapist before they were ten years old. Particularly is this true in view of the modernist attitude in both families. Leopold would seem then, at least partly, to be the victim of an unfortunate time-lag in the application of psychiatric knowledge. Today his case might have been prevented.

Brilliant psychiatric studies were made in preparation for Leopold's trial in 1924. The team of psychiatrists headed by the noted Dr. William Alanson White included men still living, such as Dr. Karl M. Bowman and Dr. Bernard Glueck. Their reports shed a revealing light on the patterns of disturbance in the characters of the two young defendants.

Today, Nathan Leopold might be very willing to cooperate again in further examination and study of his life. This cooperation would undoubtedly contribute to our understanding of abnormal and normal psychology.

Not the least of the effects of releasing Leopold would be to create good out of evil. What better proof of social maturity is there than to demonstrate that emotional prejudice and vindictive feeling cannot overwhelm the rehabilitation of a man who has spent 32 years in prison atoning for his crime?

* * *

A MAN whose wife had just returned from Mexico loaded down with knickknacks commented, "It's amazing the things women would rather have than money."

—*Viking Vacuum*

Human Comedy

WHILE HEAD of the English Department of Damascus College in Syria, I had a beginner student who constantly boasted about his mastery of the language.

One day I overheard him tell a fellow student:

"I know the English well. I can even say to a person, 'Come here,' and he knows what I mean."

"Suppose you want a person to go there?" asked the other. "What do you do?"

The beginner thought a moment and answered, "I go over there and say, 'Come here.' " —VICTOR E. DOBRAS

AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL, after being denied permission to go swimming fairly early in the spring, and well aware of her father's absent-mindedness—especially if he should be reading—planned her campaign accordingly.

Waiting until he was comfortably settled in his easy chair, engrossed in his paper, she launched her attack:

"Daddy, did you know that Mommy is out in the kitchen, standing on her head?"

"Yes, dear," he replied imperturbably.

"And did you know that Johnny poured a bag of plaster into the goldfish bowl?"

"Yes, dear."

After several other questions, ranging in scope from the house being afire to an approaching tornado, and receiving the reply, "Yes, dear," she felt the time ripe for the all-important question.

"And you did say I could go swimming today, didn't you?"

"No, dear," he replied, without taking his eyes from the page, "you go out to the kitchen and help Mommy stand on her head."

—PAUL SCOTT

A MOTHER, annoyed because her 14-year-old daughter had been calling her boy friend too frequently, took a tip from a former wartime advertisement and posted a sign over the telephone:

IS THIS CALL NECESSARY?

Next day there appeared, pencilled on the card, a brief but logical reply:

HOW CAN I TELL 'TIL I'VE MADE IT?

—*Long Lines*

MARY'S MOTHER, knowing the kindergarten class was working on courtesy and good manners, asked her little girl what she had learned that day. Mary answered, primly, "When you're seduced, you shake hands." —ERNA E. HINKEL

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Bus League – Road to the Big League

by James A. Skardon

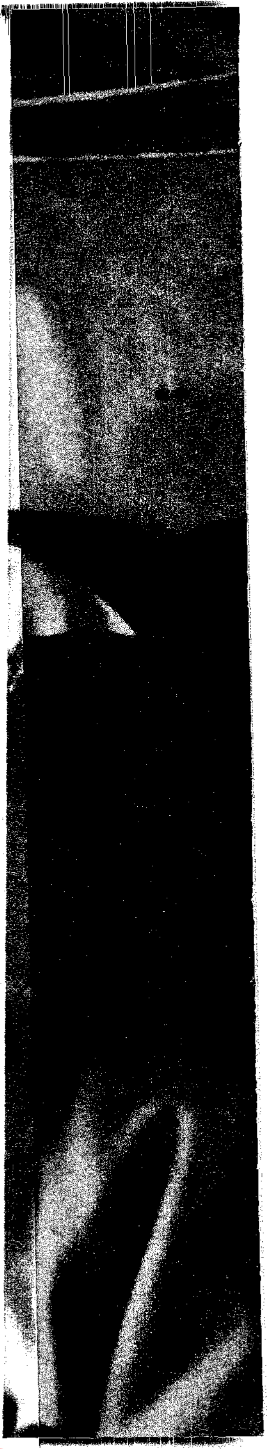
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MOTTAR

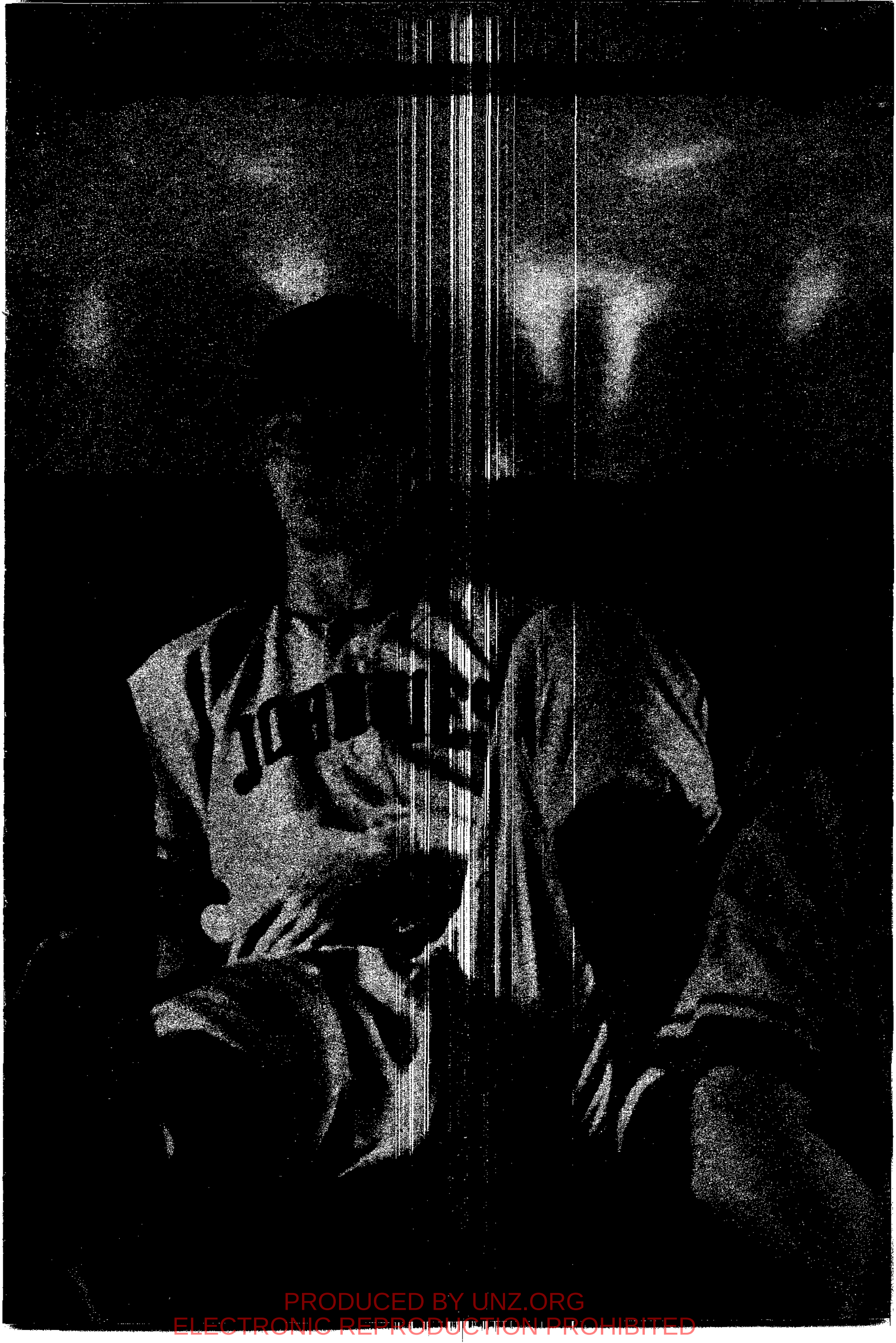
With such lures as high-paying jobs in industry and college football scholarships, today's callow heroes of the baseball sand lots rarely dream of big-league glory as did the youth of another day. And when the major circuits do bid for them, the would-be Merriwells frequently demand five-figure bonuses.

But Joe Shipley, the moody young giant in the dugout at the right, is one of a vanishing breed—the raw kid who will sign for almost nothing, betting a half-dozen or more prime years of his life against a 1,000-to-1 chance of winning fame and fortune in the big leagues.

Spurred on by this goal, he spends some seven months out of each year riding between small towns in jalopy buses, playing in dreary, dimly lit parks before a handful of fans, eating and sleeping when and where he can.

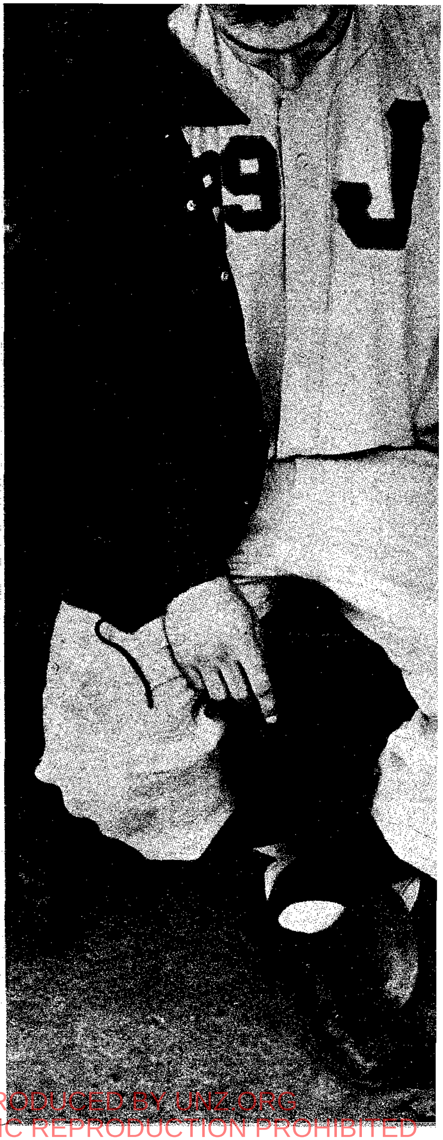
To survive the ordeal in what are sometimes labeled the "bus leagues" because of the mode of travel, a youngster has to love baseball and work ceaselessly to learn his trade. Then, if he has the talent—and is lucky—the day may finally come when he gets his big chance. On the following pages is the story of how it happened to Joe Shipley, right-handed pitcher.





Bad days hurt. But a smart kid learns most from his mistakes

THE BASEBALL ROAD for Joe Shipley has led from Norristown, Tenn.—where, as a high school and American Legion star he pitched four no-hitters—through such way stations in the New York Giant farm system as Big Stone Gap, Va.; Vidalia, Ga.; Mayfield, Ky.; Shelby, N.C.; Olean, N.Y., and finally Johnstown, Pa., in the Class A Eastern League where these photos were taken. Joe found out fast he had a lot to learn. "At first I couldn't win a game," he says. "I was wild, and my curve kept getting clouted."



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Pitch, get a rubdown, grab the bus—the routine goes on relentlessly to another town and another day

SHIPLEY, now 21, is 6′4″ tall and weighs 210 pounds. From the beginning, in June, 1953, when Giant scout Dale Alexander signed him, Joe's main stock in trade has been a powerful arm. "Once, after losing a game," a teammate recalls, "Joe punched a door with his fist and knocked it off its hinges!"

Joe "blows the batter over" with his speed, specializing in a sharp-breaking pitch called a "sinker." Because he still doesn't know what makes it sink, he's lost when it mysteriously deserts him—then just as mysteriously returns.

At Johnstown, Joe learned better control of both the baseball and himself. He learned, also, to quit brooding about yesterday's loss, and to begin looking forward to tomorrow's win.

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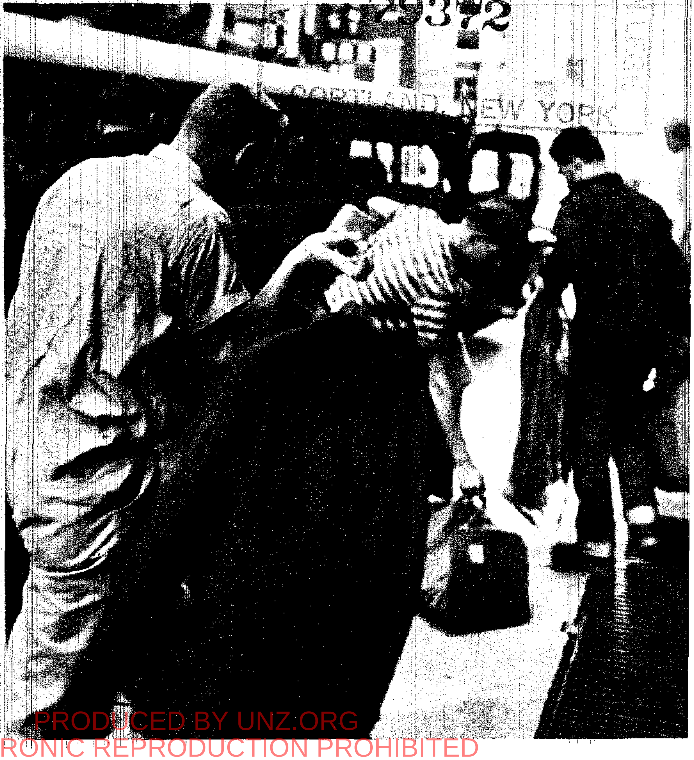


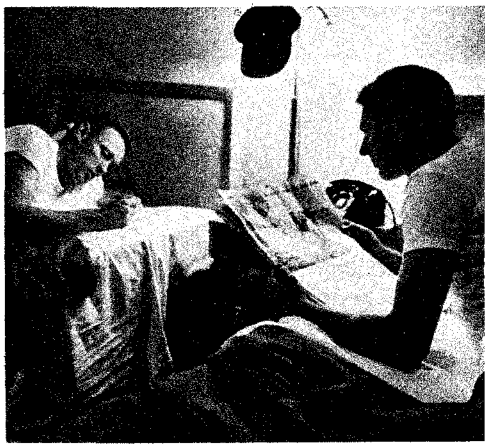
Worrying, talking, thinking baseball—every waking hour

LAST SEASON the Eastern League included Johnstown, Reading, Allentown and Williamsport in Pennsylvania; and Schenectady, Albany, Binghamton and Syracuse in New York.

Besides riding the bus between these cities and playing cards or singing ("Man, we like to sing these yankees to death with our hillbilly songs," grins Southerner Joe), Shipley and his teammates were either playing, practicing or talking baseball—in between eating, sleeping and going to the movies.

Joe and his roommate Dick Maibauer, another pitcher, usually arose at 11:00 A.M., ate breakfast and lolled around until about 12:30, when they went to a movie. Out of the movie about 3:30, they ate lunch and headed for the field at 5:00. Practice started at 6:00 P.M. and the game at 8 o'clock. They were through between 10:30 and 11:00 if the game didn't go into extra innings; ate their supper, had a beer, wrote letters home and went to bed.

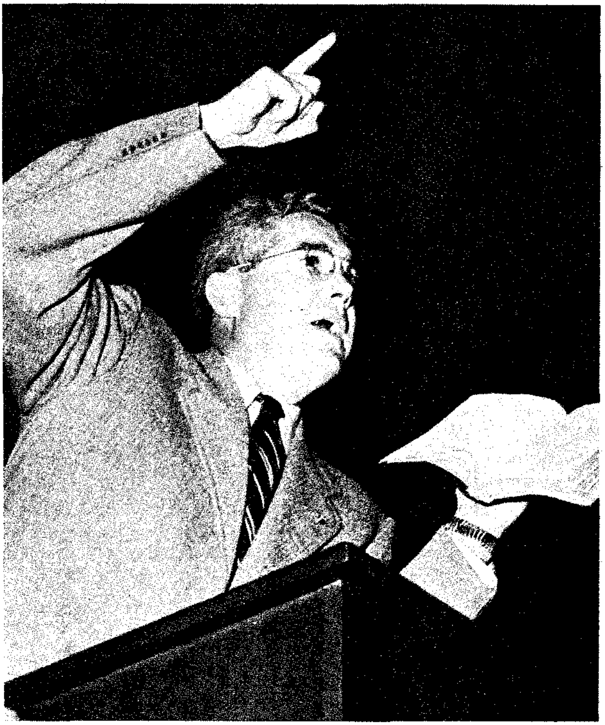
Whenever he got the chance, Joe would talk over his pitching problems with Johnstown manager "Chick" Genovese. It was Genovese who helped discover the real reason for Joe's wildness—his habit of taking his eye off the catcher's mitt just before he pitched the ball.



Now the stakes are higher . . . the pay-off closer . . . pitch!

DESPITE what Shipley could do (won 7, lost 17) the Johnstown Johnnies finished last; and won't even be in the league this year. But Joe, the team's prize attraction and one of its highest paid players at $500 a month, moves on and up. After a winter working as an assistant pipe fitter at U.S. Steel in Johnstown—other years he helped his father do carpentry work—he headed for the Giants' spring training camp at Phoenix, Ariz., and his first chance to pitch against major leaguers.

Wherever he plays this year, Joe hopes to be home more than in his bus league days and have his wife Ann with him all year. If he makes it with the Giants, he will walk into a big-league park for the first time in his life. That will be the day of days for Joe Shipley—the kid who dreamed of being a big leaguer.



The Devil and Jack Wyrtzen

by ANTHONY ARDEN

As a salesman turned revivalist, he sells smoking, drinking, petting —even movies and TV—short. But such is his faith and fervor that America's hard-to-convince teen-agers are his best customers

LIKE A WIND-WHIPPED TIDE, the singing rises in volume and fervor, its rhythms beating against the walls of the meeting hall. Suddenly, a dozen boys and girls—some weeping in ecstasy—come forward, praying, pledging their hearts to Jesus. With them come others already converted to give "testimony" to what all feel is a moment of unity with God.

The inspiration for this scene, which happens scores of times during the year throughout the nation, is Jack Wyrtzen, a 43-year-old revivalist. Wyrtzen was never ordained a minister, yet his dynamic, "sawdust trail" type of preaching has kindled the fire of religion in a sizable segment of American youth. And today, 25 years after he first "saw the light" in his native Greenpoint, Brooklyn, Wyrtzen's persuasive voice is one of the most powerful in the chorus of "fundamental Christians" who take the Bible literally and preach a real heaven and hell.

Jack Wyrtzen and his *Word of Life Fellowship, Inc.,* are internationally renowned. Every Saturday night more than 8,000,000 persons listen to *Word of Life* youth rallies that usually emanate from Gospel Tabernacle in New York and go out over 265 radio stations of the Mutual network. Mail comes in by the sackful—often as much as 3,000 letters per day—many with donations, although no direct appeal is made for them over the air.

In addition, *Word of Life* operates three large summer camps and supports missionaries of various Protestant denominations in 20 foreign countries, concentrating on social service along with religion.

Like Billy Graham and some of the other revivalists who have gained current fame, Wyrtzen uses a more polished version of the technique that first enlivened America's old frontier camp meetings and was perpetuated by Billy Sunday—dramatic "old-time religion."

Among modern evangelists, Wyrtzen enjoys a unique distinction—he appeals exclusively to youth. And, although he is twice as old as most of his followers, he somehow conveys the illusion of being one of them. His dark wavy hair is graying, but his round, fresh face and blue eyes behind rimless eyeglasses lend him an air of youthful candor and enthusiasm. His five-foot-nine, 180-pound frame packs boundless energy; and at the end of a three-hour meeting, during which he has roared, whispered, begged, cajoled and threatened, he seems ready to start all over again—and he often does.

Wyrtzen is a man of simple modesty and warmth. He appears to hate no one except the devil, and his love for people seems worlds removed from the grim sternness his fundamentalistic belief implies. He laughs easily, often at his own expense.

He acknowledges that the average teen-ager isn't easily sold on a doctrine that frowns on dancing, smoking, drinking, necking, petting, most TV programs and practically all movies. Yet, he says, youth wants to know the facts—the rock-bottom facts of life, death and salvation. Since he himself has utter confidence in the answers Christ has given, he feels he is able to transmit his faith.

"Besides," he adds, "the older a person gets the more problems he has and the harder they are to deal with. Go to the Bowery and you will see what I mean. We concentrate on the teen-agers before they reach bottom."

Wyrtzen's youth rallies follow the accepted revival pattern—with a difference. After a few words of welcome to the "young fellows, young girls," he swings into the familiar old Sunday School story, say, of David and Goliath. But it quickly becomes obvious that this is no milk and water stuff. The man is a dramatic actor of the kind that appears perhaps once in a generation.

As he slowly and elaborately develops the David and Goliath theme, the young people listen as big-eyed as any corresponding group of Elvis Presley fans. For a while he has them thinking that *this* time great Goliath might really hurt little David.

Wyrtzen has the kind of voice that can make skin creep, and he doesn't spare the sinners. The gates of hell clang open with a reek of sulphur as he flays backsliders, or he lures souls to Christ to the tune of celestial harps. To Wyrtzen and his followers there is no such thing as a little corruption. They believe the infection will spread and destroy the soul.

When his daughter, Mary Ann, was 17, someone mentioned Bob Hope to her. "Who's Bob Hope?" she asked, after mentally running through her list of Bible-teacher and choir-singer acquaintances.

There was a skeptical pause. "Are you kidding? Don't you ever go to the movies?"

The answer was simple and direct: "No."

LIKE all successful men, Wyrtzen is in love with his work. "I'd rather preach than eat," he says. "If I'm home for a few nights I feel as if I'm wasting time, even though I love my family. When I realize we're the only network gospel broadcast preaching to youth, I want to be at it day and night while I have the chance."

Fortunately, his wife Margaret—she was a neighborhood sweetheart and they have been married 21 years—shares his enthusiasm. For between September and June her husband preaches six nights a week. His schedule is unlike that of any other revivalist. He does not stay a week or two in a city conducting meetings, as others do, but spends one night a week in a particular city for six or seven weeks. "Young people won't come to a rally every night in the week," he explains, "but lots of them will come once a week for six weeks." Naturally, this calls for some rapid transit.

On these trips Wyrtzen's usual companions are a song leader and soloist; a vocal quartet and several other specialists in revival work. During the year the team covers about 50,000 miles, and conducts about 300 youth rallies. Four other teams are also sent out every year, each one of them doing a similar amount of work. The rallies are arranged at the invitation of Protestant ministers of any denomination. They are held in churches, school auditoriums, local town halls. An offering is taken; and Wyrtzen's percentage of these, together with the donations received as a result of the Saturday night radio program, are *Word of Life*'s sole source of income.

Looking back at his own youth and early manhood, Wyrtzen says, "I wasn't ready for Christ. I got mad whenever anyone asked me to do anything I thought might interfere with my fun."

As the leader of a popular dance band in Greenpoint—he played trombone—Wyrtzen smoked and drank in accordance with local custom. In the daytime he sold insurance. Then, the summer he was 18, he went to a National Guard encampment with a friend who had previously tried to bring him to religion. This is how Jack tells it:

"I knew that a good Christian like George would read his Bible and get down on his knees to pray before going to bed. And I thought George would never read his Bible and pray with those fellows around.

"Taps sounded, lights out, and George hadn't read his Bible or prayed. We all lay there on our cots thinking, *he's scared to do it*. But George reached into his barracks bag and took out his Bible and flashlight. He read for a while and then he got down on his knees for prayer. We cursed at him, threw shoes, but he stayed there until he was through."

Apparently Wyrtzen was more impressed than he realized, because when the boys got back to the city they went to a gospel meeting where converts gave "testimony." Wyrtzen was stirred, but not convinced.

"I didn't like it," he recalls. "I left the meeting mad. But that night in the blackness of my room, as I lay on my bed, it seemed as though all the blackness of eternity loomed up before me, and I realized for the first time in my life that I, too, was a sinner, but that Jesus Christ, God's Son, died and shed his blood on the Cross of Calvary for me. Somehow I slipped out of bed; I got down on my knees and admitted to God above that my life had been stained, marred and blackened with sin. Then I asked Him right there and then to save me for Jesus' sake."

This, Wyrtzen says, was the greatest moment of his life. "That night I passed from the power of Satan unto God. That night, Jesus Christ became real to me."

It was not enough for him to believe; he had to make others believe, too. He took for his guide a passage from Paul's letter to the Philippians (2:14-16): "Do all things without murmurings and disputings: That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; Holding forth the *word of life;* that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain."

Between selling insurance and playing in the U.S. Cavalry Band in the National Guard, Wyrtzen preached in parks, streets and homes —anywhere he could find an audience of one or two or five. Inevitably this kind of effort bore fruit. His meetings grew larger, his reputation spread. Even in those early days many who came to jeer and throw handy refuse remained to weep and confess their sins.

Soon Wyrtzen and his friends organized church meetings, and before long they were running regular Saturday night rallies. Husky high school lads and lively girls began to show up and the typical Wyrtzen group evolved: fresh-faced athletes and pretty girls with serious purpose and need. Few of them could be suspected of seeking religion because they had failed of acceptance elsewhere. More and more youngsters heard about Wyrtzen and there were great gatherings in Madison Square Garden, Yankee Stadium, St. Nicholas Arena, and similar auditoriums in other cities.

In 1940, Wyrtzen gave up his insurance business to devote full time to *Word of Life;* and a year or so later it was incorporated as a fellowship of Protestant Christians interested in reaching young people. His friends say that the astonishing growth of *Word of Life* is due not only to the revivalist's burning faith but also to his extraordinary organizing ability.

Word of Life runs three large summer establishments at Schroon Lake, New York—one is a Western ranch for boys and girls from seven to 13, another an island for ages 14 to 25, and a third, Word of Life Inn, for families. All three stress Christian living during the vacation season. Campers are instructed to bring their "Bibles, bathing suits, baseball gloves, fishing tackle, etc." The Bible is always listed first. The sports program is directed by Gil Dodds, former indoor mile champion.

It cannot be denied that some churchmen are unimpressed by the "over-simplified" religion they say Wyrtzen preaches. For them he has a ready answer: "Psychologists know that man's unhappiness is due to sin. All right, then—let's do something about the sin."

Wyrtzen is doing just that—with the help of his revivalist teams and a staff of 25 in *Word of Life*'s New York headquarters. Most of the office workers could earn more money elsewhere. Wyrtzen is grateful for their loyalty, which he does not consider allegiance to himself but to a greater Leader.

"Without the help of these people I could not function," he says. "I am like the face of a watch, open to view, but they are the moving parts, the works without which the watch is just a shell."

The low office salaries are indicative of *Word of Life*'s unique financial problems. Appealing to young people, it does not attract much support from adults. The $9,000 weekly budget is a worrisome load, since 95 per cent of the income is from donations of less than $5. Typical was a dollar sent by a Vermont schoolgirl who wrote: "I walked back and forth every day for a week to save bus fare."

Wyrtzen himself draws a salary of $150 a week on which he supports his wife and five children. He owns no house, car or bank account. Generally he thinks of money only as something he needs to buy radio time or to help support his organization's 62 missionaries. And when someone reports to him that a meeting has been especially successful or that one more famous person has said something nice about *Word of Life*, the words come quickly to him: "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (I Corinthians 1:31.)

Matter of Privilege

Dogs are now permitted to ride on Denver, Colorado, streetcars if they pay full fares. There is one slight hitch. They are not entitled to transfers and if they need to take another car must pay another fare.

—MORRIS BENDER

Beware the "Boiler-Room" Stock Frauds

by WILBUR CROSS III

LAST SEPTEMBER, a well-known Philadelphia physician began receiving circulars from a stockbroker in New York City suggesting some bargains in low-priced, high-potential stocks. Later he received two phone calls from stock salesmen whom he did not know. The gist of the calls was that their brokerage firm wanted to extend its restricted list of customers to the Philadelphia area, and hence was offering a special tip on a *sure thing* in stocks that few people knew about: let's call it Greater Cosmos Mining & Oils, Inc. Because of recent export contracts, it seemed, GCM&O was about to skyrocket and an investor could hardly lose, since shares were selling at only 35c each.

The doctor bought 3,000 shares. And sure enough, according to the broker's glowing reports, the stock started climbing, reaching 80c in less than a month. The brokerage firm phoned to congratulate the doctor and explain that this was only the beginning. The doctor dipped into his savings, sold two valuable blocks of stock he already owned, and purchased 8,000 additional shares of GCM&O. Still, according to the broker, the stock continued to climb—and the doctor borrowed a substantial sum for another block of shares.

Three months later, Greater Cosmos reached $1.95, and shortly after that the doctor instructed the broker to sell. All he got back were fancy certificates and an apologetic note explaining that "because of an unforseeable decline in the mining market" the stock had now become inactive and was selling at less than 5c per share.

The doctor had been victimized by one of the most vicious and widespread rackets currently flourishing: the "boiler room."

This is the name given fraudulent stock brokerage firms that stop at nothing to milk victims of all available cash, lure them into selling sound securities to invest in worthless ones, and often high-pressure them into going heavily into debt to buy shares in companies with little value and no future. No one knows exactly how much the American public loses to this racket, but one expert estimated it at more than $100,000,000 in 1956!

How does a boiler room operate? Its methods are so simple, and yet effective, that they continually amaze investigators from the Securities and Exchange Commission which has been policing the investment field for some 22 years.

First of all, a group of "stockateers" forms a brokerage firm with a distinguished-sounding name. *Almost anyone* can become a stockbroker. All he has to do is fill out statements requiring certain information, register with the SEC and then again at the office of the attorney general, where he pays a $5 fee.

He needs no character references. As long as he has not been convicted of a crime involving securities within the past ten years, even a bank robber or forger can go into the business. And many do, because stock fraud convictions are difficult to pin on a clever operator.

Paul Windels, Jr., New York Regional Administrator of the SEC, admits: "In Manhattan, shady brokers are allowed to unload worthless stocks who would not—because of their criminal records—be allowed to unload ships."

The office of a boiler-room operation centers around dozens of telephones because its earning power depends almost entirely on long-distance phone calls. Then the fly-by-night broker must have a list of names and addresses of prospects. This he can easily buy from firms who compile lists for advertisers and businesses. A typical one might show 5,000 recent purchasers of stocks and bonds and cost a few cents per name. Or it might be a more specialized (and hence more valuable) list of people who invest only in speculative stocks, and cost as much as 30c a name.

One firm that sells lists offers names and addresses of 109,000 investors in gold, oil and uranium stocks; and of 212,000 small-town businessmen who have purchased stocks. Another offers, at a tidy price, a list of recent widows and heirs, with the actual amounts of money left them.

The next step is to "paper" the prospect; that is, send him printed matter to soften his sales resistance. The first circular or two usually contains general (and accurate) information on market conditions, and may list a number of highly reputable securities with a record of their fluctuations. Following circulars develop successively into outright tip sheets, dramatizing one stock in particular (such as Greater Cosmos) and drumming up interest in it. The prospects begin to be intrigued by "new ventures in atomic mining" and "exciting explorations in oil" that mark the stock as a sure thing.

One speculative oil company, for instance, was vividly described in promotional circulars received by a Connecticut investor as "an industrial empire" with extensive holdings "in sulphurs, tantalum, uranium, rare earths and aircraft." When the

New York Attorney General's office investigated, it charged that the company was, in reality, "on the verge of insolvency."

In the meantime, the boiler-room operators have cornered controlling shares of bargain-basement stock in a company that is dying on the vine and has no future. This is usually an over-the-counter stock (one that is sold independently and not listed on one of the large exchanges which investigate the companies whose stocks they list).

Fight Mental Illness
MH
National Association for Mental Health

An elderly woman in the Bronx, New York, bought 300 shares in an American chemical company, from a boiler-room salesman, at $3 a share. When the woman later became suspicious and went to the company office in Manhattan, she found the concern had closed their New York office. It had lost its plant, there was no market for its stock, and the last quotation (a whole year before the woman had even bought it) had been only 25c.

This does not mean over-the-counter stocks are questionable, however, because many are good investments. And boiler rooms have been known to deal in stocks listed on an exchange, when the stock is inactive enough so they can manipulate their transactions at will.

After the prospect has been well "papered" for six to eight weeks, he is considered ready for the initial call. This is made by a "cocksy," a man whose voice over the telephone sounds assured and sincere. His job is to "open up" new accounts.

"Mr. Brown," he may say, "you have been receiving our literature on stocks for some time. Now, I know you are interested in good, sound investments and I believe my firm can help you. You see, we have access to confidential market reports so we can help you invest your money more wisely."

He then expands on the background and reputation of his firm and makes almost any claim necessary to convince the prospect he is dealing with a reputable brokerage house. The cocksy softens up the "mooch" (customer) as much as he can and weeds out "no-sales."

The prospect continues to be "papered" with "hot stuff" (selling literature) for perhaps a couple of weeks more. Then comes the long-distance phone call from the "loader." He is a high-pressure salesman—the reason why his office is called a boiler room—often with a background as a bunco artist, a confidence man or a carnival pitchman. The loader has an astonishingly glib tongue, a ready answer for every question and a knack for fending off objections with fancy double talk.

He often opens with an air of excitement. "Mr. Brown, I'm not your regular salesman. He's out in the field investigating new bonanzas in the greatest investment offering our firm has come across yet: Greater Cosmos Mining & Oils, Inc. But our policy is to let customers know immediately when we have a sure winner. And believe me, GCM&O is about to bust the market wide open. *You can't help but triple your money in three weeks!* And because our standing in the investment world entitles us to special discounts, we can offer GCM&O to *our own customers only* for 28¢ a share . . ."

Part of the slick patter is to convince the prospect that the boiler room has some kind of pipeline to advance information on the fluctuations of the stock being pushed.

A loader is so unbelievably fast and effective that he can parlay a suggestion of the utmost urgency into a solid sale in a matter of minutes. A good "dynamiter" (a really experienced loader) can clean up $5,000 *weekly* in commissions. He never makes sales visits in person, never comes face to face with his victims. Should an investor try to see "the man he talked with on the phone," the man is always "out in Colorado looking into uranium" or somewhere else.

A good loader can talk a mooch into buying and buying again. This is known as "re-loading." Some are so convincing they can often persuade a customer who has been taken in by one stock to try a second investment in another equally worthless one to make up the loss. In developing a customer, the reload man will often let him make a paper profit by "taking him out" of his stock while the market is still high. However, the customer does not receive any money. The money is put into another worthless issue being pushed by the boiler room. This is "switching."

The office of the Attorney General of the State of New York is greatly concerned over the number of boiler-room operations and shady stock transactions currently taking place in Manhattan. It seems that many of the sharpshooters who formerly operated from Canada in the "penny stock" rackets (made possible by loopholes in international laws) have moved to New York. But don't be deceived into thinking you are out of range because you live far away. For if you can be reached by long-distance phone, you can be contacted by a loader with a line so convincing he practically hypnotizes you into making a quick, thoughtless investment.

"The oil is coming so fast that I have to get a bulldozer to dig ditches to keep it from running all over. . . ." was the exciting pitch used by a Chicago promoter recently to high-pressure 100 Midwest investors into putting $2,000,000 into an oil company which investigators found to be an extremely poor risk. The SEC, in filing a 14-count indictment against the promoter for mail fraud and failure to comply with securities regulations, estimated that $1,500,000 of that was being misused.

Jacob K. Javits, while Attorney General, barred the Texas Adams Oil Company from financing operations through the sale of securities to the public in New York. Mr. Javits charged that the company had defrauded the public of more than $2,300,000 when the men who acquired control consolidated other companies and projects, marked up values astronomically and misrepresented the company as being worth some $16,000,000 when it was actually on the verge of insolvency. They ran the price of the stock up to about $1.75 a share before it tumbled to a bidding price of less than 10c a share.

How can you avoid falling victim to a boiler-room setup? Here are ten rules recommended by the Chairman of the SEC, J. Sinclair Armstrong, and the office of the Attorney General of the State of New York:

1. Think before buying.
2. Deal only with a securities firm you know.
3. Be skeptical of securities offered on the telephone from any firm or salesman you do not know.
4. Guard against all high-pressure sales.
5. Beware of promises of quick, spectacular price rises.
6. Be sure you understand the risk of loss as well as the prospect of gain.
7. Get the facts—do not buy on tips or rumors.
8. Request the person offering securities over the phone to mail you written information about the corporation, its operations, net profit, management, financial position and future prospects. Save all such information for future reference.
9. If you do not understand the written information, consult a person who does.
10. Give at least as much thought when buying securities as you would when buying any valuable property.

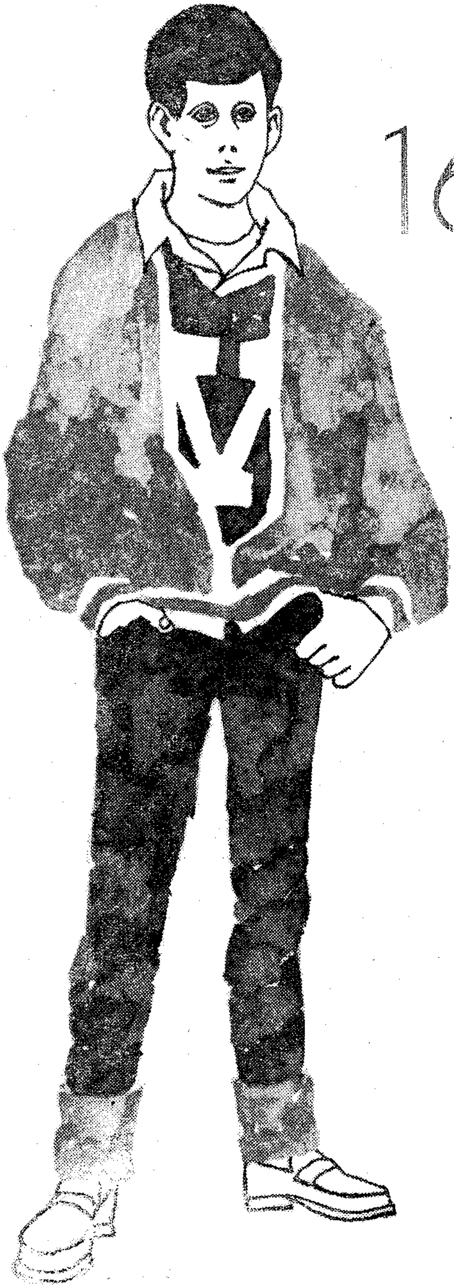
Most important, if you feel you are being misled (or ever *have been misled*) into buying shares of worthless stock, report it immediately to the nearest branch of the SEC, or law enforcement agencies in your own state such as the attorney general's office. If contacted soon enough they will not only initiate action to track down the offenders, but may help you recover some of your losses. And if you receive literature in the mail with exorbitant claims about stock buys, report it to your postmaster.

The biggest problem in wiping out boiler rooms and stock frauds has been the reluctance of victims to step forward and admit they have been swindled. Many feel embarrassed to reveal just how much money they really lost.

Paul Windels, Jr., puts it this way: "It is a complete misnomer to call victims of stock swindles *suckers*. They are, for the most part, average Americans investing in what they believe to be honest ventures. And they have a right to expect that a registered stockbrokerage firm is just as honest as their home-town bank. The great majority of them are; but unfortunately some are not, particularly the more aggressive ones. The only persons who are suckers are those who have been swindled in a stock fraud *and then don't do anything about it.*"

The Truth of the Matter

Every man undergoes three emotional crises he thinks he'll never survive, but invariably does: When his voice is changing, his first love and when he fancies himself in a Homburg hat. —G. Norman Collie (*Wall Street Journal*)



16 — The Perilous

by LILA LENNON

A 16-YEAR-OLD SON is a curious creature. He walks like an elephant, and knickknacks on the shelf tremble when he goes from room to room. But a surreptitious trip to the refrigerator finds him treading with the lightness of a gazelle.

His laughter is curiously like a braying donkey, but so filled with infectious enjoyment that others involuntarily smile. His conversation is carried on under the delusion that persons around him—or on the other end of the phone—are slightly deaf. Except when his telephone partner is a girl . . . then his voice drops to a quiet murmur, defying the keenest ears.

He is highly concerned about Cleveland's chances of winning the pennant; less so about the coming algebra test. He takes a dim view of his grades and is quite serious about doing better. How to best tack his souvenirs on his bulletin board is a problem for thoughtful consideration, and the rearranging of his room is accompanied by much heaving, grunting and banging.

Watching him eat is like seeing a starved man find food for the first time in weeks. His favorite position for watching television or reading puts all the pressure on the end of his spine. Oddly enough, though, in the presence of strangers the word *sir* comes smoothly to his lips. He rises when adults enter the room and lands back on the chair, somehow in an upright position.

Although he is a cute crew-cut character, he would like to be a real cool cat—tall and slender. He is not as tall as he'd like to be, and certainly isn't slender.

He worries about the spots on his face and needs a special shelf in the bathroom cabinet for a variety of remedies. He pats shaving lotion on after washing. There are times when he finds himself repulsive and feels that nothing he does is right. He cannot find his worth reflected in a mirror, or anything. It is at these times he throws up a cactus-like barricade against any affectionate gesture.

In fact, whatever affection he may feel towards his parents he is extremely careful never to disclose. His mother's kissing him hello or good-by is a source of minor embarrassment. He seldom stops at the door long enough for this practice. When he does show his affection it is likely to be through the medium of horsing around—a playful shove, a slap on the back or a fake mouse in the bed. Any discussion of his love for his parents, or theirs for him, is utterly taboo.

His rebellions include having to come home at what he terms a "baby hour," and not being able to make all plans fit his own convenience and desires. And then he turns around and offers to wash the windows, or spends his allowance for a bouquet of flowers for Mother's Day. He does his household chores with a minimum of enjoyment, but with a minimum of griping also.

In the mad rush towards his total independence, he is often impatient with rules and regulations and is sometimes quick with the current smart crack. But he is learning to say, "I'm sorry," without feeling that he has permanently damaged his ego.

In most things he is quite self-reliant, but resents any implication that he is not yet entirely adult. He does not like to hear words like *duty* and *consideration* and *responsibility*, and his reaction is always an impatient, "I *know,* I *know.*" His favorite phrases are, "I'm not a baby any more." And, "Look, you don't understand!"

He can be easily hurt and many things pierce the not-quite-hardened shell he designs so carefully. His face flushes when some adult makes a derogatory remark about teen-agers; but he remembers abruptly to hold his tongue, though he may slam the door. His sense of injustice is quick and enormous.

He is currently mad about gum soles, hot-rod cars, popcorn and girls. He is quite content to play the same record 4,000 times in one afternoon. He will explain, patiently and enthusiastically, what a customized car is, all about duals and how to lay a strip. Popcorn is a must while viewing television, and several girls have worn his dog tag.

He wants, more than anything, to be accepted by his contemporaries, his parents, other adults, and especially girls. He is always slightly shocked when one of his parents uses some of his group's current terminology.

He may bring home the good news of his school day as something to be shared and commented upon, but he seldom mentions his feelings of personal and social failure. Other times, he feels any mild question is a horrible invasion of privacy.

He can be as silent as a sphinx about what he really thinks and feels, and some days his total vocabulary seems to consist of two words: *yes* and *no*.

He dreams of being a hero, making the swimming team, and winning a Jaguar in a toothpaste contest. He is amazed, and a little awed, by new-born babies. Mostly, the exterior he presents to the world is as bland as vanilla pudding. But underneath, he worries about himself and his place in the future.

He needs to know that those around him have a strong and continual affection for him, even though he resists any outward signs of it. For he is reaching out toward a different kind of love, and though he never speaks of it, he hopes to find it.

His ideals for himself are as high as the brightest star in the sky, even though he seldom measures up to them. He knows he doesn't, but he keeps one eye on those sparkling goals just the same.

This is his time for fumbling, making mistakes, and learning to be less intense about everything. This is his time for waiting . . . waiting to turn the corner with a long, strong stride and enter the realm of manhood.

Signs of the Times

A SIGN on the fairway of a golf course near the University of Arizona campus reads:

IN CASE OF RATTLESNAKE HAZARD
BALL MAY BE MOVED FIVE FEET
WITHOUT PENALTY

—MAX TADLOCK

SIGN in a Hollywood charm school:

THINK MINK

—*B. & O. Magazine*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

4 OF A KIND

Decisions? Quizmaster George Skinner, moderator of "Make Up Your Mind" (ABC Radio, Monday through Friday, 11:15 A.M. EST), knows all about them. Here is his choice-challenge. Each set of four names in bold print below belongs to a group. Pick the group from the three (a, b, c) listed for each quartet. Take, for instance, the names *Palomar, Apropos, Muguet* and *Tapestry;* if the choices were (a) astronomy towers, (b) perfumes or (c) race horses, the answer would be (b). Don't pick hastily, George forewarns. (Check your answers on page 78.)

1. **Castor Painter Ounce Capuchin**
   a. constellations b. weights c. animals
2. **Crowd Bones Psaltery Hautboy**
   a. church furnishings b. musical instruments c. kitchen utensils
3. **Domino Ulster Brogue Arctic**
   a. wearing apparel b. games c. geographical regions
4. **Frigate Cardinal Booby Crane**
   a. tools b. birds c. pieces of money
5. **Revenge Bounty Pelican Beagle**
   a. Shakespearean characters b. fishes c. famous ships
6. **Ragged Sailor Love-In-A-Mist Old-Man's-Beard Jacob's-Ladder**
   a. novels b. flowers c. insects
7. **Milk Tongue Fox Snake**
   a. rivers b. plow parts c. grasses
8. **Galena Carbuncle Apatite Dolomite**
   a. diseases b. foods c. minerals
9. **Beaver Crash Union Duck**
   a. cloth fabrics b. stock-market terms c. kinds of wood
10. **Saluki Dalmatian Papillon Whippet**
    a. foreign cars b. dogs c. exotic dishes
11. **Medoc Orvieto Amontillado Chambertin**
    a. wines b. sauces c. famous battles
12. **Guernsey Holstein Jersey Ayrshire**
    a. cheeses b. woolens c. cattle
13. **Raleigh Bismarck Columbus Lincoln**
    a. tobacco brands b. state capitals c. famous discoverers
14. **Bull Shoals Elephant Butte Horse Mesa Wolf Creek**
    a. battlegrounds b. dams c. Indian tribes
15. **Badger Wolverine Gopher Pelican**
    a. state symbols b. famous mines c. baseball teams
16. **Black Knights White Mules Red Raiders Blue Hens**
    a. secret societies b. poultry breeds c. football teams
17. **Hamilton Jackson Grant Franklin**
    a. U.S. presidents b. portraits on U.S. currency
    c. Declaration of Independence signers

what you should know about

Heart Attacks and High-Fat Diets

As far as our nation's health is concerned, Danger Zone No. One is a pair of twisting blood vessels, each only a few inches long and slender as a soda straw. These two tiny branching systems in the body's tens of thousands of *miles* of vital pipelines wind their way around a throbbing muscle slightly bigger than a clenched fist.

Known as the coronary or "encircling" arteries, they supply the heart muscle with the blood it needs to keep beating. When the supply is partly blocked, an all-too-frequent event in American life, the result is a heart attack. President Eisenhower is one among more than 1,250,000 coronary patients in the United States.

Coronary disease is today the object of one of the most intensive research drives in medical history. The fact that its basic causes remain a mystery was highlighted at the recent meeting of the New York Heart Association in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

But one factor came in for special discussion, as the following headlines indicate:

NEW DATA ON HEART DISEASE-FAT LINK

EXPERTS DISAGREE ON DIET VS. HEART

HEART ILLS IN U.S. TIED TO FAT FOOD

RELATION BETWEEN HEART DISEASE AND DIET DEBATED INCONCLUSIVELY

From such headlines you would be justified in assuming that the problem of diet has aroused a radical clash of medical views. But the experts are not nearly so far apart as the headlines indicate.

Let's forget heart disease for a moment and consider the notorious American high-fat diet. The facts are that the average American eats more than three pounds of food a day, including nearly a third of a pound of fat. More important, that fat provides over 40 per cent of the total calories, which means we depend on it for a major share of our energy.

You may think of the Eskimo as a champion fat-eater. But even allowing for his diet of oily seal steaks and blubber, he's still just a runner-up to you and your neighbors.

Experts agree that overeating isn't

Science strongly suspects a link between coronary disease and America's eating habits. Not all the proof is in. But here's a master food plan that may provide health insurance

by JOHN PFEIFFER

good for health in general and that many Americans are overweight. Overweight persons pay extra-high insurance premiums, because they are considered greater risks.

The experts also agree that high-fat diet is among the things which are definitely related to coronary disease. They don't know the full story yet. But the following four-step process, based partly on fact and partly on theory, indicates how the food we eat may leave its mark on our arteries:

1. Generally speaking, people—and nations—consuming large amounts of fat tend to have extra-high coronary death rates.
2. High-fat diets raise the level of fatty substances in the blood.
3. As the years pass, some of these substances form thickening deposits inside the coronary arteries.
4. The deposits, directly or indirectly, block the arteries and cause heart attacks.

Evidence for the first step of this process rests on clinical as well as statistical findings. For example, take a typical case of an overweight man reported at a Boston hospital.

One evening after supper, Tom Johnson settled back to read his newspaper and suddenly felt a heavy pressing pain in the middle of his chest. As the sensation mounted, a tingling started in his left arm. The doctor arrived within half an hour and stopped the pain with a shot of morphine.

An obstruction had formed in a branch of one of Johnson's coronary arteries, damming the flow of oxygen-carrying blood to a bit of heart muscle about the size of a marble. His pain was the distress signal of the "starving" tissue.

The patient spent three weeks in the hospital, while a firm scar formed and nature restored circulation by another route. Then he returned to his job.

That was back in 1946. Johnson is now in good health, and still working. But he might not be alive today if he hadn't stuck to a low-fat diet ever since his heart attack.

A Los Angeles heart specialist has reported significant records which hint at the benefits of such diets. One group of 50 coronary patients ate as they pleased; in eight years 38, or about three out of four, were dead. Fifty other patients were restricted to a maximum of ⅞ of an ounce of fat daily, and more than half survived after the same period.

Japan's rice-eating citizens go easy on fatty diets. Surveys show that they get only about 12 per cent of their daily calories from fats, as compared with our 40-plus level.

Dr. Ancel Keys, famed University of Minnesota physiologist, examined the case histories of more than 4,500 Japanese men who had died in their 50s, and found that coronary disease was so rare that doctors didn't even bother to list it as a separate cause of death. After ruling out all fatalities obviously due to other causes, he arrived at the startling conclusion that "less than half a dozen" deaths could conceivably be attributed to heart attacks.

In Hawaii, Dr. Keys checked the possibility that some racial or hereditary immunity might account for his findings. The Japanese living there go in for butter, fried dishes and rich desserts. In other words, they eat more like Americans do but to a lesser degree, and about 31 per cent of their calories comes from fats. Records showed that they don't enjoy any natural protection. Their coronary death rate is lower than ours, but four to five times higher than that of Japanese back home.

No investigator would think of denying the strong possibility of a tie-up between heart attacks and high-fat diets—and no investigator does. But they point out that many other factors are undoubtedly involved: heredity, physical and mental overexertion, smoking, hormone imbalance, to cite some of the most important. All of these are being studied.

But an appreciable body of current research throws diet into the spotlight. A team of scientists at the National Heart Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, recently reported a new way of creating early heart-trouble symptoms in rats. From the blood serum of human donors they obtained certain so-called "lipoproteins," substances which transport fat through the blood stream.

Then they used a centrifuge to extract materials made up of light-weight lipoprotein molecules from the fatty mixture—and injected the materials into the tail veins of male rats. Five hours later, examination revealed fatty deposits in the animals' coronary arteries. Although this work *proves* nothing, it is considered important as a sign that continued studies may yield further evidence of possible connections between fat in the blood and heart attacks.

Moreover, the Bethesda research is particularly interesting in view of the well-known fact that high-fat diets raise the blood concentration of a fatty compound called cholesterol. This pearly white substance, a close chemical relative of vitamin D and the sex hormones, is an ingredient of healthy nerve, liver, kidneys and other tissues. In excessive amounts, however, it may be a troublemaker.

As a rule, persons indulging in high-fat diets have high "cholesterol numbers." The level for most American men between the ages of 45 and 60, for example, generally hovers in the range of 225 to 250. That indicates about 11 milligrams, or less than 1/3000 of an ounce, of cholesterol per pint of blood. For comparison, the average readings of Japanese men in the same age bracket are likely to be closer to a modest 150—which is just what you'd expect from their low-fat diets.

Can high cholesterol levels lead to heart attacks? The full answer to that is yet to come. But a widely cited theory is that cholesterol can combine with other fatty substances in the blood and yield complex lipoprotein materials which the body has difficulty breaking down. So the material collects on the inner walls of blood vessels to form deposits which later become calcified and turn into something like the crusty layers found inside boiler tubes.

HOW TO LOVE YOUR HUSBAND
Women need to be wooed. But how many wives know when to woo their husbands? An informative article about the little understood aspects of love in marriage
IN JUNE CORONET

Dr. Paul D. White, the President's heart doctor and perhaps the foremost clinical specialist in the field, states: "These deposits may accumulate and actually reduce the inner diameter of blood vessels. Coronary heart trouble certainly seems to be connected with such processes. The effect could be particularly serious in the coronary arteries, since they are naturally narrow to begin with and perform the crucial function of bringing blood to the heart itself."

These waxy, cream-yellow deposits often become so thick that an artery or one of its branches is blocked entirely. But there is still danger even when a narrow channel is left open and blood trickles through sluggishly, because a single clot may be enough to cut off circulation. In either case, the outcome may be a heart attack.

It is significant that such attacks are about four times more frequent among men than women, at least until the age of 40 or so. Before that, female sex hormones seem to keep cholesterol levels down and retard the formation of fatty deposits. Smaller amounts of hormones are produced after the menopause, however, which means that chemical brakes are released in later life—and then women run almost as great a risk of coronary disease as men.

This is mainly circumstantial evidence. But one thing is certain: from a statistical standpoint, your cholesterol number indicates your relative chances of having a heart attack. A middle-aged man with a cholesterol level of around 170, for example, has at least a three times better chance of avoiding a heart attack than one with a cholesterol count 50 or more points higher.

Low-fat diets can bring cholesterol levels down, and doctors usually put their coronary patients on such diets. They do this even though proof is lacking that high-cholesterol levels, lasting for years, are directly responsible for artery-blocking deposits and heart attacks. The reason? You don't take chances with human beings. If a treatment offers a chance of improvement, you use it. That holds with extra force if the treatment won't harm the patient—and we know that among patients who carry excess weight, medically prescribed low-fat diets actually promote general health and well-being.

As has been recognized all along, the general-health argument goes for healthy persons as well as heart patients. But will low-fat diets, for all of us, reduce appreciably and specifically our chances of getting heart attacks? On this question there is disagreement, although not as much as appears on the surface.

NEW RESEARCH has confirmed something that specialists have long suspected—not all fats send cholesterol levels soaring. In fact, scientists at the University of Capetown in South Africa report that certain substances may actually reduce those levels. The substances are "unsaturated" or chemically active fats, high proportions of which exist in corn, cottonseed, olive, peanut and soybean oils.

Incidentally, this work may explain a long-standing mystery. Despite their high-blubber meals, Eskimos have low cholesterol counts and low coronary death rates. One reason: they live mainly on fish and seal meat, which are also extra-rich in unsaturated fats.

The Capetown researchers went a step further. They bubbled hydrogen gas through oily soups of cholesterol-lowering fats, and then fed the treated products to experimental animals. Their blood-cholesterol levels jumped sharply. The hydrogen had transformed unsaturated fats to the so-called "saturated" variety found in fatty meat, butter and margarine, whole milk and cream, and other popular American foods.

On the basis of these and other findings, Dr. Norman Jolliffe, director of the Bureau of Nutrition of New York City's Department of Health, believes we should not go in too heavily for such foods. Furthermore, he points out that it might be advisable to limit our use of certain other items. For example, manufacturers have long been using similar hydrogen processes in preparing lard and other cooking fats and oils. The treatments result in more-saturated, chemically stable fats which are free of unpleasant odors, don't turn rancid and keep well on grocery-store shelves. But the same fats raise cholesterol levels, If a tie-up between this effect and coronary disease is finally proved, different processing methods will be called for.

Meanwhile, if you're a man over voting age or a woman past 40, Dr. Jolliffe suggests that your diet include the following items, together with adequate amounts of bread, cereal, potatoes, other vegetables and fruits:

1. Meat, poultry, fish—baked, roasted, boiled or broiled (not fried). Emphasize the leaner cuts of meat, and leave those chunks of fat on the plate. Serve fish frequently.

2. Save fatty desserts and fried foods for rare special occasions.

3. No more than one ounce, two level tablespoons, of "visible" fats per day. This includes butter, margarine, salad oil, cooking fats and cooking oils. Emphasize liquid oils such as those obtained from corn, cottonseed, olives, peanuts and soybean (oils rich in unsaturated fats).

4. Emphasize non-fat milk and non-fat cottage-type cheeses. Whole milk to be used for coffee and cereal only. In any case, the total of whole milk and whole-milk cheeses should not exceed the milk equivalent of two cups, 16 ounces, a day. (An ounce of whole-milk cheese—American, Cheddar, Swiss, cream, dessert types—contains about as much fat as a cup of whole milk.)

The most controversial feature of this diet is point No. 3 which involves cutting down on saturated fats. Dr. Jolliffe believes this would be a wise thing to do. Other doctors believe otherwise. The problem will not be settled by debates, however, but by scientific evidence which is being gathered. The rest of the diet is based on well-established nutrition principles, and many of us might do well to follow it (after consulting our doctors, of course).

Certain specialists have been played up as "opponents" of Dr. Jolliffe and investigators who think along similar lines. An examination of actual statements, however, indicates that it is a matter of emphasis rather than melodramatic issues. Here are two such statements:

Dr. Frederick Stare of the Harvard School of Public Health: "On the basis of current information it does not seem justified to recommend drastic changes in the quantity or type of fat in the diet of the general population." Dr. Herman Hilleboe, New York State Commissioner of Health: "The medical profession is not now justified in recommending a revolutionary change in our eating habits."

The carefully selected, qualifying adjectives—"drastic" and "revolutionary"—are significant. As far as this emphasis is concerned, the area of disagreement narrows considerably. Medically unsupervised diets which feature drastic or revolutionary reductions in fats might do more harm than good. At present we get some 40 per cent of our calories from fats. Dr. Jolliffe would like to see us reduce that figure moderately to 25 or 30 per cent, which is about what our grandfathers consumed at the turn of the century.

He feels that sooner or later, as new research findings are more widely known, most of us will be cutting down on our fats. If so, we'll be doing something about one of the most important factors, and one of the few controllable factors, in the list of suspected causes of heart attacks. As far as we know, a low-fat diet is a sound form of voluntary health insurance—and insurance which we can apply right now to help combat what has been called "a national scourge of coronary disease."

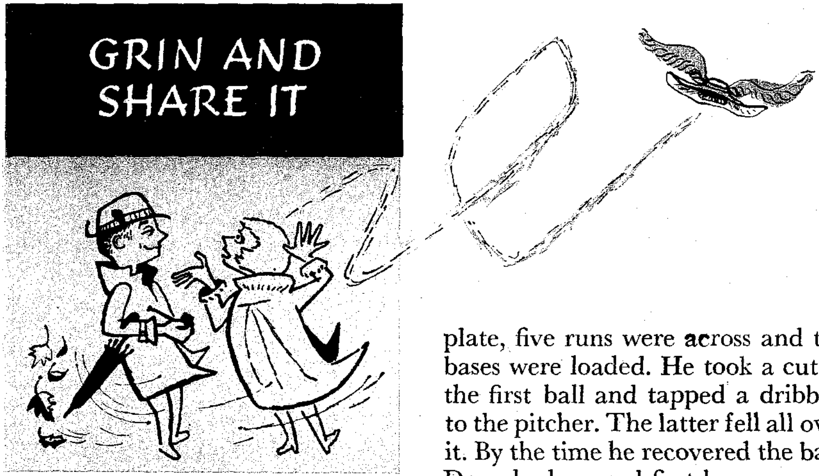
Artful Observation

A RATHER corpulent woman weighing about 200 pounds waddled daily into the Vienna collection at the National Art Gallery in Washington, D. C. Always she came out smiling.

One day she explained her merry mood to the receptionist, "Beside those big Rubens nudes I don't even feel fat."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

GRIN AND SHARE IT



A BRISK WIND caught the featherbedecked hat of a woman and whirled it high into the air.

"Oh, dear," she cried. "Run and see if you can get it back for me, George."

"I think that would be tampering with nature," said her husband. "The poor thing is probably trying to go south." —*Wall Street Journal*

DIZZY DEAN, one of baseball's all-time greats, was famous for his fast ball and his quick quips.

One afternoon the Cardinals were playing a team whose pitching staff was the weakest in the league. St. Louis came to bat first.

In rapid succession the first four hitters were walked. The starting pitcher was taken out and the hurler who succeeded him promptly walked the next two men. The seventh man was hit by a pitched ball and so was the eighth.

When Dean stepped up to the plate, five runs were across and the bases were loaded. He took a cut at the first ball and tapped a dribbler to the pitcher. The latter fell all over it. By the time he recovered the ball, Dean had crossed first base.

The Cardinal coach handed him his jacket, patting him on the back. "Nice goin', Diz!"

"A fine team I'm playing with!" Dean snapped back. "It isn't enough that I do the pitching! I have to do the hitting, too!" —E. E. EDGAR

* * *

AN ART CRITIC we know has been following the lyric-abstract school of painting in which artists wildly scribble paint on canvas (as opposed to those who dribble).

The difficulty of doing this type of work was brought home recently when one of the leading artists of this school telephoned a friend to cancel a luncheon date.

"You see," explained the artist, "I have an exhibition opening tonight, and I've still got six paintings to do." —ART BUCHWALD, *New York Herald Tribune*

TWO WOMEN, who had decided to surprise their husbands by learning to play golf, were starting on their very first 18 holes when they noticed a sign reading "PLEASE REPLACE DIVOTS." After a moment of puzzling over it, one turned to the other with a toss of her head.

"Well," she snorted angrily, "whatever a divot is, I certainly don't like the insinuation that we'd stoop to *taking* one!" —HAL CHADWICK

* * *

A MICROPHONE was thrust into the hand of the winning jockey of a feature horse race, and the very embarrassed hero was asked to address the nation. Breathlessly, he said, "May I take the opportunity to pay a tribute to the other jockeys, without whose cooperation my victory would have been impossible."

—*Troy Record*

AFTER a recent election, a hopeful, but unsuccessful political candidate visited in a backwoods town.

"Say, Mister," one young fellow asked, "haven't I seen you somewheres?"

"Quite possibly," replied the politician, "my picture was in all of the papers."

"I knowed it," said the native, then added cautiously, "I don't want to be nosy, but what was you cured of?" —*Capper's Weekly*

AN ADMIRAL attending a social function in uniform was approached by a stranger who had had several too many. He draped his arm around the admiral's shoulder and was saying that he, too, had been in the service when his eyes dropped to the admiral's sleeve and gradually focused on the mass of gold braid. He stopped in the middle of a sentence and exclaimed, "Gad! You're in this thing pretty deep, aren't you?"

—*U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*

AFTER POET EDWIN MARKHAM had finished a reading at a college "Artist's Course," a woman came to him and told him how much she had enjoyed it, adding she was disappointed that he had omitted her favorite poem.

Mr. Markham said gently: "My dear madam, I couldn't read all of them, but I can do this for you . . ." and he kissed her lightly on the cheek.

A bystander came up and introduced the woman to Markham as an English professor. Feigning great embarrassment, he exclaimed, "My goodness, what have I done, kissed an English professor? How will this look in my autobiography?"

"I don't know," she said smiling, "but I think it will look awfully nice in mine." —VESTA E. BINKLEY

* * *

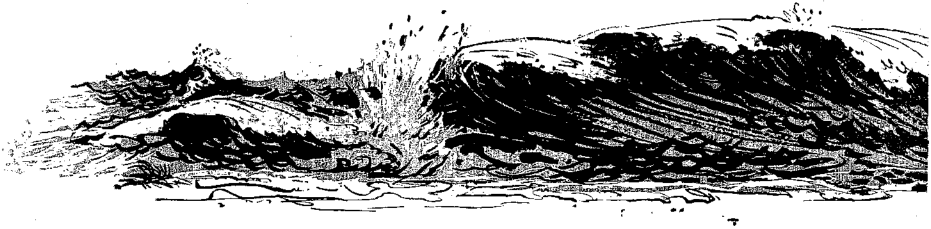
THE STORY I read to my four-year-old son was about a little boy who had had many exciting adventures. When the story was finished, he asked, "But where was the boy's mother?"

"The story doesn't mention his mother," I said, "so perhaps he didn't have one. Perhaps she died."

"Yeah," my son agreed excitedly, "I'll bet she was killed in a nervous wreck." —*Dixie Roto Magazine*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Mad Monster of the Deep



by REED MILLARD

ONE SUMMER DAY in 1954, sudden shouts of horror rose from fishermen on the breakwater at Montrose Avenue in Chicago. Dropping rods and catches, they ran for shore, scrambling over each other in frantic haste to escape what was sweeping toward them out of Lake Michigan.

Seven did not make it, and became the victims of a terrifying phenomenon of the deep which had long made fierce onslaughts on ocean coasts and inland shores, and now had struck this body of water.

Those devastating moments in Chicago provided only a mild sample of one of nature's most savage forces at work. For what had struck there with sudden violence was a miniature of the great "tidal waves" that roll across oceans. Actually, they have nothing to do with tides, nor with ordinary ocean waves. Scientists call the kind that lashed Chicago in 1954 "the seiche." For the big and vicious forms that race across oceans, they use the Japanese word *tsunami.*

These mighty waves strike stealthily, often from apparently calm seas. Witness what happened in the dark early morning hours of April 1, 1946.

It began in the depths of the Pacific off the Aleutian Islands when, in the successive shocks of a mighty earthquake, a vast chunk of ocean bottom collapsed, leaving a huge hole into which water rushed from all sides.

On the surface, this created gigantic swells which then rushed outward. Those traveling in other directions soon crashed against nearby uninhabited land. But the ones moving south had no near land mass to stop them. They rolled forward, a vast series of waves, perhaps 100 miles long from crest to crest, moving at about *400 miles an hour!* In a little more than four hours they were off the shores of the Hawaiian city of Hilo, more than 2,000 miles away from their dark vortex near the Aleutians.

In her home a way back from the beach, slim, young Kay Ishui was just about to call her husband to

breakfast when she heard terrified screams. She looked out the window to see a towering wall of water moving toward the house in eerie silence.

Within seconds the house, torn from its foundations, went bounding inland. Kay Ishui, swept outside, was fighting for her life.

The monstrous wave carried her out to sea as it receded. Close on its heels followed another which carried her in to shore again. While she struggled to seize a tree, the water ripped her loose, carried her to sea again, only to toss her into another incoming wave. This time, when she was flung inland, she caught a concrete post and managed to hang on until the water subsided.

On Hilo's Wailuku River, the terrible tsunami tore loose the railroad bridge and tossed the heavy steel span nearly 750 feet away. It threw heavy steel railroad cars about like toys. Boats, houses and public buildings were heaps of splintered debris.

Hawaii counted its dead at 159, its damage at $25,000,000, with hundreds injured and homeless.

Probably one of the most damaging of all tsunamis was that which followed the Lisbon earthquake of 1755. Fifty feet high, it poured in over the shattered city, then rushed away from it, forming a monster that crossed the sea to hit Atlantic shores as widely separated as those of England and the West Indies.

Though it can occur in any ocean, the favorite playground of the tsunami is the Pacific. Japan has repeatedly been deluged by such catastrophic waves as that of 1896, which killed 27,000 people and destroyed more than 10,000 homes and buildings.

For all its devastation ashore, the tsunami does not harm ships at sea. For, amazingly, a ship can sail right over the huge swell racing across the ocean without suffering any damage. For instance, fishermen from Japanese villages did not even interrupt their fishing when the great wave of 1896 went by.

The fact that the tsunami is a phantom at sea is explained by its great length from crest to crest. A ship rises on the swell but, having no reference points at sea, its occupants do not realize the change in elevation. Moreover, the wave, which becomes so destructive when it meets the obstacle of land, is comparatively gentle in the vast expanse of the ocean.

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO, under clear blue skies, great waves came smashing against Southern California shores. Scientists were puzzled by their sudden appearance, for there was no visible storm and seismographs showed no sign of an earthquake.

Harry Leypoldt, a Los Angeles Harbor Department employee, noticed a curious fact, however. Just two days before the waves had struck, a typhoon had lashed the Philippines. Could that far-off wind have set in motion waves which rolled clear across the Pacific? Keeping close watch over a period of years, Leypoldt found that when similar abnormal waves appeared they always followed some far-off typhoon by two days.

The explanation was not an earthquake, but changes in atmospheric pressure. Here was not a tsunami at all, but the seiche, a wave created when water rushes in to fill a depression caused by a high pressure area, which is followed by a low pressure area. It occurs only in a lake or landlocked sea.

After the seiche which rolled into Chicago in 1954, scientists studied weather maps and discovered that the barometer had been behaving strangely in the early morning hours when a high pressure area crossed the city moving eastward. Once out over the lake, the abnormal pressure of this air mass caused a compression and, hence, lowering of the water level. When a low pressure area immediately followed, it released the water and caused a sudden abnormal rise.

Is there any way to give warning of the approach of a tsunami? Any earthquake large enough to create one would register on seismographs, of course, but only a few such earthquakes would actually create a tsunami. And the inhabitants of all Pacific coasts could not be subjected to false alarms every time an earthquake rocked a sea floor.

Commander C. K. Green, a scientist of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, hit on the answer in the form of a remarkable wave gauge. Placed at various spots in the Pacific, its ingenious maze of pipes ignores ordinary ocean waves. But when ones with a period of between ten and 40 minutes pass they close an electric circuit which sets off an alarm that is relayed to prediction headquarters in Honolulu.

The device got its first major test in 1952. One November morning seismographs in California, Alaska and Arizona recorded a serious earthquake in the ocean at 51 degrees north latitude, 158 degrees east longitude. This information was quickly followed by news from Midway Island, where one of the Green devices reported a tsunami on its way toward Hawaii.

Warnings were flashed to authorities on the islands to get people to high ground and take all steps to protect property at the water's edge.

The mighty waves came roaring in as predicted. But the roads were clear of cars, people in close-to-shore houses had been evacuated and not a single human life was lost.

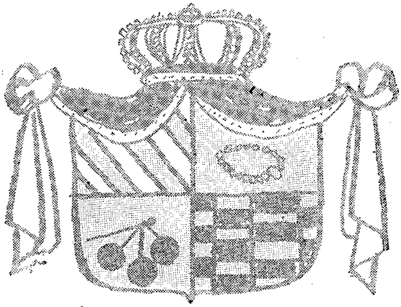
Four of a Kind

(Answers to quiz on page 67)

1. c; 2. b; 3. a; 4. b; 5. c; 6. b; 7. a; 8. c; 9. a;
10. b; 11. a; 12. c; 13. b; 14. b; 15. a; 16. c; 17. b.

When things get moldy for the upper crust,
they can find sympathy for their caviar ta$te at the . . .

Hock Shop for the Rich



by Harold Mehling

A rich man, says pawnbroker Clarence Kaskel, can *feel* just as broke as a poor man. The difference between them is in the way they take their plight. The poor man is apt to be matter-of-fact about it, while the wealthy one is embarrassed and sensitive, because he's not used to it.

Probably no one has had such intimate glimpses into the human nature of being broke while rich as impeccably tailored, white-haired Clarence Kaskel, who operates a plush pawnshop in midtown New York, where he lends as much as $50,000 in a lump, and some $2,500,000 over a year. In the course of this he gets a confidential, butler's-eye view of the private lives of the social lions which has left him both a wiser and sadder man.

One client, for instance, at age 60, still maintains a strong interest in chorus girls. The man has been such a wastrel that his father put the family money out of his reach years ago. But he has worked out an amazing formula to get around this.

His assets consist of several department store charge accounts and a monthly allowance check from his inheritance. So he will buy some fantastic article like a $200 rhinoceros-horn cane—and charge it. Then he'll pawn it with Kaskel and stage a blowout. When his allowance comes he redeems the cane, returns it to the department store and has it credited to his account.

"It's a shame," says Kaskel. "With this fellow's keen mind he could be doing something worthwhile."

On the other hand, many wealthy people hock their possessions for justifiable purposes. A Long Island woman was in the process of selling her home for $50,000 but had no ready cash. After pawning Ming vases, a mink, and priceless Swedish glassware, she was able to continue her children's schooling and make her customary donations to charity.

Clarence Kaskel opened his unique pawnshop three years ago after being forced out of a longtime location by the building of the New York Coliseum. When he spent $250,000 to set up shop in the midst of such stylish establishments as Tiffany & Co., Henri Bendel, Inc. and Jay Thorpe, Inc., friends thought he would fail.

"They argued that rich people didn't need money," he says, "but I knew who my customers had been. I had turned over money to more than one chauffeur to give to his boss in the back seat. So I decided not only to be more accessible to the wealthy, but to give them a place they wouldn't mind walking into themselves."

He replaced the traditional three-ball hock-shop sign with a gleaming glass façade and trimmed his windows with gold belt buckles, sterling silver compotes and minks, minks, minks. Inside, instead of grim wire cages, are sparkling showcases, African-mahogany-paneled walls and carpeting that gives under the feet.

But Kaskel also has an inconspicuous entrance into his shop from the lobby of an office building for shy clients. Using this door, one finds himself in a small, smartly appointed private room where he is joined by a member of Kaskel's tight-lipped staff. There the client's business is conducted with discretion or, more bluntly, secrecy.

The rich may borrow more money than others, the pawnbroker says, but they are no different when it comes to a consuming desire to explain how the need for it arose. Most of them stress over and over that their financial misery is short-term. As a result, Kaskel knows what a lot of Joneses don't know about the no-names-mentioned people who are trying to keep up with them.

A sales executive, for example, had to have a $50,000 home because his business rival did. The trouble was that he had to borrow $5,000 from his company to get it. By the time his nervous employer asked for the money he was in deeper because he had had to entertain all the new neighbors.

Finally the man and his wife came to Kaskel. She had all her jewelry on, plus a beautiful ermine wrap. The husband stripped her, piece by piece, until he had raised the money.

"And his wife wasn't a bit disturbed about it," Kaskel smiles. "She carried on a running rehearsal of new lines for the Joneses: 'I think jewelry is vulgar. I don't wear much of it any more.' And, 'Don't you think ermine is becoming passé?' "

Many of the lender's clients are introduced to pawnshop life by their servants. An overdrawn and distracted wife confides to her maid that her husband will be furious. The maid asks how much she needs.

"About $1,000," the woman wails.

"Hand me your brooch, ma'am," the maid responds brightly, "and I'll have the money for you in an hour."

Thirty minutes later the maid walks in to Kaskel's. Sometimes she tries to hide her employer's identity and claim the brooch is hers, but

Kaskel has become a discerning judge of owners and non-owners. He asks her to identify herself. That has no bearing on ownership, but it invariably leads to further questions, stumbling, and eventually admission.

To make sure no light-fingeredness is involved, Kaskel calls the employer and explains that he wants to be certain the pawning is authorized. He quickly adds that the transaction will be held in strict confidence, which it always is. After her initial shock, the lady concedes the brooch is hers.

"But my husband mustn't find out," she warns.

Kaskel smiles to himself. The client's name is familiar, naturally. For her husband had come in with a gold cigarette case a week earlier and been just as secretive.

"THEY ought to sit down and face their financial problems together instead of hiding them from each other," he says. "But I can't get in the middle. People have to think for themselves."

The fact is, however, that Kaskel has at times felt it necessary to intervene in a client's life, to the client's considerable advantage. Once a widow came to him with a bewildered account of her economic misadventures.

Her problem was that she wasn't really rich; she just thought she was. Her late husband had been earning about $50,000 a year which, after taxes, couldn't make much of a millionaire. Nevertheless, he was certainly able to live in style. They had a home in Vermont, and wintered in Palm Beach and Nice.

When the man died, the income naturally stopped and all the widow had was a trust fund yielding $12,000 a year. But she continued to live at a $25,000 pace.

When she came to Kaskel, she had rented her home, then sold it. That had paid her debts but couldn't maintain her mode of living. She owed the Government over $10,000 in back income taxes and was at wit's end.

"I told her I couldn't in good conscience take her furs and jewelry," Kaskel says. "It would have only made matters worse. She would have lost the furs, let the money dribble away and ended up in a worse jam. So I made a few suggestions."

His suggestions amounted to a comprehensive program for untangling the widow's muddled affairs. He accompanied her to the tax bureau, where a regular-payment method of dealing with her debt was worked out. Then she left her extravagant hotel suite for a moderately priced apartment. That was three years ago. Today the woman is out of debt and has learned to live sensibly.

Kaskel has learned that wealth is often deceptive. A man can be worth a lot of money but simply not be able to put his hands on much cash at the moment.

"That's one reason business booms around April 15," he explains. "By the time some of these people get their complex tax returns drawn up, there's no other way to raise cash."

The rush to redeem pledges comes around Christmas time. "A lot of corporation presidents would faint," Kaskel grins, "if they knew how many year-end bonuses are used to unhock personal property."

On the other hand, they would be surprised to learn how many non-executive employees get to a new job, for instance, by pawning something with Kaskel for bus fare. Not long ago he tried to lend $2 from his own pocket to get a construction worker to a job, but the man insisted on pawning a slide rule in return.

"The rule wasn't worth $2, but I didn't mention it," Kaskel says. "The man wanted to show his good faith. He redeemed it a month later, for $2.06."

Despite the fact that many redemptions carry four- and five-figure price tags, the unhocking rate is phenomenal. Kaskel has enough minks, jewelry and silver in his vaults to warrant a $2,000,000 insurance policy with Lloyd's, but little of it has been there very long. A fourth of everything he takes in is redeemed within a month, over 90 per cent within a year.

One man had gone into the hole in establishing an exclusive, everybody-speaks-French restaurant. He was ready to open his doors on a Friday evening when he found he had no cash to pay salaries or make week-end change with. Every dime he owned—and had borrowed—had gone into wines, silverware and food.

He rushed in, just as Kaskel was closing, with his wife's pearl necklace. The pawnbroker gave him the money. On Monday morning he repaid it. This went on for seven consecutive week ends before the restaurant was in the black.

"I remember a lady who brought in a gold vanity case," Kaskel recalls. "Her husband had told her he paid $595 for it, but I knew it sold for $295. So what was I going to do? Get her husband in hot water?

"I walked a tightrope by telling her the case had gone out of style, which was partly true, and that consequently it had lost value. In that way I didn't lose out and her husband didn't get caught in his very common fib.

"Yes," Kaskel smiles, "rich people are pretty much like poor people. It's just that when a rich man is broke he thinks he's broker."

Poor Host

A HOUSE-PARTY GUEST was asked if he were having a good time.

"Oh, sure," he replied. "Fine food. I have a swell room, the host and hostess are marvelous, weather is great, and the entertainment is all anyone could ask for. Actually, there's only one thing—"

"One thing you don't like?" asked his fellow guest. "And what might that be?"

"Probably I shouldn't even mention it, but to be perfectly frank with you—they're not giving me any spending money."

—*Investment Dealers' Digest*

HOME DELIVERY

by JOSEPH LAITIN

A ONE-PAGE "underground" newspaper—*Das Neue Deutschland*—had wide circulation in wartime Germany. But it wasn't so much its vigorous anti-Hitler content that drove the Gestapo crazy as the fact that it managed, mysteriously, to get itself delivered to householders all over the Reich.

How this was accomplished is an up-to-now-untold classic of American Intelligence. For *Das Neue Deutschland* (*The New Germany*) was actually published at Allied Headquarters under tight security.

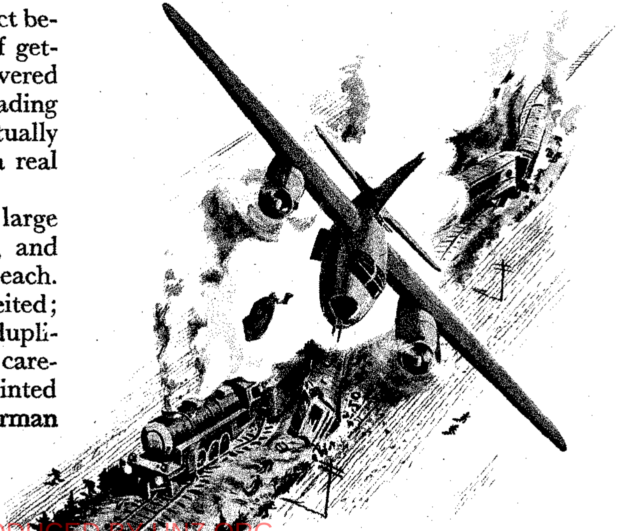
Printed on appropriate paper and with the odd assortment of type that might be available to an underground group, copies were first smuggled into Germany by guerilla units. But the head of the project became obsessed with the idea of getting his ersatz newspaper delivered directly to householders for reading with their ersatz coffee. Eventually the OSS man came up with a real cloak-and-dagger plan.

Telephone directories of the large German cities were collected, and mailing lists prepared from each. German stamps were counterfeited; German-type mail pouches duplicated to the last stitch and carefully "aged." Envelopes were printed with return addresses of German business establishments likely to make large mailings to private homes.

The envelopes were addressed, stamped, properly "cancelled," and into them went *Das Neue Deutschland*. Then they were put in the mail sacks. Soon a group of fighter-bombers took off on the hunt for a railroad train heading toward a specific German city. When the quarry was spotted, one element swooped down and loosed demolition bombs on locomotive and cars. After them came the other element, to keep any surviving heads down with machine-gun fire—and drop mail sacks amid the shambles.

Unfailingly, rescue crews gathered up the mail strewn among the wreckage and turned it over to the post office.

Heinrich Himmler railed against the pesky "underground" newspaper but his Gestapo was never able to find out where it was published or how it was being gotten into so many German homes.



At 30, Harry Belafonte is a legend in the entertainment world; recording star, matinee idol, smash hit in night clubs and on television, he may earn half a million dollars this year. Yet behind this fabulous success is an uncompromising, ambitious, complex personality who finds it lonely at the top—a Negro kid who fought his way out of the slums but can't stop fighting even now.

The Story of a Restless Troubadour

by Irwin Ross

Jobless, married and not yet 23, Harry Belafonte unexpectedly got an engagement as a "pop" singer in a New York night club at $70 a week. Within a few months, his price rose to $350. He was a financial success—but, he felt, an artistic failure.

Belafonte brooded long and anxiously over this. "It was all so meaningless," he says, "crooning endlessly about moon and June."

Then in Miami, when he finished a night-club engagement, the manager asked him to stay on another week. "I suddenly flipped," Belafonte recalls. Not only did he refuse to extend the engagement, but he stridently announced he was through with that type of singing. His friends thought he was mad, but this quixotic gesture ultimately led to a fabulous career in folk music.

An obstinate and complex personality, Harry Belafonte is today, at 30, a legend in the entertainment world. He is not only the nation's leading folk singer—the first to convert that minor genre into big business—but he is our first Negro matinee idol as well. His fans know no distinction of race or geography.

Tall, athletic, boyishly handsome, clad in skin-tight black trousers and a flamboyant shirt, Belafonte is an arresting figure as he stalks the stage, caressing a lyric in his softly husky voice, then swinging into a rousing, stomping, shouting melody, then playfully entreating the audience into full-throated, responsive choruses.

He has a wide and expressive range—traditional folk songs, work chants, calypso tunes, spirituals—but his special quality is an intense, and at times electrifying, dramatic flair. With a guitarist or two furnishing background music, he converts a song into a wondrously complex orchestration of flailing arms, supplicating hands, writhing torso and expressive face that swiftly modulates between shades of emotion.

He is the first Negro to appear in such chi-chi night spots as the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, Eden Roc in Miami, the Palmer House in Chicago. In New York, Las Vegas, Los Angeles and Chicago, he has broken every record for attendance and gross in the clubs in which he has performed during the last two years. His three record albums have been on the best seller lists for months.

He drew extravagant attention from critics when he appeared in two Broadway shows—*Almanac* and *Three for Tonight*. The response was equally flattering after his two film appearances—in *Bright Road* and *Carmen Jones*. His third starring role, in the forthcoming *Island in the Sun,* took only a few weeks of his time and paid him $150,000.

What has made Belafonte has been a fierce will to succeed, a generous endowment of good looks, an imaginative sense of showmanship, and a fair voice. Oddly enough, he never took a singing lesson, paid or unpaid. He merchandises physique, song and personality with every resource of lighting, costume, orchestral accompaniment, and emotional projection of which he is capable. He doesn't merely sing, he infuses his audience with his own enthusiasm for the song.

He will spend hours bringing a song to the nuanced perfection which alone satisfies him. When he first started to study folk music seriously, he spent days listening to records. Later, he carried a tape recorder on his travels, and devoted his off hours to recording in dingy bars, in store-front churches, in logging camps, sawmills and the homes of coal miners.

Belafonte's single-minded, almost compulsive concentration on his work has a rational basis: any ambitious Negro knows he has sterner obstacles to overcome than do his white contemporaries. Moreover, Belafonte was grievously scarred as a child growing up in the slums of New York. He lived in an antagonistic white neighborhood. On the way to school, Harry was regularly set upon by young toughs, and he learned to fight back fiercely.

He grew up with an explosive resentment toward the world in general. He was a recalcitrant student, derisive of his contemporaries who wanted to get ahead in a respectable way. Looking back at his early life, he says candidly, "My mother's greatest victory was that she kept my brother and me out of jail."

His ex-wife Marguerite, a mild and pretty woman, had a pacifying effect on Harry. Success has also sobered him, and it has been years since he has been known to use his fists.

Off stage, Belafonte is an elusive fellow. At one moment he is suave, discreetly cordial; at another, he is a backslapping wise apple. "Harry is always acting," an old friend says. "He doesn't know himself what he's really like."

His language is self-conscious. He had only two years of high school and he is in awe of big words, which he tosses out with scandalous abandon. Confronted with a serious question, he will pontificate like a college professor, and a moment later launch into pure barracks lingo.

Asked how he first became interested in folk music, for instance, he replied, "As a child accompanying my mother to work—she was a domestic—I'd visit various neighborhoods—Italian, Jewish, Irish—and so I'd be exposed to the behavioral patterns of these different cultural groups. The things that are impressed on one's consciousness in one's formative years are the things we use in our more mature years."

Questioned as to whether he was surprised at the degree of his success, he said, "When I entered the field I never felt it would have catapulted to what it's been."

The conversation later catapulted to some recent criticism of his nightclub act—largely that he has excessively "hoked up" the material and kidded around too much with the customers. Surprisingly, Belafonte agreed that there was some merit in the criticism. "I think there's been a delineation [sic] in the act that hasn't been good."

Not only is Belafonte still occasionally startled at the magnitude of his success, but he is nagged by fear that some day his luck may change. His close friends assure him that his apprehensions are groundless, but that makes them no less vivid.

Two years ago he thought his vogue might last five years. But since then, he says he has launched a careful program of "career planning" which he thinks has considerably extended his "longevity."

"But it is true," he explains, "that my popularity would probably have only lasted five years—on a maximum mobilization basis."

Concerned now with "maximum longevity," Belafonte is carefully pacing himself. 1956 was largely devoted to night-club engagements, with a film in the fall; in 1957 he hopes to do some TV work—no more than four shows a year; and a Broadway production which, if successful, would keep him out of the clubs until 1958. By that time, fans would again be demanding him and managers would be eager to pay his fees of $10,000 to $17,500 a week.

HARRY BELAFONTE has indeed come a long way. He was born in New York City on March 1, 1927. His father, a seaman, hailed from Martinique, his mother from Jamaica. The boy was named Harold George Belafonte, Jr., but that was soon shortened. When Harry was eight, the family removed to Jamaica and stayed five years. To this early period, Belafonte ascribes his great interest in West Indian music, but this may be just a sentimental fiction.

He talks more vividly of hanging around the local track and wanting to be a jockey—an ambition that was soon thwarted when he began to grow. To stunt his growth, he smoked rope and starved himself for days, but nothing seemed to help.

When the family returned to New York, Harry was enrolled in a Roman Catholic parochial school and later spent two years at George Washington High. In 1944, at the age of 17, he volunteered for the Navy and spent 19 months stateside training and later serving as a storekeeper.

While stationed at a naval training unit in Hampton Institute, Harry met Frances Marguerite Byrd, a self-possessed junior. Four years later—in 1948—they were married.

After he was released from the Navy, in 1946, Belafonte had not the slightest notion of what he wanted to do with his life. His parents were by this time divorced, and he took a job helping his stepfather, a maintenance engineer in an apartment house. One day he fixed a leaky faucet for a tenant, and as a gratuity was given two tickets to *Home Is the Hunter*, a production of the American Negro Theater.

After the show, Harry went backstage to thank his benefactor, and, while he was standing around, the cast and crew started to strike the sets. Harry pitched in, working till four in the morning, and was asked to return on subsequent nights to help out. He soon attached himself to the group and decided to become an actor.

Under the GI Bill of Rights, he enrolled in Erwin Piscator's Dramatic Workshop at the New School for Social Research. Belafonte married while he was still a student there—not an imprudent move, he jokingly points out, for his wife had a good job as a teacher of child psychology.

When he finished his dramatic studies, Belafonte spent several months making the rounds of Broadway producers in vain. He finally took a job pushing a hand truck in the garment center.

At night, he used to hang out in a jazz night club called the "Royal Roost." The owner, Monte Kaye, had by chance heard Belafonte sing his first song in a Dramatic Workshop production, and one night asked him to step up to the microphone and entertain the customers. Harry obliged with a couple of songs and was surprised at their favorable reception. He was further surprised to be offered a two-week contract at $70 a week, considerably more than he was making pushing a hand truck. The engagement was subsequently extended to 20 weeks, and he finished at a salary of $200. For several months, while his price rose, he continued in this unexpected career—until he threw it over that climactic evening in Miami.

Back in New York, Belafonte teamed up with two friends and invested his savings in a short-order restaurant called "The Sage," in Greenwich Village. It was a congenial place, crowded every night with music lovers and Belafonte fans—a warmhearted but on the whole impecunious group. The restaurant failed after eight months.

During this period, while searching for his next "vehicle of artistic expression," Belafonte discovered folk music. He studied the art in the Library of Congress and worked out an act—a far more dramatic rendition of folk music than had been attempted before.

In October, 1951, Belafonte opened at the "Village Vanguard"—an early showcase for many performers who later became famous. As Belafonte's good friend and, later, accompanist, Millard Thomas, put it, "Harry was an immediate explosion at the Vanguard."

Crowds flocked to the small cellar night club, and Harry exploded nightly for 14 weeks—starting at $225 per week. Then he was whisked uptown to the Blue Angel, at $300 a week, for 16 weeks. After this debut, MGM put him in a film, John Murray Anderson cast him in *Almanac,* and supper clubs from coast to coast started signing him up. In 1952, he made around $35,000; in 1955, $350,000; in 1956, $470,000. This year he should do well over half a million.

Fame and the years have necessarily wrought changes in Harry. His way of life, however, has remained surprisingly modest. Four years ago, he bought an unpretentious two-story brick house in East Elmhurst, Long Island, and it has remained the family home since. A middle-class neighborhood, he explains, is a good place for his two daughters, Adrienne and Shari, to grow up in.

Belafonte owns one car—a '55 Buick convertible—and aspires to no more than a Chrysler. He claims that he has only five suits, four or five sports jackets, and four pairs of shoes. His one extravagance, he concedes, is Italian clothes—trench coat, shoes, shirts. He loves to travel, but apart from a brief business trip to England, he has never had time to go beyond the Caribbean and Mexico. He also mourns the fact that he no longer has any time for hobbies. He used to build furniture, "but now my hobby is my tape-recorder."

As with so many entertainers, fame has tended to isolate Belafonte; at the pinnacle of success, he is virtually alone with his handlers—secretary, accompanists, press agents and lawyer. In his six-year career as a folk singer, he has broken up with both Jack Rollins, his first manager, and J. Richard Kennedy, his second. Kennedy's wife was for a time Belafonte's psychoanalyst. He required her ministrations, he says, because he kept coming down with laryngitis for no good reason. He has since recovered.

And, after more than eight years of marriage, Belafonte and his wife recently decided on a divorce. The rupture seems amicable and is apparently due to the singer's prolonged absences from home for professional reasons.

Belafonte, at 30, is much too busy to indulge in vain regrets. And there is so much that he wants to do. He has a passionate desire, for example, to go to Africa; and his current ambition is writing.

"I would like to write an American folk opera," he says. "Also I'd like to compile a book on my experiences and feelings on the American scene."

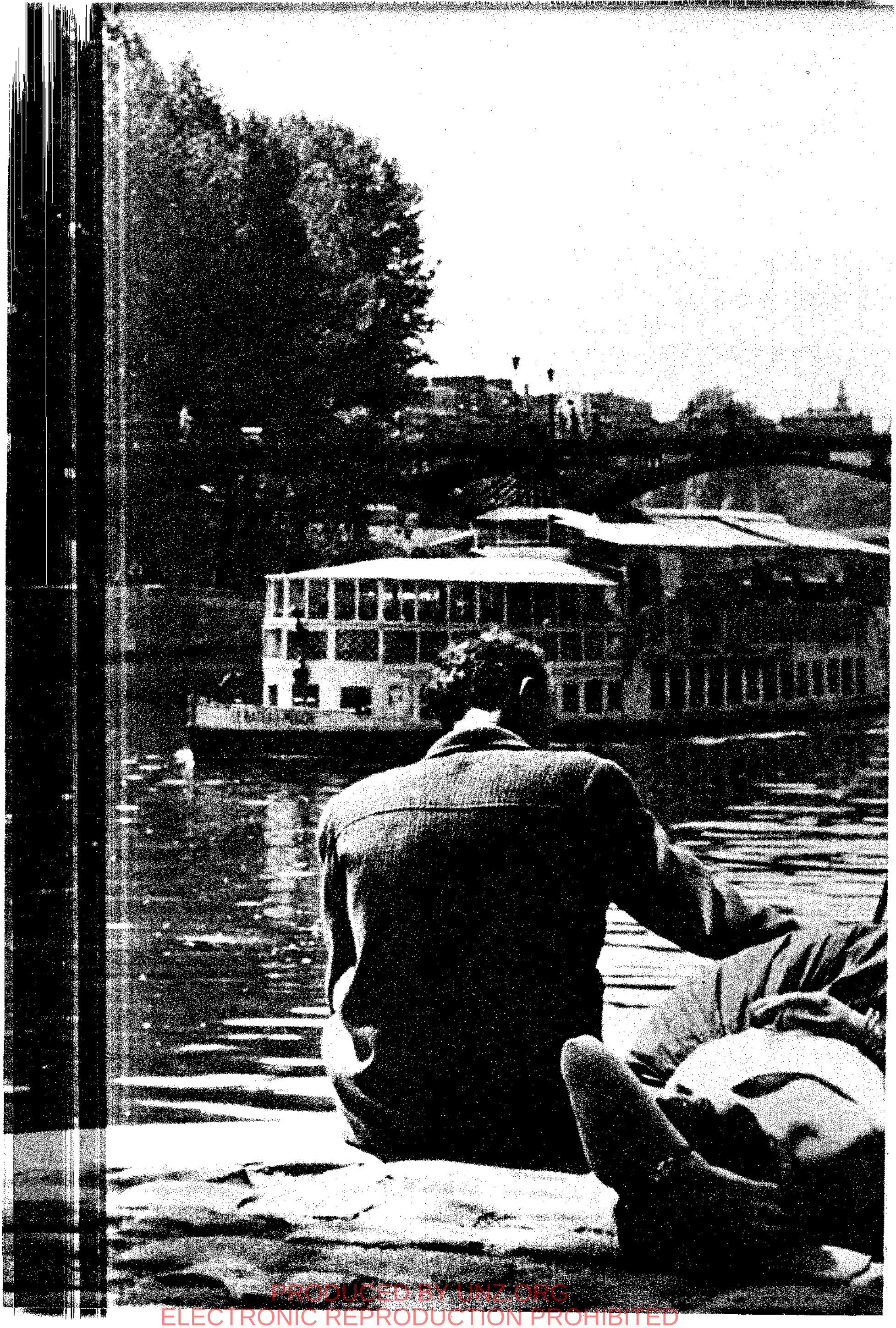
And doubtless he will—before he finishes his career planning.

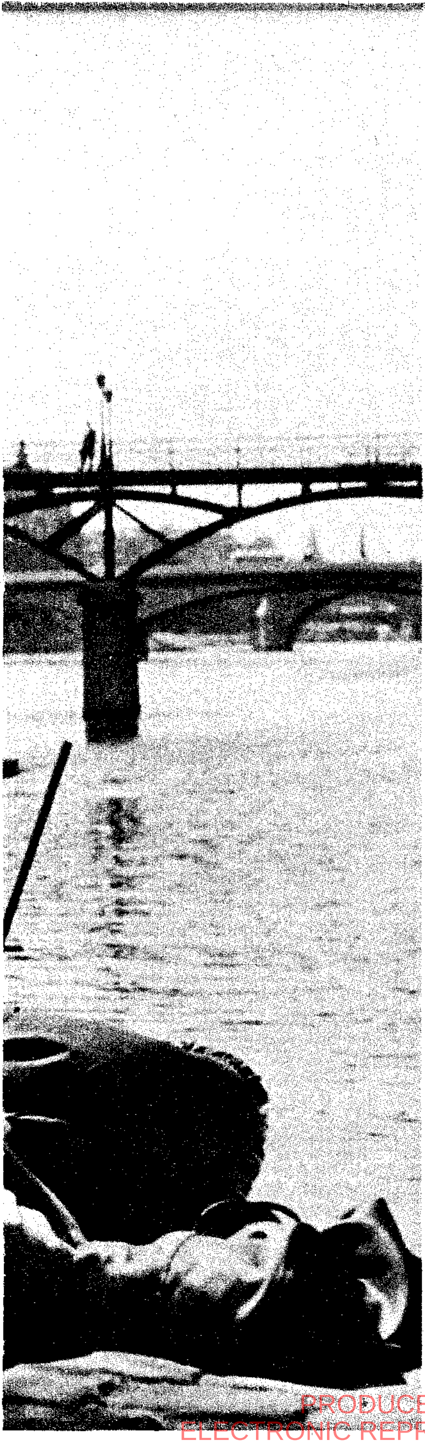
Let's Arrange It

(*Solution on page 146*)

Can you arrange nine coins in ten rows of three coins each?

—MAXEY BROOKE





River of Dreams

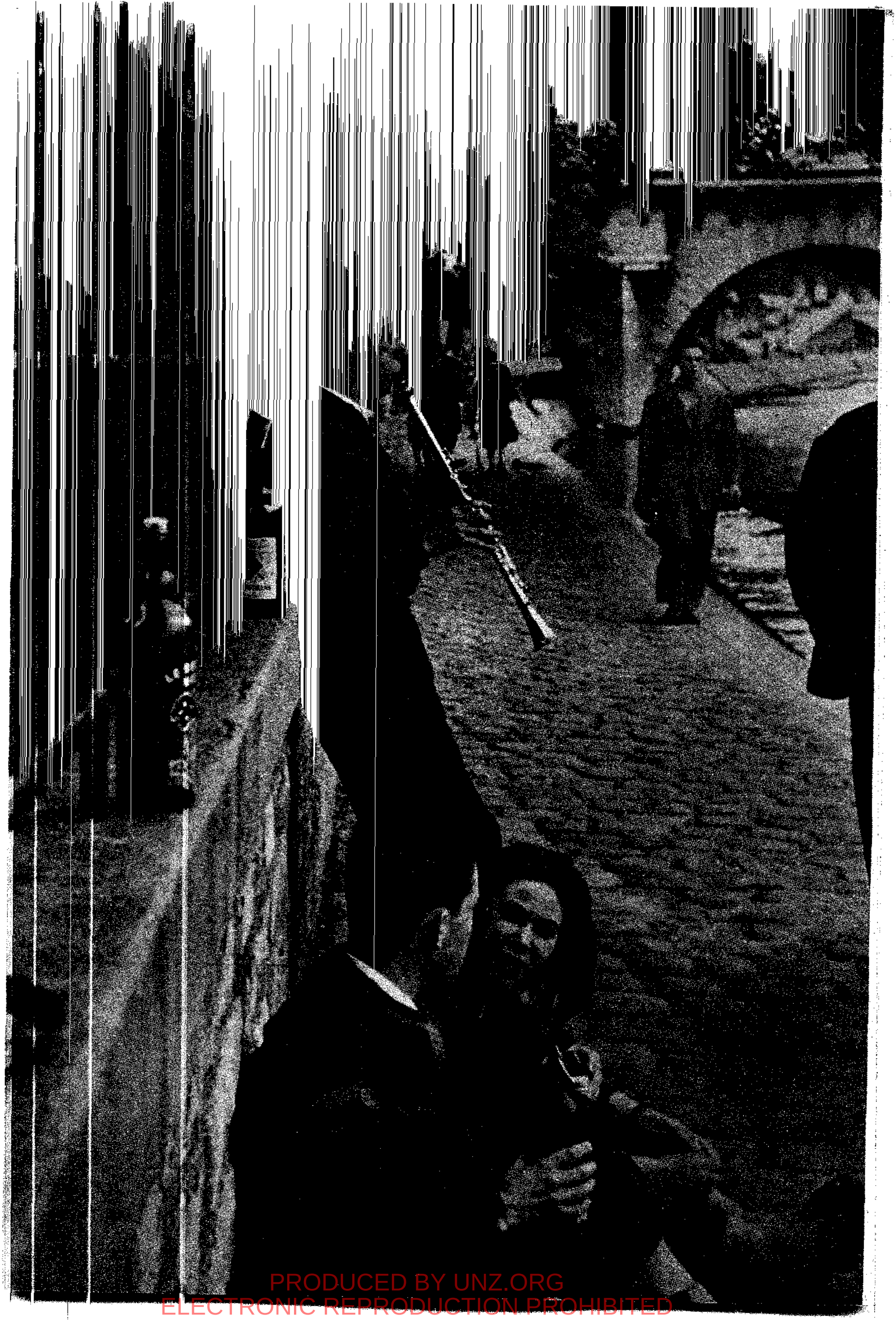
by Gerold Frank

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSS MELCHER

SPEAK of Paris, queen of cities,
and you must invoke the
Seine, queen of rivers.
For it is impossible to conceive
of Paris without the Seine,
winding her slow, immemorial
way through the city.
A river which seems to
wed space to far horizons and
timelessness to men's dreams,
she casts her spell on all who
come within sight of her, who
walk her banks, who lie in
the afternoon sun there,
thinking their quiet thoughts,
watching the dark tracery of
her many bridges that
seem to repeat themselves,
like mirrors seen in
mirrors, to infinity.

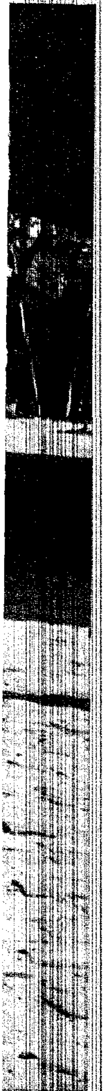
For the artist, the Seine is a
siren, luring all who
work in beauty,
whether it be the lady
tourist making herself into
her own image, or the painter
before his canvas.

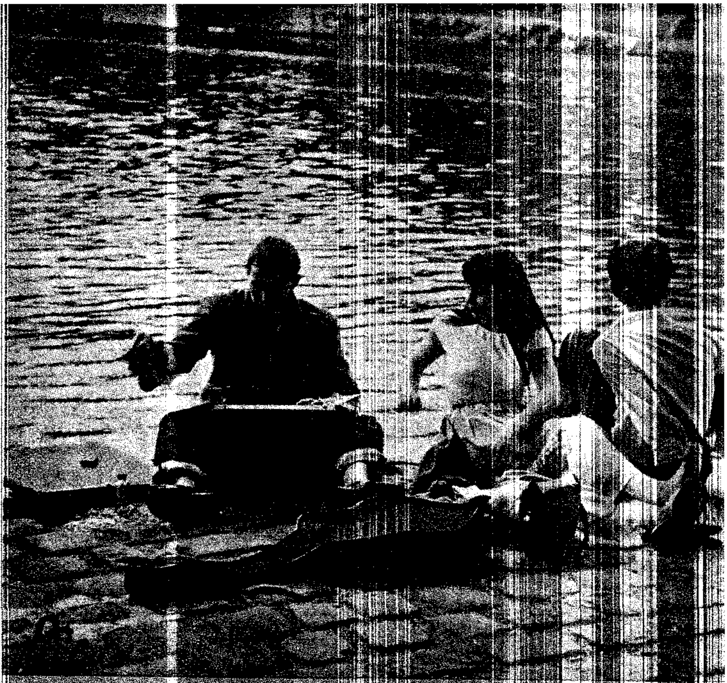
The magic sites of Paris are
all about; the golden
spires of Sainte-Chapelle,
the ivied walls of a 13th
century shrine,
the quays whose very stones
are a testament to history.



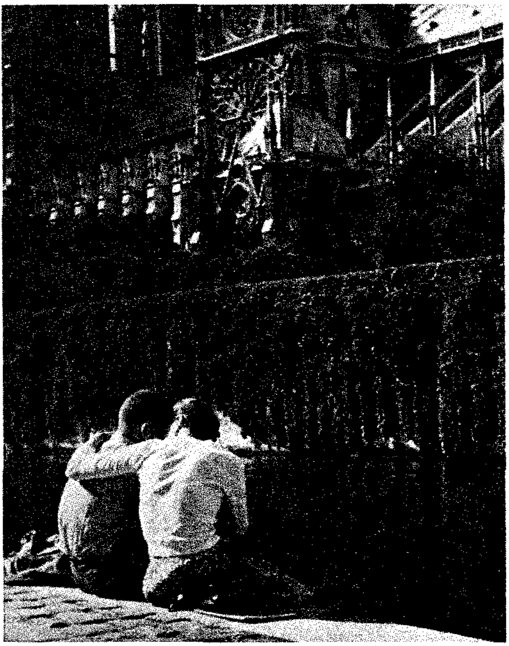
To the Quai du Vert-Galant—the Quay of the Dashing Lover—at the tip of the Ile de la Cité which was once medieval Paris, come those in search of secret communion with their hearts.

And though everyday Paris passes by, distant and unaware, the spell of the Seine shrouds even the commonplace with enchantment. In the growing dusk, the river's darkling waters are like portents, strange, unspoken . . .





MANY are the guises of the Seine. Now she is
a world of sinister cave and cavern,
now a laughing stream where children play.
Born on a slope of the Côte-d'Or—the Coast
of Gold—she meanders through France,
setting mills to turn,
grinding flour, crushing mustard seed,
making the towns upon her banks
grow and prosper.
Majestic yet coquettish, in Paris alone
she fulfills herself, in Paris distills
the strange sorcery all men know.

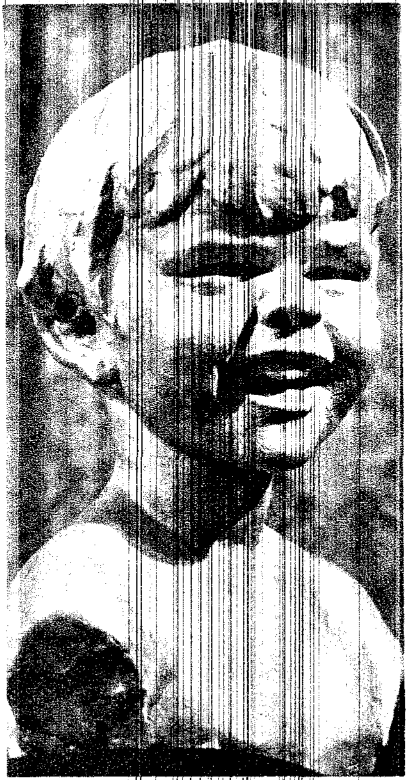


BUT it is for lovers that the Seine works
her most potent magic. For them she is
the place of dreams.

And if the Seine, then, is all things to all
men, that is how it should be; and if she
is a siren, that is her rightful heritage.

For in French mythology, Seine was a nymph,
daughter of Bacchus, who, because of a
mighty struggle among the gods, found
herself turned into a river.

And that is her destiny—forever enticing,
forever seducing, forever enchanting
those who gaze upon her.



The Laughing Child

by Holger Jensen

Perhaps you know "The Laughing Child." Perhaps you saw this little sculptured portrait head, atop a bookcase, on a recent Jane Wyman televison play. "Laughing Child" has been sort of the guardian angel of our family for 30 years. It's come to our rescue when we've been hungry, cheered us when we've been depressed and from time to time doubled as a rich uncle. This is how it happened:

In 1927, my wife Helen and I, not long out of the Chicago Art Institute, were modeling portrait heads in Miami, Florida, and were given a show at a prominent art gallery. We got together all our finished work—23 portraits. To round out an even two dozen, Helen made a quick, sketchy portrait study in clay of Janet, our own little two-year-old, and her bright-eyed smile.

Perhaps because it was done in one day, and under pressure, it retained the spontaneity and life which is so often lost in more finished and labored work. I quickly cast the little head in bronze and it was placed in the exhibition.

Ruth Bryan Owen, who later became U.S. Minister to Denmark, bought a copy—we set the price at $50 each—and an executive of a doll and novelty company in New York asked us to come to the big city to make arrangements for the manufacture, in reduced sizes, of "Laughing Child" as a doll.

With visions of large royalty checks and overnight wealth, we packed our belongings, including Janet and 18-month-old Bryan, into our ancient Durant touring car and headed for New York. But there we found that it would be a year or more before any checks would be forthcoming.

Fortunately, the manager of the novelty company had left the head standing on his desk and its little laughing face sold copies to several people who came to his office. With this help, I made ten copies to take along—just in case—lined them all up in a row on the running board, and we set out for Texas. We sold a "Laughing Child" to a Dallas art gallery and decided to push on.

We pulled into Deming, New Mexico, the day before Christmas with one of the tires flat for the third time that day. I was firmly convinced that our guardian angel was sick and tired of riding with us in the old Durant. For, after paying the rent for a couple of days in an auto-court, we had exactly $2 left.

I made a Christmas tree out of a sage bush—it can be done—and in lieu of a fireplace Janet and Bryan hopefully hung their stockings on the front bumper of the car and went to bed. Then Helen slipped out on a shopping tour and came back with toys for the children. She spent all of the $2 for them.

Next day our Christmas dinner consisted of oatmeal, of which we had a large box in the car. Then we held a very serious conference, and concluded that with all due respect to the little desert town, selling a piece of our sculpture there would be next to impossible. We did, however, have gas enough in the tank to take us back to El Paso, a much larger town. We set out, praying the tires could make it. They did.

In El Paso we found a small gift shop in one of the hotels. Helen took in a "Laughing Child" and placed it on the counter. The owner wasn't there but a woman clerk was so captivated by the little head that she wanted it for herself and paid $50 on the spot. In the meantime, I sent a wire, collect, to the novelty company asking for an advance against the royalties on the doll. Later in the day, Western Union brought us a check for $100.

Helen, with tears in her eyes, said, "Our guardian angel is obviously still on the job."

We arrived in Los Angeles the day before the New Year, drove directly to the Post Office and at the General Delivery window found a check from Brentano's Fifth Avenue bookstore for a "Laughing Child" I had left on consignment.

In Los Angeles, the little head did very well. When our third child was born, a bronze copy paid for the doctor's services. By this time, royalty checks from the sale of the doll began to arrive.

We have made no particular effort through the years to sell the "Laughing Child," but every so often someone asks for a copy. Its special attraction must lie in the fact that it was modeled by a mother of her own much-loved child, with the result that, like Pygmalion's Galatea, it almost came alive. Little wonder that it became, too, our guardian angel. ♛♛♛

THE 20-YEAR-OLD SIKH in a snow-white turban that set off his sensitive, dark-skinned features told the immigration inspector on Ellis Island in clipped British accents that he came from Amritsar, India, and that he wanted to enter an American university. The official validated his student's visa for a permanent stay. That was 38 years ago. Today, Dalip Singh Saund sits in the House of Representatives, the first native of India ever to be elected to Congress.

Except for a slight trace of British accent, he is completely American in appearance, manner and thought. A distinguished looking, even-tempered man of medium height and solid build, his boundless energy and heavy shock of blue-black hair, uncovered now, belie his 57 years. He looks and talks more like a college professor than the farmer and businessman he is.

Dalip Saund's election to Congress from California's 29th Congressional District hit his native India like a thunderbolt. For newspapers there, long fed on Russian propaganda, have encouraged the belief that oppression of minorities in the United States was accepted national policy. To be suddenly confronted with the astounding fact that a native of Amritsar had been elected to one of the highest offices in the U.S. was a very hard blow. But there it was.

Dalip Singh Saund had been elected from a district generally considered politically conservative. And he had defeated Jacqueline Cochran Odlum, the famed aviatrix, who not only typified American rags-to-riches success but was mar-

Mr. Saund Goes to Washington

by Joseph Laitin

The new Representative from California is a Sikh, a disciple of Gandhi, and a two-fisted peacemaker turned farmer and businessman. As the first native of India ever elected to Congress, he considers himself "a living example of democracy at work."

ried to one of the nation's richest financiers, a veritable symbol of capitalism.

"I would like to fly to India," Saund stated, "and say to the people in their own dialect: 'Here before you is a living example of American democracy at work.' " Through the *Voice of America* he has already done so; and he hopes, before the end of the year, to say it in person.

Saund may have emerged on November 6th as a symbol of American democracy, but this was an incidental by-product of his election. For he campaigned strongly on local issues, which revolve mainly around water and farm subsidy.

Much to his surprise, he won appointment to the important House Foreign Affairs Committee, something of a coup for a freshman Congressman, as it is one of the three most powerful committees in the House. Yet, while pleased with the assignment because of his intense interest in world affairs, Saund is likely to concern himself less with the woes of India than the problems of Indio, a desert town in his district.

In his first mimeographed letter to his constituents, he discussed farm problems at length, made almost casual reference to the "high honor" of his appointment to the Foreign Affairs Committee, and neglected to mention that he was one of the few Congressmen with whom Nehru, India's Prime Minister, had spent time during his visit to President Eisenhower.

The Congressional district Saund represents is 200 miles long and 100 miles wide, an area larger than Delaware. It includes California's Imperial and Riverside counties, which stretch from the Mexican border to the fringes of Los Angeles.

Normally a Republican district, it went heavily for President Eisenhower, as expected. But thousands of citizens who voted for the President crossed party lines when they came to Dalip Singh Saund's name on the ballot. His election made him the first Democrat this sprawling area ever sent to Washington.

"People say it was an upset," Saund comments, "but it wasn't. I knew it would be close, but I never had any doubts about the outcome. I had it all figured out—mathematically."

Although he says this partly in jest, he may very well have. For Saund came to this country to study fruit canning at the University of California (he earned his tuition by working nights in a packing plant and grading papers for professors by day), but while there he also obtained a Ph.D. in mathematics.

ARMED with this knowledge, he prepared to return to India in the mid-1920s. He had been a disciple of Mahatma Gandhi. But by this time Gandhi was in jail; so was Nehru. His family warned him that the authorities had a complete dossier on his anti-British utterances in America.

Saund decided to remain in the U.S. until things cooled off in India. America's discriminatory laws against Indians seemed less repugnant than the prospect of a British jail cell. Looking around for employment, he visited California's Imperial Valley and was impressed with the affluence of its farmers. He decided to try his luck at Westmorland.

In the Valley he found prejudice against Mexicans, Japanese, Chinese and Indians, who were prohibited by law from owning or leasing land. But his intellectual prowess, combined with his warmth of personality, soon melted or awed most of the bigots.

Not planning to make America his home, Saund concentrated on making a go of farming, even though land was not legally available to him. Irrigation farming is largely management operation and he read everything about it he could lay his hands on. He made friends with landowners and eventually talked one of them into permitting him the use of several acres under a private arrangement.

He earned a reputation as a good farmer and others sought his advice. "Dalip was never too busy to get off his tractor and help me with some problem I had on my own land," recalls one farmer. "And if he didn't have time, he'd make it. I don't know whether he read the book on irrigation farming or wrote it. He was a man who always seemed to know what he was talking about."

Saund prospered, except for one year during the Depression of the early '30s, when he owed everybody money. His friends suggested he take refuge in bankruptcy. Saund swore he would pay back every last dime.

He did, but it required ten years. His last outstanding debt was an $80 bill owed to an oil company, and when he walked into their office to square accounts, it took a week to dig up the records of what they'd long ago written off.

Even in his early days as a dirt farmer, Saund was active in civic affairs. He joined the Toastmaster's Club, mainly because of a desire to polish his platform personality, and eventually won its annual regional speech-making competition. Today, he is rated as a spellbinder, despite his clipped, high-pitched voice, not uncommon among Indians.

The following year, the competition was won by E. H. Cain, one of Saund's first American friends, who immigrated to California from Texas around the time Saund came from India. At a luncheon commemorating his friend's award, Saund observed: "Last year, you awarded the prize to an Indian. This year you award it to a Texan. Aren't you carrying the policy of nondiscrimination too far?"

Saund first came to local public attention when he published a book, *My Mother India,* its theme anti-British Imperialism. It was banned in India, and the local post office bulletin board announced that Saund's book could not be accepted for mailing there. That was the first anybody knew that he'd written one.

It earned him a local reputation—totally undeserved—as something of a young radical, which plagued him right through his campaign for the Congressional seat. Actually, many of his political supporters feel he is so conservative he barely scrapes under the wire as a liberal.

In 1928, Saund married Marian Kosa, Massachusetts-born daughter of a landscape painter. And when he found himself the husband of one American citizen and the father of another, he turned his attention to mobilizing and leading the fight to make the 3,000 Indians in this country eligible for citizenship. In 1946, President Truman signed the bill which accomplished this. Saund became a full-fledged American citizen in 1949.

He won his first elective office as judge of Justice Court, Westmorland Judicial District. Westmorland, at the time, was notorious as a center of vice and gambling which flourished on the trade of itinerant field workers. Judge Saund's first case was a woman who was no stranger to the court; she pleaded guilty and promptly opened her purse to pay the customary fine. Saund rapped his gavel: "One year, madam." Within a few months, Westmorland was the cleanest town in California.

His uncompromising crackdown on vice came as no surprise to his intimates. Saund was reared as a Sikh, a religious sect in India that demands of its followers clean living, the worship of one God, and the rejection of the caste system. Saund doesn't drink or smoke but nobody would accuse him of being stuffy.

Even though not an attorney, Judge Saund became so thoroughly versed in the law that attorneys who appeared before him were often amazed. It was a favorite pastime for members of the community to drop over to the courthouse when some "smart aleck lawyer from San Diego" was scheduled to appear as a defense counsel.

"Judge Saund sure put them in their place when they tried to trip him because he wasn't a lawyer," chuckled one local farmer recently. "Once Dalip has read a book, he can recite it back to you ten years later. They'd throw the book at him and he'd just throw it back, word for word."

Saund found it difficult to continue his farming and still give adequate attention to his judicial post, which did not pay enough to maintain a family of five. So he discontinued farming and opened a chemical fertilizer plant, which he still operates.

At a political rally during his Congressional campaign, a heckler rose and demanded: "What makes you qualified to go to Washington? You're only a part-time judge and your real job is selling fertilizer."

A businessman came to Saund's defense with: "But it's *chemical* fertilizer!"

Ignoring the heckler, Judge Saund fixed the businessman with a stern eye. "Let's not have any snobbery here," he said. Saund won a lot of votes that evening.

The whole family pitched in on Saund's campaign. It is a closely knit family. The eldest daughter, Julie, a former UCLA student, is now married to a physicist studying for his Ph.D.; Ellie is an education major at UCLA; and Dalip, Jr., a lieutenant wounded in action during the Korean war, is studying for a degree in mechanical engineering at California Institute of Technology and working nights as a sheet metal worker.

The Saund family home is now on some land Saund bought in the Hollywood hills overlooking the city. He designed the kind of house he wanted and hired men to build it. After observing the carpenters for two weeks, Saund decided he could do better himself. So, with the help of Dalip, Jr., he erected a three-bedroom house, calling in professional help only when the law required him to.

While Saund was a devout disciple of Gandhi, he had two other boyhood idols—Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson—and read every book about them he could find. "They were my first glimpse of the wonderful heritage of America," he says.

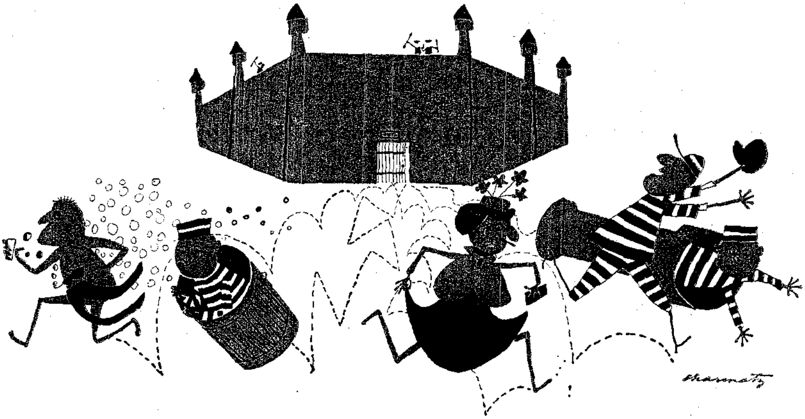
His worship of Gandhi's principles are still a part of him, and he carries this tolerance of others' views into his politics. In fact, in the California Democratic Party he is known as "the peacemaker."

In the aftermath of any election, there is always lively speculation as to what factors influenced the voters. Democratic National Committeeman Paul Ziffren thinks Saund won because he was an able candidate and because the organization made an all-out effort to get the foreign-born population to register. Others think it was because many independent voters believed that sending an Indian to Congress would show the Russians a thing or two about America.

But a dirt farmer from the Imperial Valley puts it this way: "He's growed cotton. He's growed lettuce and beets. He's worked in hay and he's worked for wages. And he won't let any smart aleck lawyers trick him. That's why we sent him to Washington."

The Flight of the Jailbirds

by Martin Abramson



Imagination soars when fidgety felons get a yen for freedom. And away they scram via such cuckoo devices as garbage-pail armor or a "suit" of soapsuds; a dental-floss ladder or a chewing-gum cell bar

THE MASSACHUSETTS State Prison, an ancient, forbidding stone fortress formerly at Charlestown, once had for a "guest" a John Martin, specialist in stick-ups and both grand and petty larcenies. Martin was a well-behaved prisoner, but he complained constantly that Charlestown's gloomy surroundings depressed him.

One evening, he did something about it. Crawling into a garbage barrel, he rolled himself into a ball. Fellow prisoners thoughtfully deposited garbage on top of him, screening him from view.

The garbage barrel was subsequently placed on a refuse truck and taken for a ride. Somewhere along the highway, Martin came out from under, presumably holding his nose, and disappeared into freedom.

The classic "To Althea, from Prison" by Richard Lovelace, which contains the line, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," was written in a London brig over 300 years ago. Nevertheless, it remains a living byword for America's 285,000-odd inhabitants of penitentiaries, reformatories and county jails. Thousands of these prisoners spend every waking moment plotting to fly away like the traditional angel—and despite all the "escape-proof" devices of modern penology, many finally translate their plans into successful action.

Some of these escape plots have the smell of "inside" connivance with guards and trusties, some have only the odor of Martin's garbage barrel, but almost all are executed with astonishing ingenuity. If the wilder-than-fiction stunts seem to work more often than the cut-and-dried, it is simply because our thoughtful jailbirds have discovered that these are the stunts wardens never think to guard against.

For instance, who would ever expect a prisoner to sneak out of stir by singing hymns? A bank robber in an Arkansas jail, tipped off that a delegation of ministers and church workers was coming to visit, slipped on civilian clothes underneath his convict's uniform. He and his fellow jailbirds were allowed out of their cells to chat with God's messengers and listen to them sing hymns. At an appropriate moment, the prisoner whisked off his uniform, merged into the religious group, and gave loud voice to their hymns and carols all the way out through the exit gate.

In Frankfort, Kentucky, a quartet of singing convicts chose the operatic aria as their exit visa. The quartet, organized by a warden with an ear for good music, made frequent outside appearances at churches and bazaars. During one of their concerts, they bowed off the stage to thunderous applause and loud shouts of "Bravo."

The applause continued but the singers did not come out of the wings. Finally, warden and guards went backstage to urge the modest Carusos to take another bow. Turned out they had ducked out the back way and were already singing to themselves in a getaway car.

The successful escape-artist is always alert and alive to the chance opportunity. Roy Gardner, a train bandit pinned down for a long stretch at McNeil Island in Washington, sat watching a prison baseball team which played its games on a makeshift field enclosed by a wire fence.

In the seventh inning, while all eyes were following an important play, Gardner made a run from the field, gouged an opening in the wire fence and raced off.

SOME PRISONERS have had the gall to walk right out the front door. Convict Bill Sharkey donned women's clothes in New York's Tombs Prison, and left with other ladies when visiting hours were over.

A convict in an island prison in the East equipped himself with a thick brief case and a seersucker suit and, with a properly legal look on his face, left his confinement along with a group of attorneys who had come to consult with clients. He was accepted without question on the ferry taking visitors back to shore and even joined heartily in a debate among his "colleagues" on the fine points of criminal law.

Escapes may be arranged in a matter of hours or days—or they may take months or years. A group of convicts in the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla spent six months searching for a spot where they could dig an escape tunnel. They finally discovered there was an unused basement underneath one of the cells, so they chiseled a hole in the concrete floor of this cell and spent their night hours digging a 30-foot tunnel. They flushed the dirt down the prison toilets, a bit at a time, and came up each morning to replace the concrete slab. When the tunnel brought them outside prison grounds, they stopped digging and started running.

A Chicago jailbird took full advantage of the fact that no jailer expects his charge to run away while he's in the altogether. The prisoner, Albert Haynes, was permitted to take a bath in the prison hospital and, after washing and soaping himself, told the jailer he needed more towels. The jailer obligingly went for the towels, and Haynes, dragging a pair of trousers but attired only in his suds, made what might be called a clean break.

Three cons at Stateville Prison in Joliet, Illinois, decided to apply their electrical talents to make adjustments in the electric power substation at the prison. They fixed the power so well that all the lights playing on the prison walls blinked out. Then, under cover of darkness, they scaled a wall and disappeared.

Jailbreakers use the most bizarre conveyances to transport themselves out of their stone and iron coops. John Carroll had himself shipped out of Leavenworth to freedom in a packing case. One ingenious convict left prison walls special delivery in a mail sack. Another made his goodbys by popping into a carton of books being returned to a correspondence school. Four daring convicts had a false partition built around them in a departing boxcar.

Ted Cole left an Oklahoma prison in a laundry bag. Cole, incidentally, later proved that "escape-proof" Alcatraz Island was just another prison. He and a confederate sawed their way out of the prison machine shop, sneaked away under a blanket of fog, then got off the "Rock" either by swimming across San Francisco Bay or having a launch pick them up.

The mechanical wizardry displayed by some of our footloose jailbirds would reflect credit on a Thomas Alva Edison. A Midwest convict constructed an escape ladder out of dental floss. It was strong enough to support a 200-pound man and could reach all the way to the prison wall, yet it was compact enough to be rolled up in one hand.

Jack Oppenheimer, Folsom Prison's "Human Hyena," converted a two-inch needle into a saw so powerful he was able to cut through an iron cell door. Another Folsom inmate rigged up a dummy that not only looked like him but was able to nod and raise its arm for the nighttime cell count while he was on his way out.

Escape-artist Willie Sutton fashioned a plaster mask that was an amazing likeness of himself and gave it real hair from the prison barber shop at Eastern State Penitentiary. He left this stand-in sticking out of his blanket in the cell while he went crawling through an underground drainage pipe in an attempted break.

In another escape bit, at Sing Sing, Slick Willie used a makeshift saw to file the bars on his cell for six months. When he was through each night, he filled in the filed part with dark-colored chewing gum. He also used gum to take an impression of the lock on the mess-hall door, then made a key to fit it.

He waited for a rainy night to leave his cell, then stole into the mess hall where two nine-foot ladders were stashed. He tied the ladders end to end, and used them to scale a 20-foot wall to freedom. Because of the heavy rain, the searchlights playing on the prison wall failed to pick him up.

A New York prisoner added insult to injury by using a guard's head as a storehouse for his breakout tools. A better-than-fair sculptor, the convict was permitted to receive several shipments of clay to satisfy his artistic bent. Each shipment secretly contained part of a hacksaw. When the hacksaw was fitted together, the convict hid it in the back of a bust he was making of a guard.

Whenever he passed the prisoner's cell, the warden would always pause to admire the bust. Meanwhile, the convict was taking the hacksaw out at night to cut through the cell bars. Instead of chewing gum, he used dark brown soap from the prison laundry to fill in the filed section so it wouldn't be noticeable.

One night he made his break and crawled through a sewage tunnel to freedom. A month later, he impulsively picked a fight in a diner, and was still slugging it out when the cops came and recognized him. This bonehead play sent the escapee back to his barred home with seven years added to the original sentence.

Almost all jailbreakers are caught sooner or later, many because they persist in hanging out in the most conspicuous places. "Jailbirds are very funny birds indeed," the late Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing once remarked. "They'll spend long periods carefully planning an escape, and will come up with the most ingenious escape plots. Yet once they're out, they'll never bother planning how to *stay* out."

Number Please!

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE for English-speaking users of the service was found on a public telephone in Japan:

(A) Please ready with Yen 10 coin, take off the transmitter, put in coin and lastly send round the dial.

(B) When not connected, put on the transmitter if it was, and the coin will come on the return hole.

(C) For the suburbs communication, please notify it.

—*Long Lines*

Neither wife nor mother, she yearned to love and be loved. This poignant story tells how she discovered the answer

A Spinster Finds Her Place

as told to ROSANNE SMITH

MY NAME is Louisa Rutland and I am a spinster, an "old maid." I was 41 when I realized that my entire life hinged on the desperate hope of marriage—any marriage.

For years the possibility of marriage had seemed remote because of practical reasons. I had gone to work as soon as I left high school to support my mother, who was partially blind, and an older sister who was mentally defective. Because of pride, my mother refused to even talk of putting my sister in a Home.

For years my life consisted of working all day in the office of a large insurance firm and then hurrying home to clean and cook. I had just turned 40 when my mother passed away suddenly and I was forced to place my sister in a Home. I did so with many misgivings and on a trial basis. But, when it was time for her to come back to me for a visit at Christmas, she was so happy at the Home that she refused to leave even for a few days. With sharp bitterness I realized that the sacrifice of all those years had been for nothing—that she would have been much better off away from us.

Without my charges I found myself living a lonely, inward life with no social diversions and no friends. It was then that I began to yearn desperately for marriage. I told myself it was not too late.

I began to go to the beauty shop in an attempt to turn a not unattractive plainness into something approximating glamor. But when the miracle refused to take place, I became more sensitive and withdrawn. I lived, in fact, for my daydreams. My job was just something I performed automatically, an irritating distraction from my fantasy life.

Gradually—so gradually that I cannot remember how it started—I found myself becoming absolutely fascinated by one of the young boys in the mail room. He was blond with brown eyes and very friendly and cheerful. I would go out of my way to find an excuse to talk to him or even just to look at him.

Then one evening after work I followed him to his home like a sleepwalker led on by some force inside me over which I had no control. I stood on the corner for half an hour trying to convince myself that it would be perfectly reasonable for me to go and knock on his door.

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So rapt was I in my vigil that I did not notice when a squad car stopped nearby and a police officer stepped out. I started so when he spoke to me that I nearly dropped my purse.

"Anything I can do, lady?" he said.

It was a moment before I could manage to speak. "Oh, no," I said. "I was waiting for someone but I guess they're not coming."

I turned and hurried home in a kind of trance. When I had closed the door safely behind me I threw myself into an armchair and began to tremble. I can't tell you how appalled I was at my self-centeredness, at the humiliating desperateness of my frustrated yearnings. With a stabbing clearness it came to me that, for all my 41 years, I was still emotionally a child.

I had never thought clearly and coldly about my life. I did so now. I had enough sense to realize that unless I took some definite steps right then and there this sort of thing, and worse, might happen again and again. I told myself there was every likelihood that I would be a spinster for the rest of my life; and, unless I brought out some of the richness and productiveness of love that I might have had as a wife and mother, I would continue to live with an inner sense of shame and humiliation.

I had taken the first step.

But how could I redeem my life at my age—alone? Suddenly I felt helpless again. I had been out of things for so long at the office that no one even thought any longer to ask me to the parties and luncheons that were a regular part of the office life. How was I to start being with people again? Could I give up my dream world when there was nothing—nothing to take its place?

Already I was lapsing back into self-pity — a grim, unhappy old maid. I struggled against my desire to shrink away, to go home and hide myself. That night after work I stopped and bought sandwiches and a carton of coffee and went to the park to eat my dinner.

I forced myself to do this three or four times a week. It was far better than eating a dreary dinner at home and here at least I could look at people and wonder about them.

One evening I talked with a woman who sat down on the bench near me. She was somewhat older than I and had a strong face with apple-red cheeks. I found myself talking easily with her, for her quiet friendliness immediately overcame my shyness.

She told me she was a part-time social worker at the state mental hospital. The park was halfway from the hospital to her house and she usually stopped here to rest a while.

"I'd like to do work like that," I said wistfully.

"Why don't you?" she asked. "We need volunteer workers desperately."

"Oh, I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good."

"Nonsense! You can play bingo, can't you, or put records on the phonograph?"

We talked a while longer and she told me her name was Isabel Vernon and that she was a widow. When she left I had promised to meet her that coming Thursday at the hospital.

I SHALL NEVER, *never* forget that first evening at the mental hospital. The feeling of shock that came when I first saw those faces, some empty, some so full of astonished pain, soon gave way to a determination that I must help these people in any way that I could. My own problems seemed so trifling and selfish.

From then on I went to the hospital two evenings a week, playing bingo or cards or guessing games with the patients. On Thursday evenings I walked part of the way home with Isabel Vernon.

"It makes me feel so helpless," I told her one evening. "If only there were something more I could do. But I guess it's too late. I'll just have to go on being a useless old maid."

She stopped walking and said thoughtfully, "Don't you realize how little difference there is between happiness and unhappiness? Don't you see that being an old maid has nothing to do with it? For heaven's sake, plenty of women who are married are old maids at heart. Marriage doesn't transform you into a real woman. *It's all up to you.* You can do whatever you want if you set your mind and heart on it."

During that next week I must have said to myself a hundred times, "You can do whatever you want if you set your mind and heart on it." I began thinking and planning instead of dreaming my time away. As a young girl I had wanted to teach kindergarten. Would it be possible for me now to find work where I could be with children and help them? But there were so many obstacles: my age, my lack of training. I decided to consult Isabel.

She arranged an introduction with the head social service worker at the hospital and with her I worked out a plan that enabled me to enroll in a school that trained child welfare workers. Many times when I faltered and felt discouraged it was Isabel's courageous spirit that picked me up and made me go on in spite of my fears and doubts.

"If you're ever going to be able to help people you have to get out among them and get to know and like them," she kept saying to me. So after a long struggle with myself I marched up to the girl who was in charge of the office picnic plans and told her I would like to come.

At first everything went well. People seemed surprised but pleased to see me there. Then after lunch they began to organize games and suddenly I found myself face to face with the young boy from the mail room whom I had followed home. I thought I had forgotten all about him, but now I began to tremble. I wanted to cry, to run away, but I felt I couldn't move.

Then the idea occurred to me: Why don't you pretend he's one of the patients at the hospital? You're not afraid of them. I started talking to him, nervously at first and then more easily. I asked him questions about himself and soon we were sitting on the grass in the shade and he was doing most of the talking. He was going in the Army soon, he told me, and after that he wanted to go to engineering school. But the trouble was he had fallen in love and now he wanted to get married. He felt there was no solution.

"Why don't you do both?" I asked.

"But what would we live on?"

"You could work it out if you wanted to," I said. "You can do whatever you want if you set your mind and heart on it."

"Do you think so?" he asked, a look of wonder on his face.

"I know so," I said firmly, and as I looked at him he was just another person like everybody else. I liked him and I was no longer afraid of him or ashamed of what I felt when I looked at him.

Before he left he came over again and thanked me. "Gee," he said, "all of a sudden I feel wonderful."

I smiled. I felt wonderful too. I knew the time had come for me to strip away the sense of shame that had kept me for so long from thinking clearly and honestly about sex. I had kissed two boys. That was the sum total of my experience. I remembered the warm, sinking pleasure those few kisses had brought me.

I was able to think unashamedly now about the desire for sex that I knew was still strong within me. There must be thousands of others like me who through choice or circumstances were deprived of this human pleasure. And I thought of the countless others who had it and could not enjoy it or value it. Would I be any different if I grabbed at an experience just for its sake alone?

I thought of the nuns and priests who enjoyed a greater love. And all the others who had sublimated their desires and raised themselves to a higher level by helping others in a selfless way.

I could, like them, renounce it completely. But wouldn't this be sour grapes?

And then the solution came to me in simple terms. If I did, I did—if I didn't, I didn't. I would not renounce it in childish bitterness nor would I pursue it with desperate gracelessness. With relief I turned back to my studies and my work.

I had no difficulty finding a job with a child welfare agency in a part of the country where I had never been and had always dreamed of going—the Southwest. My job, which dealt mainly with Indian children, took me far and wide to scattered settlements. It brought more than satisfaction to me. It seemed to heal all the old scars.

I bought a small house which I have been fixing up myself with generous help from my friends and neighbors. Instead of a cat, I have a burro. Often I have several children staying with me while we find homes in which to place them until their parents can care for them again or they can be adopted.

My Sundays I usually spend with Charlie, a widower who runs a small business in the town where I live. A pleasant-looking, stocky man, he has been active in raising funds for our work with the children and in helping in so many ways.

I had completely dismissed the possibility of marriage before I came out here. But now I find that Charlie refuses to take no for an answer.

"Look at it this way," he says in answer to my protestations that I have been a spinster too long to be able to adjust to marriage. "I've been a widower for so long that I'm practically a bachelor again. If I'm willing to take a chance you ought to be."

I find myself both amused and puzzled that, after all those months of pining for any kind of marriage, I should still keep saying no. And Charlie keeps saying, "Okay, I'll ask you again next Sunday."

Perhaps it's because my life is already filled with a love and sense of responsibility for others that I now find a new dignity and self-respect in the title of "spinster." Just the other day I made a joking remark about being an old maid, and one of my co-workers looked up with a shocked expression.

"Why, Louisa," she said, "you're the last person in the world I'd think of as an old maid."

It was wonderful to hear. If I'd had time I might have wanted to steal a moment to cry a little. Happiness, someone has said, is being too busy to think about whether or not you are happy. I am too busy for any regrets, any daydreams. I have time only for today—and the future.

Looks Deceive

JOHN WANAMAKER'S first advertising man refused to tell anything but the literal truth in his ads. The buyer of neckties sent for him one day and asked him to get up an ad along these lines: "You can have these beautiful neckties for 25c, reduced from $1." The ad man looked at the ties, felt them, then asked, "Are they any good?"

The buyer said, "No, they're not."

The ad man went back to his office and wrote this ad:

"THEY'RE NOT AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK,
BUT THEY'RE GOOD ENOUGH—25c."

Wanamaker was buying cheap ties for three weeks to supply the demand. —FRANK FINNEY (*Printer's Ink*)

The Sunken Treasure of Silver Shoals

by THOMAS J. NAUGHTON

The prize lies only a few fathoms deep —but just one man has ever grasped it

ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM some 300 miles off the coast of Florida, at a place called Silver Shoals, lies one of the richest sunken treasures in the world. No one can say surely just how much wealth is there, but the hoard of gold, silver and precious stones that went down with a galleon of the great Spanish Plate fleet of 1642 is reliably judged to be worth up to $12,000,000. It lies in only a few fathoms of water; its location is fairly accurately charted. And yet in the three centuries it has lain there only one man has found it. . . .

On a September day in 1686, two ships—the *James and Mary* followed by the *Henry of London*—dropped down the Thames from the English capital with the tide. Beside the wheel of the *James and Mary* stood their commander, William Phips, a great black-haired, barrel-chested man with the fury of ten devils in his temper and an ambition that drove him like a whip. This was his third attempt to lay his ham-like hands on the treasure.

Born in what is now Maine, of desperately poor parents, Phips had learned the shipwright trade. Along the Boston waterfront he had heard tales of the Plate fleet, ships that had sailed from Puerto Plata, on the northern coast of Hispaniola, loaded with treasure from the New World for the coffers of the king of Spain. The fleet had been hit by violent storms, and of all the proud galleons only one survived. The richest ship of all was believed to have sunk when it was only a few days out.

Though he knew nothing about salvage, William Phips had sailed on one of his cargo ships to the West Indies to hunt the treasure. What he found was that he needed a bigger ship, better equipment, and money.

There was, obviously, only one personage who could provide all these—His Majesty Charles II, King of England. So in 1682, the hulking, semi-literate shipwright Phips went to London to see the King.

He had no connections in England. But he hung around the coffee houses, observed how the courtiers dressed, bought himself clothes as beribboned and beruffled as theirs —and eventually got his audience with the King. And he got his ship.

For weeks Phips cruised the West Indies dragging grapples, peering hopefully over the side, finding nothing. Divers went down, lead weights strapped around their waists, with upended buckets, heavily weighted, lowered near them to provide underwater reservoirs of air. Nothing.

Some of the crew mutinied. Phips smashed the mutiny with his fists.

Another he stopped with the ship's guns before it got started. But he found no treasure.

Bitterly he sailed back to England and a bleak reception. King Charles was dead, and the new king no gambler. But the Duke of Albemarle finally got royal authority to set up a treasure-hunting expedition at his own expense. He raised enough money to buy and equip the *James and Mary* and the *Henry of London*.

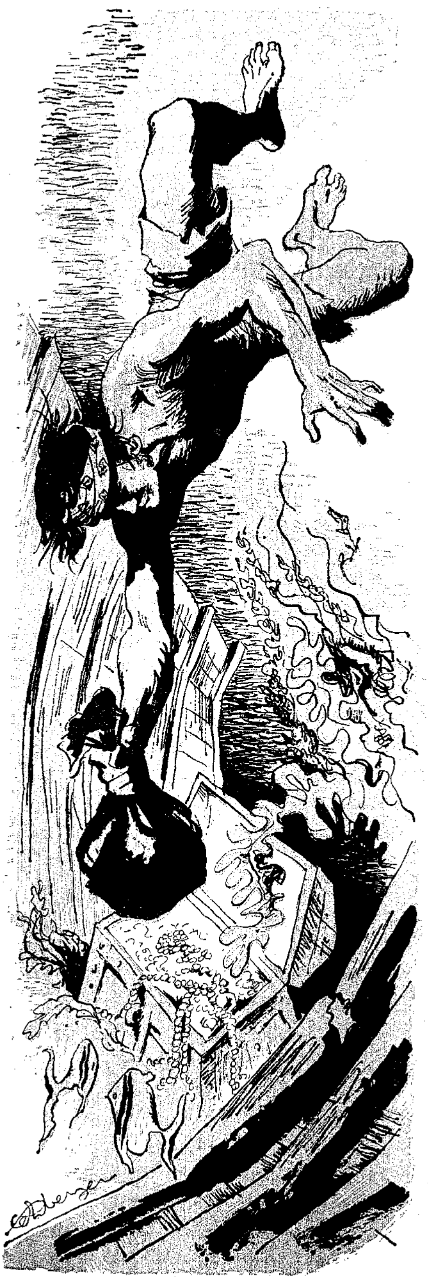
William Phips, with a share of one-sixteenth of any treasure found, sailed again. And this time they found it—at Silver Shoals (now called Silver Bank), among a group of rocks in the sea over a bottom only six to eight fathoms deep. Phips had himself rowed to the spot. As the longboat drove in among the breakers he stood up and began stripping off his clothes.

"Make ready a tub!" he shouted. "This wonder I must see for myself!" And with weights strapped to his waist, he went over the side.

The sunken galleon was a vast, fantastic thing, its outlines flickering in the wavy light, covered and festooned with jewel-like coral. Only by incredible luck had a diver found it, going down after a curious piece of coral and then noticing the nearly shapeless lump of a ship's gun just beside it.

Now Phips could see other lumps, more guns; a cave-like hole in the coral, perhaps a hatchway; and what seemed a solid hill of coral that must be the mass of the after cabin. By her size this must almost certainly be the vice-admiral ship, richest vessel of the fleet.

Phips drove his crews and divers



like a fury, for the place was full of dangers—of storms, of some ship passing near and seeing them, of pirates. From first light until dusk, day after day, the divers went down.

Chopping through the thick coat of coral, they broke into the cabins and the holds, cleared the way for lines to haul up heavy chests. Every man who could dive went down, the others handled the boats, swayed treasure up and stowed it away.

As day followed day, Phips, half mad with impatience though he was, had to stop operations and let his people rest. Storms came up. But his new luck held; they were only minor ones and he rode them out. As soon as the divers could work, down they went again. The hoard seemed endless.

They had been working the fabulous hulk four weeks when two sails hove in sight. Instantly Phips ordered his crews to battle stations. But the strange ships were peaceable and small. Besides, they had divers aboard. Phips made a deal with the two captains for the use of their divers in return for a share of the treasure.

With all four crews working, the pile continued to mount. But a few days later one of the new ships damaged its rudder and had to put back to Jamaica for repairs.

From that moment on, Phips was like a wild man. The captain might return with a larger ship to attack them, word of what they had found might leak out from his crew. To stay now was more dangerous than ever. And yet Phips could not bring himself to leave. Each night he swore that come morning they would be off. Each morning he would decide to risk just one more day.

Each morning the risk was greater, and he knew it. Vast treasure still lay in the hulk below—at least as much again as he had been able to take out in six full weeks—but to stay longer would be lunacy. Phips sailed for England.

On June 17, 1687, he landed in London with gold, jewels, fine plate, coins, bracelets by the barrelful and, at a rough count, 32 tons of bar silver—the whole worth about $12,000,000.

Overnight, brawny, tempestuous William Phips became a sensation and a hero. King James II, whose royal share was one-tenth of the treasure, knighted him, made him Provost Marshal General of the Dominion of New England and later Governor General of Massachusetts.

But the finicking ways of politics were more than Sir William's hot temper could endure, and his violent forthrightness kept getting him into trouble. In 1694, he was summoned to London to answer to charges of general highhandedness. While waiting for them to be disposed of, he died, at the age of 44.

At Silver Shoals still lies the treasure he left behind. Scarcely a year goes by without someone making a try for it. But the old galleon would be well nigh impossible to find now, buried under three centuries of coral. To get at it would take immense persistence and gambling nerve, plus all but miraculous luck. It would take, in fact, even more than it took in the days of the incredible William Phips.

MERRY MIX-UPS

Thinking he had his umbrella one misty Sunday morning, my minister grandfather set out for church, his mind, as usual, on his sermon. After services, with the rain now pouring down, he looked everywhere for his umbrella. As he was about to give up his search, his son walked in. "Here is your umbrella, Dad. Mother said be sure to bring home her broom." —MRS. GUS WHEELAND

The small daughter of a newly elected governor was very proud of her position and mentioned the fact at every opportunity.

"Darling," advised her mother, "you mustn't keep telling everybody that you're the daughter of the governor. Just tell them your name, that's all."

Later while in the park someone came over and asked, "Aren't you the governor's daughter?"

"Well," replied the child, "I thought I was, but Mother says not." —*A.M.A. Journal*

A young lady went into a bank and presented a check on her husband's account. The teller, who knew the husband well, was curious about the signature. He asked the lady if she would please see the manager.

After a little pleasant chit-chat, the manager came around to the subject of the check. The lady assured him that the check was all right. Her husband had that much money in the bank.

"But this signature?" suggested the manager.

"That's the way Harold always signs his name, isn't it?" said the lady.

"Possibly," agreed the manager, "but is this your husband's writing?"

"Well, not exactly," she admitted, "but it's as close as I could come to it." —*The Montrealer*

During World War II, when Lord Halifax toured this country as Britain's representative, he was escorted through various Army and Navy proving grounds for a preview of our most carefully guarded secret weapons.

Toward the end of his stay, he found himself quartered overnight at Annapolis. He arose early and went out for a pre-breakfast jaunt. Suddenly he was halted by a midshipman on sentry duty.

"Restricted area, sir. You'll have to leave."

The British nobleman was taken aback. "But why? I've been in some of your most closely guarded places. What's going on in here?"

"Sir," snapped the middy, "it's secret practice for the Army football game." —*A.M.A. Journal*

Everybody's Helping Hand

by Norman M. Lobsenz

International Social Service slices through global red tape to solve complex personal problems personally

IN A HOSPITAL in a small Italian town a young American boy lay seriously ill—and scared. The student group with which he had been touring Europe had been forced to go on without him, bound to its itinerary by timetables.

Half a world away, in a small Missouri town, the boy's parents were frantic when they received the bare facts in a terse cable. They could not afford to fly to him themselves and felt utterly helpless. In desperation, the mother called the local welfare agency and poured out her story.

"Now just relax," said the social worker. "We'll have some news for you in 24 hours."

A telegram went to New York, a cable to Rome and a phone call to the provincial town. Half an hour after the cable reached Rome, an English-speaking doctor stood at the boy's bedside.

"Buck up, son," he said. "You have a bad infection, but you'll be okay in a week or so. And don't worry about anything. Your folks know how you are, and we'll see to it you get home. Everything's going to be all right."

Half a day later, back in Missouri, a telegram brought the good news.

Meanwhile, in a modest office in New York, a woman made notes on a file folder: "Check date of hospital release; advance money for medical fees, transportation and expenses; check on passport and medical forms; arrange flight and rail tickets; notify parents of arrival."

Three weeks later, the boy was home. With efficiency born of long experience with heartbreak round the world, a little-known organization called International Social Service had successfully closed another case.

For 36 years, ISS has been developing the know-how to help people in trouble around the globe. It is called on, for example, when children are orphaned and their nearest relative lives in another country; when a U.S. serviceman is separated from his foreign bride; when an American family wants to adopt a German child; when trouble strikes a family separated by great distances.

Trouble is bad enough in familiar surroundings. But when it comes amidst strange languages, conflicting laws, complex regulations, confusing forms to be filled out in triplicate, it is often beyond an individual's capacity to cope with singlehanded.

Mrs. Susan T. Pettiss, Assistant Director of the American branch of ISS at 345 East 46 Street in New York, spends all her time helping people with these heartaches.

For example, a young American engineer happily employed in the interior of Brazil received a letter from his mother saying that his father was suffering from "a strange illness."

The first letter wasn't so bad, but then came others, some tear-stained. An only child, Jack was deeply worried. Then the climactic letter arrived: "Come home and help me take care of your father before it's too late."

But the only way the young engineer could go home was to break his three-year employment contract and quit a job that meant everything to his future.

Unable to make a decision, he took his troubles to his boss, who fortunately knew where to turn for help.

In a matter of hours, a social worker in Rio de Janeiro—the local representative of a Brazil branch of ISS—was relaying the facts to New York headquarters. New York put in a hurry call to a welfare agency in the engineer's home town, Houston, Texas: "Find out what's really happening, and find out fast!"

A few days later, hopeful news arrived in Brazil: the father had been institutionalized following a mental breakdown. But he had a good chance of a complete recovery. The mother was simply too upset to handle the situation properly.

"Here's what we suggest," the engineer was told, in effect. "We'll have the agency in Houston supervise your father's medical treatment, and keep an eye on your mother. If any crisis occurs, we'll notify you. Then you can come home. But if things get better—and we think they will—you might as well stay where you are and protect your career."

He received a weekly report via ISS, and after a few months everything at home was back to normal again.

Much ISS work deals with the righting of wrongs. Husbands and wives, parents and children long separated because of red tape, are reunited when an ISS worker guides them through legal snarls and paperwork jungles. Jacques, a ten-year-old French lad, for instance, suffered one of the cruelest wrongs ISS workers ever encountered.

With his father dead and his mother in America, little Jacques was raised by an uncle on a farm in

Provence. For several years his mother sent monthly sums of money for Jacques' care. Eventually she remarried, and soon sent money for her boy's passage to New York.

Sometime later, the woman excitedly told ISS workers: "There has been no word, not from anyone. Not even that they got the money. Now I am frightened. What has happened to my boy?"

The question went on to ISS in Paris. Within hours, rural gendarmerie had located the uncle's dingy farmhouse in the middle of sun-warmed vineyards. Jacques was in the barn—where he lived and ate and slept, almost like an animal. For years he had been virtually a slave, working in the vineyards for his uncle while other boys and girls went to school, played games. All the money sent by Jacques' mother had been simply pocketed by the uncle, her letters torn up. Jacques himself had been told that his mother was dead.

French justice evened accounts with the uncle. French ISS workers took Jacques to Paris. There, medical care and proper food brought him back to physical health; psychiatric help and normal schooling opened his mind. Then he was put on a boat for America. And though the horrors of his childhood have left deep scars, the boy is now beginning to overcome them in the joy of being with his mother and new father.

This kind of work is a far cry from the original intent of ISS. Founded in 1921 as the International Migration Service, its main job was to aid women migrants. By 1946, however, the upheavals of war—changed frontiers, forced labor, mass extermination and deportation, people in flight and in hiding—had left millions with problems that cut sharply across the new national boundaries. Migration was only a minor part of the general chaos. So the organization changed its name to International Social Service.

TODAY, ISS is the only voluntary, nonsectarian, nonpolitical social service agency that ties together, in an international network, welfare agencies in almost every land. With full-fledged branches in 16 countries (covering every continent) and with representatives in over 72 other nations from Iceland to the Fiji Islands, it is equipped to deal effectively at "long distance" with complex human situations calling for patient cooperation among many agencies.

In America, for example, ISS works through 1,000 social agencies. From the Red Cross, from Legal Aid Societies, from welfare councils, the Armed Services, family courts and hospitals, an average of 300 problems a month are dropped in its capacious lap.

There is no charge for ISS service. The American branch is financed entirely by voluntary contributions from individuals, foundations, and funds such as Community Chests. However, costs—for cables, transportation, medical bills, fees for visas or legal papers—are billed to the individual involved (except in instances where this would work a severe hardship).

Since World War II, the bulk of

ISS work has been connected with the problems of GIs who have married foreign girls or fathered children overseas; and with the intricacies of intercountry adoptions. Typical of the former is the case of an American sergeant who fell in love with a fraulein.

For nearly a year they sought Army permission to marry. But shifts in unit commanders—requiring the paper work to be started from scratch each time—seemed always somehow to prevent it.

Then, just as the soldier was being sent home, he learned that his fiancée was pregnant. In desperation he re-enlisted, hoping to be assigned to Germany. Meanwhile, he and his fiancée could not even properly console each other by mail because each could write only a few words in the other's language.

Finally the sergeant was directed to ISS. Social workers investigated and found the couple emotionally and financially competent to marry, and that both families approved. The German ISS got the girl an exit permit; the American ISS started U.S. immigration wheels turning. And with ISS workers translating their letters for them, the sergeant and his girl made plans for their future.

When the girl arrived in New York, everything was ready for their immediate marriage. And no one in the sergeant's home town—outside of his family—ever knew the full story.

PLAY
SAFE
GET
YOUR
POLIO
SHOTS
NOW!

Because of its long experience with the care of children moving between countries, ISS has become one of the main channels for the adoption of foreign orphans by American families. And right now these intercountry adoptions are a grave concern due to the great demand for these children and the serious lack of controls and safeguards over the way in which they may be adopted.

Behind the romantic notion of a child being welcomed by "parents" he has never seen before are the not-always-pleasant realities of such a meeting—the lack of preparation of the child, and the fierce and often selfish hunger of the parents. These are the so-called "proxy" adoptions—where a child is adopted in one country by parents living in another, through the agency of a third party, a proxy armed with a power of attorney.

Too often, social workers say, parents are disappointed in their new child. In many instances the adoptive parents are not right for the child. And even where there is the best emotional rapport, carelessly arranged adoptions can run into legal difficulties later. Ultimate questions of citizenship and inheritance rights may turn on this pivot.

ISS is combatting these abuses by insisting on orderly procedures to protect both children and adoptive parents. Over a long period—sometimes as much as 18 months—ISS works carefully with social agencies on both sides of the ocean, checking the background of the would-be parents and of the child, "matching" them for the best possible relationship.

Meanwhile, the ISS is putting the fruits of its experience at the disposal of official and governmental bodies for use in drawing up constructive legislation. It works on a consultative basis with the UN's Economic and Social Council, with the UN High Commissioner's Office for Refugees, with the U.S. State Department, and with the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration. All of these pay high tribute to its work.

But perhaps the greatest tribute of all came recently from a hard-bitten New York cab driver who drove an ISS staff worker out to Idlewild Airport to meet a plane-load of orphaned Greek children adopted by American families. The work of bringing these children to America, she told him, had started three years ago.

At the airport she learned that head winds had slowed the plane and it would be three hours late. Regretfully, she went back to the cab and told the driver of the delay.

"Lady," he said, "I'd sorta like to see those kids." He flipped off his meter and settled back in his seat. "You waited three years for them. I guess I can wait three hours. I'll be here when you're ready."

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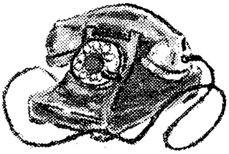
Washington's Cancer Answer

by Harold Helfer



IN A LONELY ROOM in Washington, D.C., a woman sat by the telephone. Several times she had reached for it, but each time she had drawn back. Finally, with an effort, she picked up the receiver and slowly dialed: EX 3-3690.

Her call was answered almost instantly and she was telling a man she had never seen and whose name she did not know:

"I was driving my car a couple of weeks ago when I had to put on my brakes suddenly . . . my chest struck the steering wheel and one breast still feels sore. I was wondering...do you think I have cancer?"

"I don't think so," said the voice on the other end of the line. "You probably just bruised it, and bruises often have a habit of lingering."

"But I understand that it's from bruises that cancer of the breast sometimes starts," the woman persisted. "How do I know I don't have cancer?"

"If there's no lump there, you can rest assured you don't have cancer," the man said. "I'd watch the breast to see if a lump does develop, though, but I don't think you need have much concern."

Grateful beyond words, the woman hung up. The groundless fears that had been tormenting her had been thus quickly and easily allayed by "Cancer Answer," a project begun over a year and a half ago by the Washington Cancer Society.

To many, this morbid dread of the disease is so great that they cannot even bring themselves to face a doctor. Others may not have the money to spend for a consultation, or may just be "putting it off." Whatever the reason, now all they have to do—in the District of Columbia area, at least—is pick up a phone, call Executive 3-3690 and discuss their worries with a physician.

Callers may remain anonymous. The physician they talk with always is. He cannot give a diagnosis over the telephone, of course, but he can relieve needless fears and if necessary recommend a prompt visit to a doctor or a clinic.

These "phone physicians" are on call eight months of the year, every Monday evening from seven to eight, and participate in the project without pay. They know that recognizing the early signs of cancer plays an important part in "catching it in time" and curing it before it can get out of hand.

Thousands have called "Cancer Answer," and in most cases the symptoms they described indicated *they did not have cancer!*

what makes you tense?

It's stress—insidious cause of many diseases, as well as mental upsets. A noted doctor tells how to "inoculate" yourself against its perils

by Anne Fromer

A SEEMINGLY HEALTHY business executive slumps over dead at his desk from a heart attack. A woman suddenly develops dangerously high blood pressure. Another person dies from a mysterious disease of the kidneys; still another from a perforated ulcer which has become cancerous.

The one thing common to all of these cases, according to the renowned medical scientist Dr. Hans Selye, director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, can be summed up in the single word: *stress.* In fact, stress—which will be a major reason for one out of every ten persons eventually developing some form of mental illness—is, Dr. Selye believes, the ultimate cause of the average person's death.

But thanks to painstaking researches carried out at the Institute by Viennese-born Dr. Selye and his assistants, discoveries have been made which have already enabled some 30 different stress-induced diseases to be successfully treated.

Just what is stress? How does it act? How can it be treated? How avoided?

These are important questions. For, as Dr. Selye has described in his recent book, "The Stress of Life," many of us are permitting "the killing pace" of our modern, competitive, high-pressure world to drastically curtail our lives.

A recent year-long study carried out at New York Hospital-Cornell University Center by Drs. Lawrence E. Hinkle, Jr., and Norman Plummer confirms the dangerous relationship between stress and disease. The doctors selected a group of 1,297 women of approximately the same age, training and income, employed under the same conditions in a large New York company.

In this group they discovered that a section—one-third—was responsible for four times as much time lost through sickness, per average woman, as the rest of the group. Many of these sickness-prone women were widows and divorcees with small children to care for. They had many responsibilities and worries, much hard work and many frustrations. They were struggling through a life of disappointments and insecurity.

The doctors also studied a group of men employed by the same company and with similar working conditions and opportunities. They found that one-third of the men accounted for more than three-quarters of the illness.

"The ill workmen," the doctors reported, "were likewise under pressure from their life situations. Some felt they had been trapped by economic pressure into their jobs. Others were men with ill wives and children, or with unhappy marriages constantly marred by quarrels. Still others were ambitious, driving individuals frustrated by lack of advancement."

Perhaps the most revealing fact discovered was that those who were sick a great deal did not suffer from one and the same ailment. Their illnesses ranged from breast tumors, ovarian tumors and colitis among the women, through arthritis, stomach and intestinal trouble and high blood pressure leading to heart failure for both groups.

Similar studies led Dr. Clarke H. Barnacle, of Denver, to report to the American Medical Association that stressful emotional factors play a leading role in 40 to 60 per cent of all illnesses today.

Medical scientists have suspected this relationship for some time. But it remained for Dr. Selye, over the course of 21 years of experimentation, to explain how stress—in all its many forms—brings on sickness and how this sickness can be counteracted.

Beginning in a small laboratory with $500 in funds arranged for by Sir Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin, Selye subjected rats to the same types of emotional and physical upsets humans suffer. His most startling immediate discovery was that no matter what the stressor —exhaustion, excessive noise, continued anxiety, frustration—all the laboratory animals reacted internally in exactly the same way.

He found furthermore that although stress is often thought of as nervous tension, it actually is a scientifically measurable condition of chemical and physical changes in the body. Continuing tests at the Institute with a total of well over 50,000 rats have shown that stress can be defined as a predictable bodily reaction to an upsetting external situation. In other words, such outside pressures as a financial setback, trouble on one's job, family difficulty, or even heat or cold, can cause your body to react and create wear and tear on your system.

Just how does this work? To begin with, when you are faced with a physical or emotional emergency that makes you perhaps afraid, angry or worried, the brain sends an alarm to the tiny pituitary gland at the base of the brain. The pituitary, in turn, sends a "battle stations" call, by means of messenger hormones, to the adrenals. These adrenals are two small glands which sit astride the kidneys.

Between them, the pituitary and the adrenals are the controlling center for the entire body, the center of its strength in emergency, the center of its breakdown when the body is no longer able to adapt itself.

The pituitary's effect is almost entirely on the adrenals, which control the body by the secretion of two conflicting—or balancing—groups of hormones. When these two groups are in a state of balance, you enjoy good health.

The first group of hormones is essentially the police force of the system. When microbes, for example, attack your eye, these hormones rush there and throw up a protective cordon, in the form of inflammation, to prevent the invaders from spreading into the whole body. That inflammation gives the white blood cells, the warriors against disease, time to launch a counterattack and rout the enemy. Then the inflammatory hormones are called off the job and the swelling goes down.

Dr. Selye calls this group pro-inflammatory corticoids, or P-Cs. The leader of this group is desoxycorticosterone, or DOC.

The adrenals also secrete a second group, anti-inflammatory corticoids, or A-Cs. One of their functions, when the need for inflammation is past, is to go into the affected area and clean out the P-Cs by neutralizing them chemically. The most prominent of the A-Cs is cortisone. Two other leading hormones in the A-C group, in league with cortisone, are ACTH and glucocortical hormone (referred to usually as COL).

If the emergency is short-lived, the body relaxes and goes back to normal, with these two groups of chemicals once more in proper balance. But if the emergency is continued too long, or repeated too frequently, then things get out of kilter. The chemical messengers grow confused and give messages to the wrong organs, or a weak organ may break down from overwork. The result is a specific disease. You become sick—a victim of stress.

The results of Selye's findings as to how stress causes a chemical imbalance which in turn produces specific disease, are estimated to have helped some 200,000 patients in the United States alone suffering from 30 different diseases. These have included rheumatoid arthritis, leukemia, asthma, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, enlargement of the heart, and even some forms of cancer. The trick in each case has been to restore the chemical balance.

A 34-year-old Michigan housewife, for instance, came to her physician with a bad case of hypertension. This had been growing worse for the past seven years, along with kidney trouble and muscular weakness. She also had various other disturbances (which Selye had produced in animals by an excess of DOC).

There were all the clinical symptoms that something had gone wrong with the adrenals, which regulate the flow of the balancing hormones. Further tests showed that the adrenals were producing excessive amounts of some DOC-like hormone. These facts, her physician concluded, justified an operation to inspect the adrenals.

The operation revealed a large tumor on these glands. When the tumor was removed, the adrenals were able to restore the hormone balance naturally, and the woman completely recovered her health.

An excess of DOC was the villain in this particular case. But what happens when the imbalance is reversed and there is *not enough* DOC and *too much* cortisone?

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One effect came to light when continued stress on Dr. Selye's laboratory rats had produced marked mental illness and even epileptic convulsions. The chemical imbalance had evidently swung to excessive amounts of cortisone and ACTH. When Selye gave the rats balancing quantities of DOC, they became tranquil, and went soundly to sleep.

Substantiating this medical breakthrough of DOC as the body's own mental tranquilizer was a group of physicians at Ohio State University headed by Dr. W. Merryman. They showed that sleep in women can be produced quite regularly by giving them progesterone, a chemical relative of DOC. And a group of California doctors, led by Dr. F. J. Murphy, found that they could anesthetize patients for surgery with another cousin of DOC—hydroxydione.

Surprisingly enough, while Dr. Selye believes that stress is the root cause of most killing diseases in our modern society, he also makes the point that, in some instances, lack of stress can be just as serious.

"To lie motionless in bed all day," he says, "is no relaxation for an active man. Many a valuable man has been made physically ill and prematurely senile by retirement too soon. This illness has become so common that it has even been given a name—'retirement disease.'"

What can you learn from all this? How can you apply these findings on stress to avoid today's crippling diseases? Dr. Selye gives these rules:

Like any specific disease, excess stress should be caught early. It is important to recognize the symptoms of it in your own life.

Try not to bring on emotional or physical strain by overworking any one part of your body or mind disproportionately by repeating the same action to exhaustion. This applies to your personal as well as business life. Be especially careful to avoid the senseless repetition of the same activity when you are already exhausted. For example, a man who is tired from working at a machine all day is only asking for trouble when he goes home and spends all evening at his workbench.

Nature likes variety. Remember this, not only in planning your day but in planning your life. Our civilization tends to force people into highly specialized lives which may become monotonously repetitive. If you get yourself deep in a rut you may not be able to stop and will suffer the results of excessive stress.

To avoid this you need what Selye terms *deviation,* or spreading the stress around. It is often useless to tell someone to stop worrying. A man threatened with financial ruin or marital conflict, or a mother with a critically ill child, cannot stop worrying on order. But each can engage in other, unrelated activities of a demanding nature, which take the mind off the original worry. That is why a well-rounded life, with good, wholesome outside activities, is best.

Dr. Selye long ago took this motto for his professional and personal life:

> "Fight always for the highest
> attainable aim. But never put
> up resistance in vain."

He explains how he applies this: "At any time during the day, in discussions, at work or at play, when I begin to feel keyed up, I asked myself, 'Is this really the best thing I could do now, and is it worth the trouble of putting up resistance against counter-arguments, or fatigue?' If the answer is 'no,' I just stop; or whenever this cannot be done gracefully, I simply 'float' and let things go on as they will, with a minimum of active participation."

Bernard Baruch, still active as he approaches 90, has long applied this principle. At committee meetings which he finds irritating or boring, it is said he simply turns off his hearing aid.

The day may not be far off when everyone will receive regular check-ups to find out if his hormonal chemistry is getting out of balance, and to receive balancing hormones to prevent the diseases of stress. In the meantime, while you are still healthy, recognize the danger of prolonged stress and take steps to avoid it.

"Among all my autopsies, and I have performed quite a few," says Dr. Selye, "I have never seen a man or woman who died of old age. In fact, I do not think that anyone has ever died of old age yet." Death, he says, has always been caused by the breakdown of some specific part of the body—most frequently brought on by stress.

If it were not for such breakdowns, Dr. Selye sees no reason why the human life span today could not be increased by at least 30 years.

This Modern World

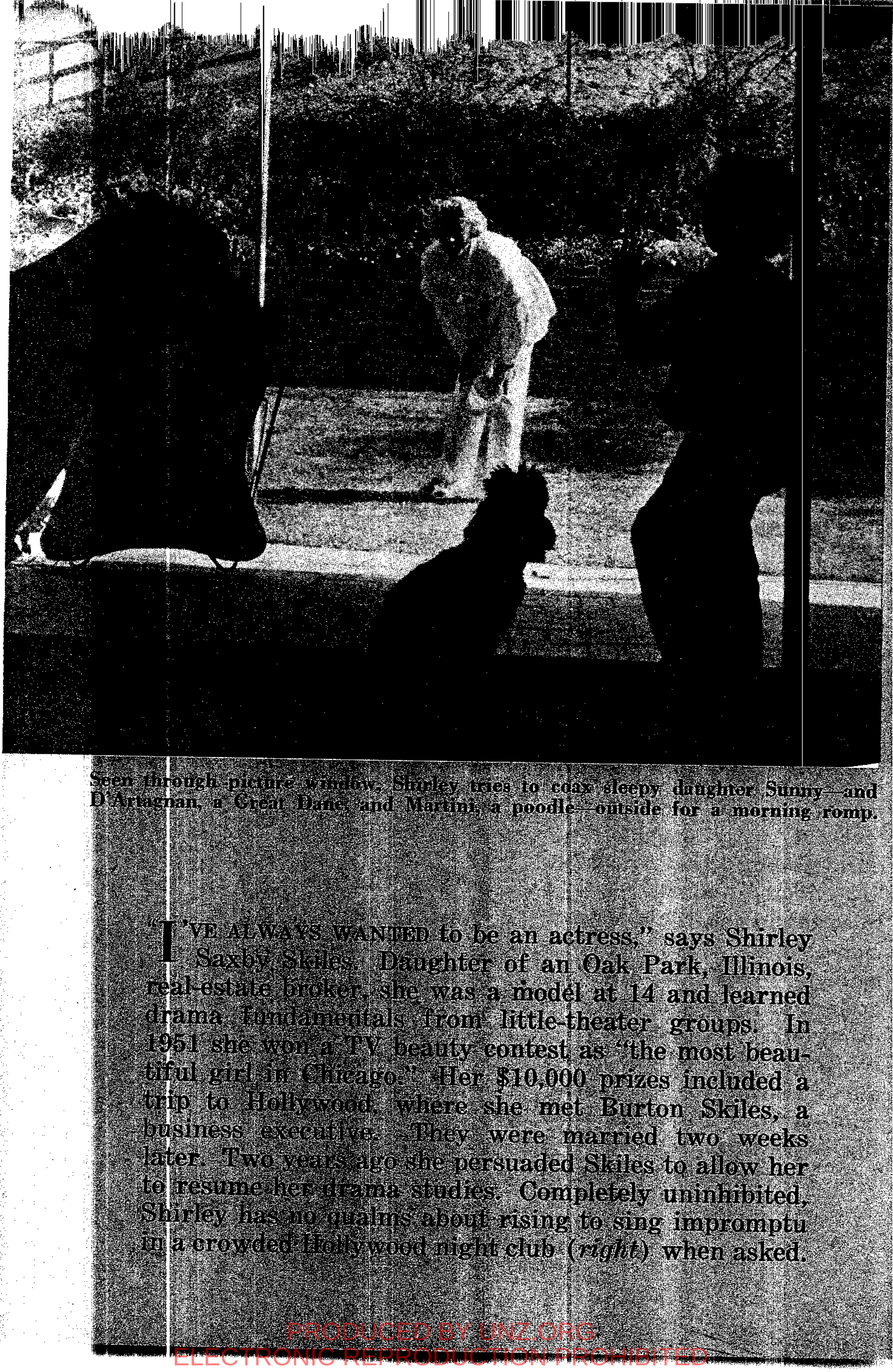
ONE WOMAN claims that the first time she saw Elvis Presley on TV she thought something was wrong with her set. *—Industrial Press Service*

PICTURE WINDOWS have taken the kick out of gossiping for women. Why lean over the back fence listening to rumors when you can look in the front window and get the straight dope? —MAURICE SEITTER

Housewife in Search of a Career

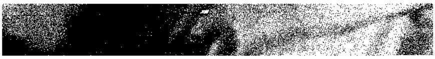
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZINN ARTHUR

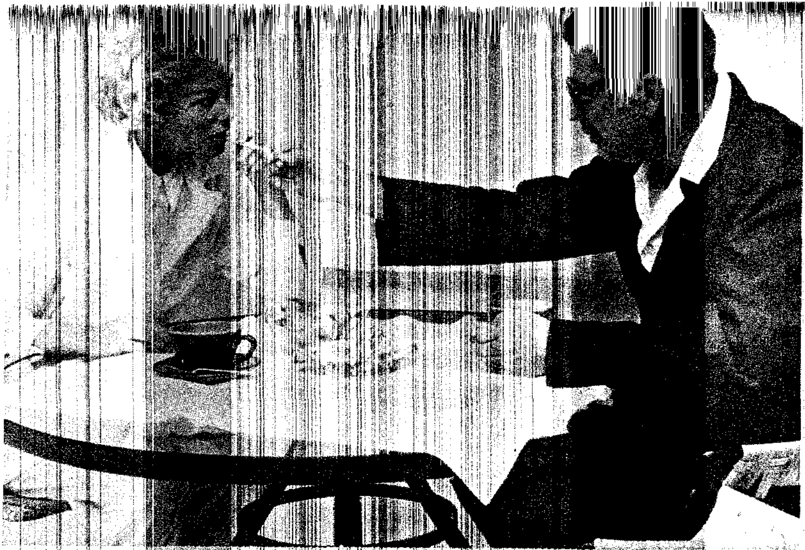
Most women would say Shirley Skiles, 25, of Tarzana, California, has everything: good looks, a pretty daughter, a devoted, prosperous husband. "All these," admits down-to-earth Shirley, "are blessings—but not all of my own making. What I'd like to achieve is something entirely on my own." That "something" is a career as an actress. How she is striving to attain this goal—without dislocating her life or the lives around her—is seen on the following pages.



Seen through picture window, Shirley tries to coax sleepy daughter Sunny—and D'Artagnan, a Great Dane, and Martini, a poodle—outside for a morning romp.

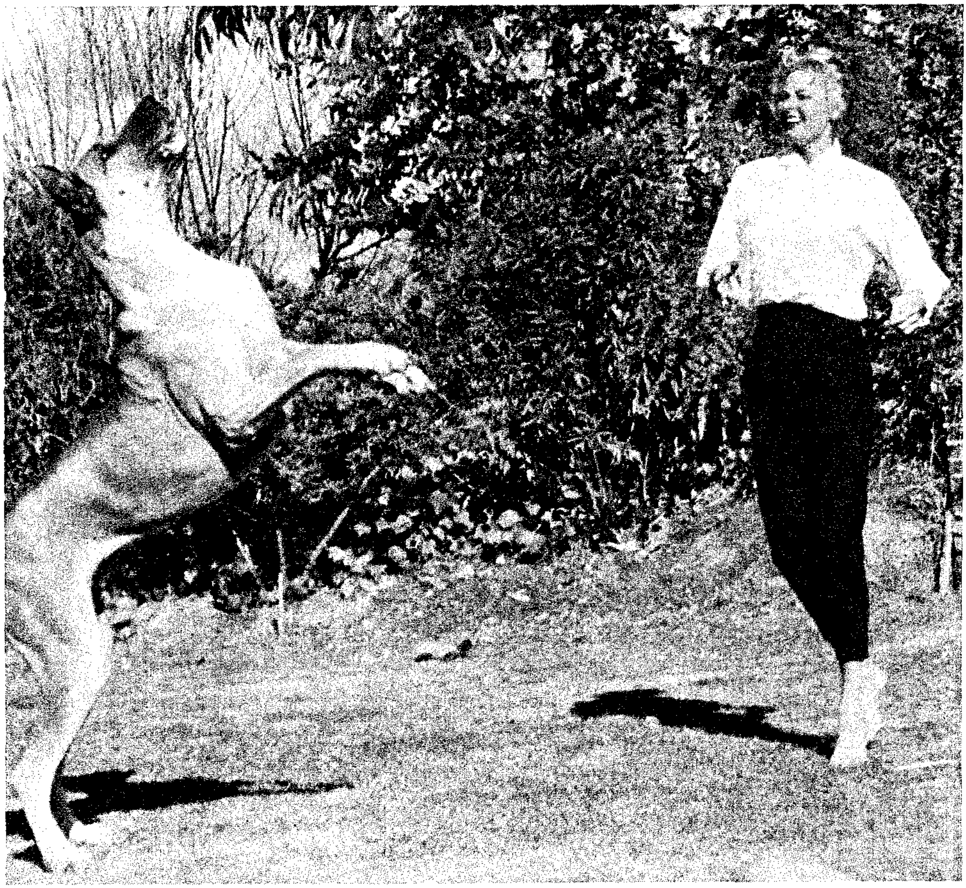
"I'VE ALWAYS WANTED to be an actress," says Shirley Saxby Skiles. Daughter of an Oak Park, Illinois, real-estate broker, she was a model at 14 and learned drama fundamentals from little-theater groups. In 1951 she won a TV beauty contest as "the most beautiful girl in Chicago." Her $10,000 prizes included a trip to Hollywood, where she met Burton Skiles, a business executive. They were married two weeks later. Two years ago she persuaded Skiles to allow her to resume her drama studies. Completely uninhibited, Shirley has no qualms about rising to sing impromptu in a crowded Hollywood night club (*right*) when asked.



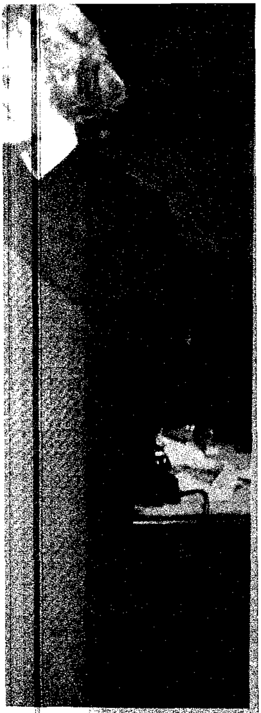


"If my wife's ambitions help her to fulfill herself as a human being, why should I object?" asks Skiles.

Shirley dresses Sunny before the baby sitter arrives, then rushes off for morning drama session with coach.



Shirley enjoys training her Great Dane and grooming her three horses. She rides three hours a day. "I get tired only when I have nothing to do," she says. Shirley and Burt built the barn for their horses, and she spends hours pitching hay, gardening, cleaning out the toolroom or oiling the redwood sides of their ranch house.



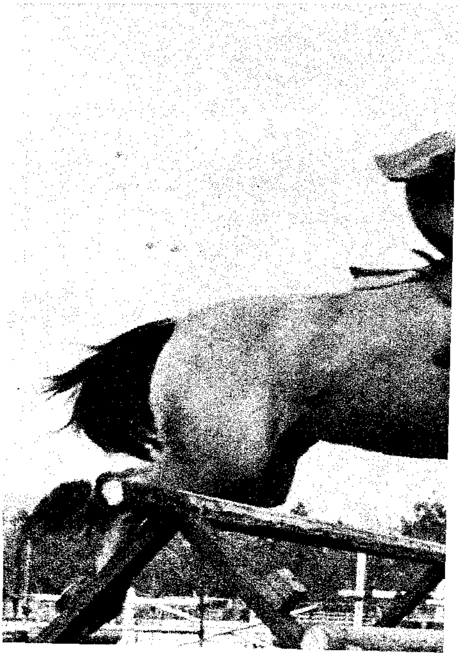
r whom Shirley has au-
ı part in a future film.

With help of coach Florence Enright, Shirley has lowered her voice several tones to enhance its timbre. Enhancing her further are expressive brown eyes, a turned-up nose and ash-blonde hair. She's 5′7½″ and weighs 120 pounds.

Swimming helps her keep in top condition. She wore braces on her teeth two years to improve her smile.

A friend, Allan Adler (*right*), the noted silversmith, taught Shirley a little about his intricate craft and allowed her to use his valuable molds. Working five hours a day, she fashioned her own household silver—over 200 pieces.

Shirley's superb horsemanship landed h



Like most couples in help-scarce Los Angeles, the Skiles have no steady servants. Luckily, Shirley enjoys household chores.

As program chairman of Hunt Club, she presides over meetings to plan parties and benefits. The members ride twice weekly.

On the background set of *Sweet Smell of Success,* Shirley Skiles sits pensively, dreaming of the day she will take her place in the center of the stage.

LAST SEPTEMBER in Turin, Italy, a tall, white-haired, rock-jawed doctor closed one of the most courageous chapters in medical history. He was Professor Mario Ponzio, daring pioneer in the attempt to cure cancer by radiology. He had paid for it finally—after 19 operations for radium burns—with his life.

The end was a long time in coming. As Professor Ponzio grew daily more helpless he sat in his laboratory at the Institute of Radiology in Turin University, working with little more than his eyes. X-ray photographs were placed before him; he looked at them, gave instructions, and they were taken away. Every now and then he said, "Cigarette," and an assistant placed a lighted cigarette between his lips.

One day just before the end, a pretty girl entered the Institute and asked for treatment to remove a blemish from her cheek. A friend had recommended that she come; but she was doubtful.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that radiology will take it off?"

Professor Ponzio gave a great roar of laughter and rose to his feet. "It ought to, my dear young lady," he said. "It took all this off." The girl saw for the first time that the doctor had no left arm at all and that his right hand had been amputated at the wrist.

Fame and adulation worried Ponzio much more than death, or the long years he spent in contemplation of it. Though his fellow-scientists

watched in helpless horror as he was slowly consumed by the spreading ulceration of radium burns, he never complained. Yet he was no saint. He was quick-tempered, with strong likes and dislikes, and his sense of humor tended toward the macabre.

Mario Ponzio was a brilliant, and a strange, man. Born in 1885, he became a doctor in 1910. Handsome, well-built, he had the typical young Italian's passion for sports and was an expert mountain climber. Yet he hated to treat sick children. Their suffering was too personal.

In 1915, Dr. Ponzio began studying X rays, which had been discovered only 20 years earlier. Of much shorter length than visible light rays, X rays were able to penetrate living tissue and enable scientists for the first time to see rather than merely estimate what goes on inside the human body. But like all great boons to medicine, they carried a sting in the tail. X rays not only penetrate flesh, they also burn and destroy it. Nor do they give warning. They are invisible, have no temperature, odor or "rhythm" to remind doctors who may be exposed to them overlong of their danger.

When Italy entered World War I against Germany and Austria, Ponzio joined the Alpini, Italy's crack mountain regiment, as a doctor and a radiologist. At the disastrous Battle of Caporetto his incredible ordeal began. Wounded soldiers arrived in cartloads at the field hospitals. Ponzio, rushing from one case to another, was one moment a doctor and the next a radiologist. Leaving the operating room, he hurried to the X-ray room. Since time was of the essence, he ignored the clumsy protective gloves lined with lead and exposed his bare hands carelessly to the deadly rays.

After a few months, the first bad blisters began to show. But by then he had other things on his mind. He had fallen in love with one of the wealthiest and most beautiful girls in Turin, Imelde Tregnaghi, educated in England, fluent in half a dozen languages. The handsome soldier and lovely socialite were married in 1917. It seemed a brilliant match for both.

BY THE END of the war, the condition of Ponzio's hands had deteriorated sufficiently for him to qualify for the medal which Italy awarded to mutilated soldiers. He wore the badge of the *mutilati* proudly in his buttonhole.

A civilian again, his researches continued. He pioneered in what he called the study of radiological "disymmetry," the change in the direction of the ray once it enters the human body, an action which he described as similar to the refraction of light when it enters water. What this meant, according to Ponzio, was that a foreign body detected by X rays in the human body is not actually where it appears to be in the X-ray photograph. Ponzio was one of the first to establish formulae for the exact location. He also broke new ground in the biological action of secondary radiation, and in the means of measuring ultraviolet radiation.

Everything he learned he told, in more than 250 books, articles and reports. Few men in his class of research have been so prolific in their teachings and writings.

New worlds of healing opened when he began to attempt the cure of cancer by radium. His reputation spread beyond the borders of Italy. Meanwhile, risks had to be faced—or ignored.

His associates protested against the recklessness with which he continued to expose himself to X rays, but he could not help himself. The leaden gloves and the various other protective devices hampered and infuriated him.

"It's all nonsense," he said. "It's a risk of the profession. Every radiologist suffers from burned hands in one degree or another."

This was true enough. But the radiologist knew, and so did his wife, that his enthusiasm had been carried perhaps beyond the point where cure remained possible.

In 1925, he underwent his first operation—for the amputation of part of a finger of the left hand.

"So—" he shrugged. "Four fingers are enough."

Before Ponzio a great future had opened. He was invited to lecture about cancer and radium in the United States and the Soviet Union. He had founded the Institute of Radiology in Turin. He became a co-founder of the Italian Society of Medical Radiology. The French gave him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

But the amputation of part of his

finger did not stop the rot. Year by year the ulcerations bit deeper and deeper.

"There can be only one end to this dangerous experimentation," a colleague warned him. "And you know what it is as clearly as I."

Ponzio replied, "One must balance what a certain span of life is worth with what one can accomplish in that span. I have no alternative."

He was under no illusions. If he stopped working, his life might be saved. He continued his researches, but he took up two curiously significant hobbies: astronomy and the study of the Far East. (Without setting foot in Asia he began to acquire one of the finest collections of Buddhas in Italy.) Friends found it oddly touching that the professor, as his sickness imposed on him more and more physical limitations, should turn his thoughts toward the stars and the land beyond his reach.

World War II burst on Italy just as the Institute of Radiology in Turin was about to start an ambitious project of expansion. In 1943, a high-explosive bomb, dropped by Allied Air Forces seeking the giant Fiat works, landed squarely on the Institute and reduced it to rubble. Ponzio wandered about the ruins disconsolately. "We must start again," he muttered. "We must start again." So preoccupied was he with the disaster that, returning home, he scarcely noticed that his apartment, too, had been bombed and reduced to a single habitable room.

At the end of the war, the hammer-and-sickle went up on all houses around the Institute, which was centered in the heart of "Red" Turin. But communism affected Ponzio as little as fascism had done. His hands hurt him constantly, but he hid his discomfort with humor. The shyness which he had shown with sick children now manifested itself at any time when his courage was praised.

In 1947, the fourth finger of his right hand was amputated; seven years later, three fingers of the left hand and half the right hand. Ponzio called the operation "my manicure." The following July came the most terrible operation of all: the amputation of the professor's left arm, shoulder and collarbone.

"The operations I have had did not harm me," he told his anxious pupils. "I have the comfort of having contributed with my work to the development of radiology. I am old and I am going to retire. You must continue . . ."

He had scarcely recovered from this operation when what remained of his right hand had to go, too. From that moment, Ponzio was dependent for everything on his wife and staff. In the past he had been a figure of professorial untidiness. Now that his wife dressed him he became immaculate. He arrived at the Institute every morning clean-shaven, his linen spotless, his tie never off-center or imperfectly knotted. His presence had become a living example of courage and dedication to other scientists, but their admiration only increased his shyness.

In September, 1955, the President of the Italian Republic, Giovanni Gronchi, awarded Ponzio the Gold

Medal for Civil Valor, Italy's highest honor, and one usually reserved for the dead. The medal was to be presented by the Mayor of Turin at a ceremony in the city's beautiful Palazzo Madama. Thousands of Turinese crowded the square for the occasion and the professor's car was blocked in the jam.

"Look at all those people," he said, interested. "Who are they waiting to see?"

"Why, Mario," Signora Ponzio cried in exasperation, "they've come to see *you!*"

In his younger days, Ponzio had been impatient of food and drink. Now he began to enjoy the role of host. Visiting scientists came to dine and scholars to argue. His home was open to both pupils and patients.

Once a peasant from Trieste knocked on the door and begged the professor to look at his daughter, who had cancer of the mouth. Ignoring his other guests, Ponzio took them both in, examined the girl and packed them off in his car to the Institute where treatment was begun which put the girl on the way to recovery.

In the winter of 1955, a partial paralysis of his remaining arm set in. Sleep became impossible. But worse than the pain was the sense of urgency which had kept him going for so many years. He was planning to open a new institute which had been granted the name Mario Ponzio Institute. There was so much to do, and clearly so little time to do it in.

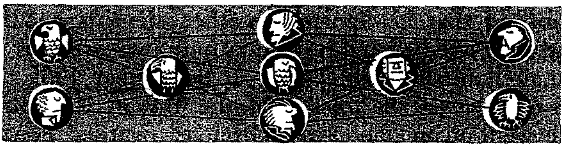
Ponzio flung himself into a killing schedule of work. He never missed a day at his laboratory and at home in the evenings he continued his researches, dictating notes and papers to his wife.

In February he traveled to Belgium to receive an honorary degree from the University of Louvain. In March he was in Paris to receive the Gold Medal of the Antoine Béclère Foundation. In April he participated in every meeting of the International Congress of Radiology in Geneva. In the first days of May he went to Rome as chairman of the Council of the Italian Society of Radiology.

All this activity had its inevitable result. The finest physicians in Turin were called and agreed that science had nothing more to give to the man who had given his life to science. Ponzio had been expecting this moment for a long time, and it came almost as a relief. "I have suffered too much," he said, admitting it for the first time.

At 6:15 on the evening of September 8, 1956, at the age of 71, the long ordeal of Mario Ponzio came to an end.

Let's Arrange It *(Solution to problem on page 89)*



“THAT’S MY HENRY...

I keep telling him,

If you want it fixed right
and fixed right away
look under plumbers in the
Yellow Pages!”

YELLOW PAGES

Our Farmlands Are Shrinking

by DONALD A. WILLIAMS
Administrator, U.S. Soil Conservation Service
as told to PETER FARB

Millions of acres are being buried under new houses, highways and factories. Warning of the perils to our food supply, an expert offers a practical solution

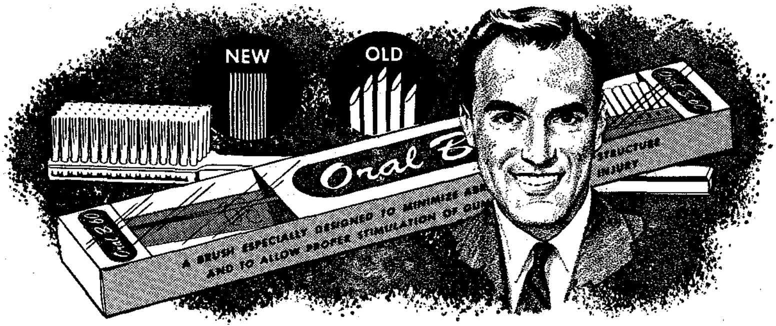
FIVE YEARS AGO, Old MacDonald had a farm in one of the rich, fertile valleys near San Francisco. On this farm, Old MacDonald grew alfalfa for his dairy cows which provided the city with fresh milk. His irrigated orchards and fields produced the finest fruits and vegetables in the county.

But on his rich acres there are now 750 ranch-style homes, a shopping center and gas station; and Old MacDonald has moved on to much less productive land. Yet the outrageous thing is that by careful planning, this housing development could just as well have been built on *barren acres* a mile away—and MacDonald could have continued to provide food for San Francisco's growing population.

Across the nation, the Old MacDonalds are being pushed off their farmlands by the reckless expansion of cities, towns and industrial communities. In most cases, this "urban sprawl" has shown a complete disregard whether it builds on infertile farmland or on that best able to efficiently produce foodstuffs year after year.

And, in spite of the present temporary surpluses in some crops, we shall in our lifetime need every one of these acres to feed an estimated 220,000,000 people by 1975. For every four people sitting down to a meal this year, there will probably be six in another 30 years. And as our population continues to skyrocket, we are faced with the fact that the land available to feed these extra mouths keeps dwindling.

In our time, we shall see the rising population and the dwindling amounts of farmland meet. From that date on, you and your children can no longer be assured of the


NEW
OLD
Oral B
Oral B
A BRUSH ESPECIALLY DESIGNED TO MINIMIZE AB
AND TO ALLOW PROPER STIMULATION OF GUM
STRUCTURE
INJURY

The high rate of tooth loss due to neglected gums sparked an idea which is revolutionizing toothbrush design.

Dramatic new development in toothbrushes pioneered by California dentist

Over 3,000 years ago, ancient people cleaned their teeth with small, pointed instruments of metal or wood.

By 1780, socially conscious Europeans were using bone-handled brushes fitted with stiff hog bristles. Brush design then remained very much the same, even when nylon bristles were introduced in 1938.

Shortly after World War II, a dentist* in San Jose, California, was concerned over a serious problem in dental care. Research indicated that gum troubles are the cause for over *One-Third*** of all teeth lost. Proper daily care of gums was being neglected simply because the stiff, pointed bristles of ordinary toothbrushes injured these sensitive tissues so easily.

To solve this problem, the dentist developed a completely new brush. The big difference was 2500 very slender nylon bristles with smooth tops—three times more than an ordinary brush. As a result, it could massage gum tissues safely and also clean teeth more effectively. Out of this double-protection feature came the trade name "Oral B"—or "mouth brush." Thus 1949 marked the most important change in toothbrush design for over 160 years.

Professional friends of the dentist were so enthusiastic about the new brush that he produced a small quantity for sale at popular prices. The news spread rapidly as more and more dentists recommended this gentle-action brush to their patients. Today the Oral B is available from coast to coast.

Ask your own dentist about the Oral B. Then try one yourself. It's so pleasantly different you'll never change.

**Name furnished on request.*

***The American Dental Association reported 37% of all teeth—53% after age 35.*

healthy, balanced diet to which we have become accustomed. When will this happen? The pessimistic crystal-gazers say in another ten years—the optimists claim not until the year 2000. But even the optimistic view is not pleasant to anticipate.

The United States is a big country, with nearly 2,000,000,000 acres of land. But only about a fifth of that is suited to cultivated agriculture, and already most of it has been pressed into use. True, some additional cropland could be created, but only by spending vast amounts of money (sometimes $5,000 an acre) on irrigation and flood control projects. We had better protect our prime farmlands, care for them, be niggardly in their use—because there are no more.

Exactly how fast are they disappearing? About a year ago, the Soil Conservation Service completed a state-by-state survey to find out. We were amazed—and concerned—at what the figures showed.

Last year, for instance, nearly 1,250,000 acres of our very best farmlands were buried under the steel and concrete of housing developments, factories, highways, shopping centers, and went into other non-agricultural uses. Since the beginning of World War II alone, we have lost a twentieth of our present croplands (that's equivalent to wiping off the map nearly 250,000 of our most productive farms and ranches).

Our survey showed that all over the U.S. the fertile land is going fast. Ohio, Indiana, Georgia, Florida and Texas, for instance, have *each* lost about 1,000,000 acres in the last 15 years. Connecticut has lost 33 per cent of its original resource of cultivatable land, and if the present pace should continue, ten years from now there may not be a farm with good cultivatable acres left in the state. In all, about ten per cent of our nation's original endowment of choice land has become urbanized.

But won't new scientific advances in farming take care of the problem? Or how about irrigation—can't that do the job?

Science really has its work cut out for it to feed the additional population in 1975—without even trying to make up for the additional 27,000,000 acres of prime farmland which we estimate will be taken away from food production in the next 19 years. A recent U.S. Department of Agriculture study anticipates the need for a 40 per cent increase in food production by 1975.

YET in the past 35 years, scientific advances in new machinery, fertilizers, hybrids and improved farming techniques have been able to increase the yield per acre by only 36 per cent. And although intensive research is being carried on by the Department of Agriculture and the states, it is possible that we are approaching the point where scientific advances in upping production will be less sensational than in the past.

Won't completely new methods of providing food—such as "farming the sea"—be developed to greatly increase our foodstuffs? Possibly, but no technical breakthrough is yet on the horizon that

This is her Story . . .

Tin Soat Chu

. . . just as she told it: "I was sold as a servant, very cheaply because I was blind. In the darkness I tried hard to earn my rice for the man who bought me but he was cruel with me. I could not see to avoid his hand raised to strike me. Sometimes he beat me until I fainted and then kicked me. I lived in pain and fear. I wished I were dead. But now I am here in this school. I can never remember before being glad I am alive."

The story of Tin Soat, now 13, is no more pitiful than hundreds of blind, abused, "cheap" child servants, not yet rescued by CCF orphanage workers in Formosa, Viet-Nam, Korea and other countries. To be a little, bought and paid for servant or a homeless child with one's rags and hunger is cruel enough. But to be blind, too, surely calls for a tear of pity and someone's coin as well.

CCF assists over 18,000 children around the world. Not all of them are blind or crippled, but many of them were unwanted, abused and shoved around—the discarded chips of humanity, condemned to sorrow and pain. The world passed them by "on the other side" until America came to their aid through CCF. Any gift will help such children or they can be "adopted" and placed in one of 213 CCF Homes. The cost in all countries listed below is the same—ten dollars a month. The name, address, story and picture will be sent and correspondence with the child is invited.

The countries are: *Austria, Belgium, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States, Western Germany, or wherever the greatest need.*

Incorporated in 1938, CCF is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.

For information write:
Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
RICHMOND 4, VIRGINIA

I wish to "adopt" a boy................
.....................girl for one year in
....
(Name Country)
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year.........
first month........... Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.
I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving $...........................

.......Please send me further information.

NAME.................................

ADDRESS..............................

CITY......................ZONE.......

STATE................................

Gifts of any amount are welcome. Gifts are deductible from income tax.

will give us steaks from sawdust and vitamins from seaweed.

And the oceans may not turn out to be the vast food reservoirs some imaginative people thought they would be. For example, scientists are now learning that it takes over 1,000,000 cubic inches of sea water to produce just one cubic inch of algae.

As for reclamation by irrigation—the Federal Government has developed 73 large reclamation projects in the past 50 years, yet they supply water to less than 7,000,000 acres. And some of this older irrigated land in the West is now deteriorating to the point where the soil will no longer absorb the water that is being brought to it at great cost.

As for the future, the Bureau of Reclamation itself states that there are only a maximum of 17,000,000 more acres which could be irrigated. A stepped-up irrigation program might be a part of the solution, but a very small one.

I am not an alarmist, but unless we start to meet this problem right now, here is what the picture could be in future years. You would have to forget about a balanced meat diet, since livestock take up too much grazing land. Because we would have fewer grasslands, proven as the best absorbers of rainfall, the ravages of floods would increase across the country.

Food prices would be higher, with less of our income left over to buy manufactured products. But that would not matter, since industry would be producing fewer nonessentials anyway; that is because labor would be working on the farms to squeeze every available bit of food from the land.

But I do not believe that the American people will ever let all this happen. *Because the plain fact is that there is a solution to our problem of disappearing farmlands—one that can be achieved by city people and farm people working together sensibly.*

Let's get to the root of the problem. Why are the farmers selling out to urban developments? It is *not* because they are out to make a fast dollar from real-estate speculators.

Here is what happened to—call him Edward Lyons—who ran a modern, efficient, highly-productive farm that supplied fresh food to Syracuse, New York. The community in which he farmed was strictly agricultural—until a housing development went up adjoining his acres.

Suddenly his taxes jumped from $375 a year to $1,500 to help pay for enlarging the school and hospital, adding to the police and fire departments. Then he was hit with a $5,000 assessment for a sewage system for the new residents. The next year Edward Lyons was assessed again—this time $2,500 for a new high school. The additional taxes were the difference between profit and loss in Lyons' farming operation—so he sold out to another real-estate developer.

He got over $1,000 an acre, but after he paid his taxes on the profit, bought a new farm, set up an irrigation system and built ponds, he had scarcely anything left in the bank. More important, the new

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Does Both — Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

***Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.**

ADVERTISEMENT

farm he moved to was on much poorer land. His production decreased and his costs began skyrocketing, costs which will eventually show up on your grocery bill.

This need not have been. Rural zoning could have directed the housing developments toward the lands of low fertility, thus preserving the best soils for farming. In that way, an expanding section of New York State could have preserved its agriculture—and at the same time kept the open spaces that are the dream of many urban planners.

Thirty-eight states have already passed laws authorizing local rural governments to adopt zoning restrictions. In California's Santa Clara County, for example, something had to be done; about 40 per cent of the best land is now covered with homes and industries, and 4,000 new residents are arriving every month. So the county set aside over 26 square miles of its most fertile farmlands to be used exclusively for growing crops. In these "greenbelts," all other uses of the land are prohibited.

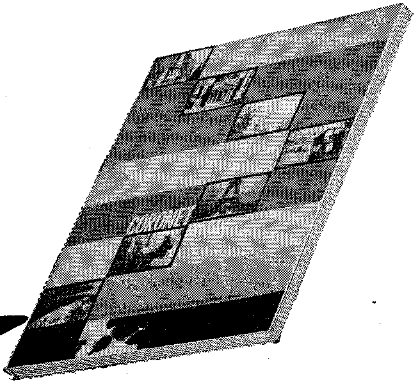
The preservation of our choice farmlands is something that can best be done locally, by the communities and the states. However, the Soil Conservation Service can offer some assistance. For years we have been mapping the nation's soils according to their best capabilities; this soil survey is a dependable guide for communities that want to preserve their productive acres. We can make available facts on the land in every part of the country, and we have detailed information on much of it.

There is no doubt in my mind that if rural zoning ordinances were passed—ordinances which would guarantee the farmer that he could continue his operation without being urbanized out of existence—then our food production in the next decades could be sustained and increased tremendously, merely by use of modern conservation farming practices.

Then the farmers would be willing to invest their own dollars in terraces, contour-plowing, new machinery, flood-prevention structures, fertilizer—all of which have been proven to up production greatly. But we can hardly expect them to invest money in improving their land unless local communities assure them that they will still be farming in ten years, in 50 years.

If we all recognize that fertile farmland is a precious commodity that can never be replaced, I have no doubts that our farmers can meet the food needs for the future. Intelligent planning in your community will allow agriculture, industry and homes to live side by side without undue hardship for anyone and for the ultimate, necessary good of the whole country.

THE PHOTO FAN section of Coronet Family Shopper offers photograph enthusiasts convenient—and prompt—service by mail. Order your prints, enlargements, and photographic equipment through Coronet Family Shopper.



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This beautiful new 104-page catalog, containing descriptions of more than 700 16mm sound motion pictures, is available *free of charge* to your school, church, club, or association. Carefully divided into major sections and subdivisions, it provides ready reference to films in special subjects and study areas.

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☐ Please send me your new 1957-58 catalog of CORONET films, with complete information about how I may buy or rent these films.

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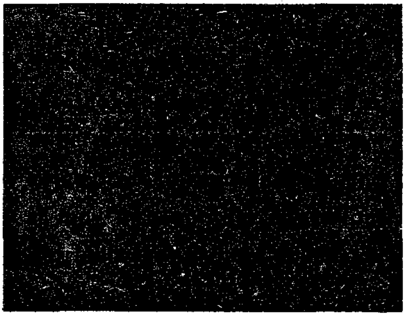
Liver for Life



by MADELYN CARLISLE

Everyone knows that meat is a marvelous food, a nutritional must. Yet today millions are missing a super-meat that is almost incredibly nourishing. Vitamin A, Vitamin B1, Vitamin B2, Vitamin B12, Vitamin C, niacin, phosphorus, iron, copper and proteins—it's packed with all of them; two, three, even a dozen times more than the quantity found in foods noted for these very qualities.

Add to that the fact that recent startling discoveries indicate that this meat may contain a mysterious body-protecting power, and you can understand why leading nutritionists hail it as a vital part of any family diet.

Furthermore, by a happy coincidence this fabulous food is one of the lowest priced of all meats, costing as little as one-third as much as other cuts, and, in terms of nutritional value per dollar, as little as one-sixth.

The meat is liver—not the more expensive calves' liver but plain beef, pork or lamb liver, all equally nutritious.

Liver's medical history began about 25 years ago when two Boston physicians, Dr. George Minot and Dr. William Murphy, not too hopefully prescribed quantities of liver as a possible means of combating pernicious anemia—and some hidden magic therein saved the lives of thousands whose death warrants had already been signed.

With Vitamin B12, the anti-pernicious anemia factor in liver, available today in synthetic form, many feel the need for eating liver has disappeared. This is a costly misconception, for the fact is that liver—served at least once a week—can play a key role in the kind of family eating described by nutritionists as meaning the difference between "passable health and buoyant health."

Call the roll on liver's marvelous properties. Start with Vitamin A. Numerous surveys reveal that one of the most common vitamin deficiencies is in Vitamin A. This basic vitamin helps give the body strength to resist certain infections. In Columbia University experiments with animals, Vitamin A in adequate amounts has been found to add ten per cent to life spans and even more to the period of youthful vigor.

Ordinary meat has little or no Vitamin A, yet liver has 10,000 to 40,000 International units per 100 grams, while carrots, a top Vitamin A food, have only 4,000 to 12,000.

Look at Vitamin B1, or thiamine, one of the vitamins considered essential to growth. It plays a vital part in maintaining your appetite and triggers reactions in metabolism that enable your body to make full use of carbohydrates.

Many assume that enriched bread to which thiamine has been restored, to overcome effects of its having been removed in the milling process, now provides enough of this vitamin. However, the late Dr. Henry C. Sherman, the eminent nutritionist, stated, "Eating enriched bread does not in itself solve the thiamine problem." While liver will not be eaten frequently enough by most people to make up a lack of thiamine, it can be helpful because it contains so much of this substance—actually twice as much as enriched bread, two to five times as much as fresh eggs.

Look now at Vitamin C, which seems more and more important to nutritionists as they keep finding additional benefits to be derived from extra large amounts of it. Citrus fruits are usually thought of as the major source of Vitamin C. Yet liver has three-fifths as much as oranges—all other meat has none.

Or consider the vital Vitamin B2, known as riboflavin, which is needed to keep up the defensive strength of your body. In the nutrition laboratory at Yale, dogs deprived of it collapsed and went into a rapid decline, reviving when they again received adequate amounts. In human beings, too little of it leads to a deficiency disease. Other cuts of meat contain valuable amounts of riboflavin, but liver has ten to 15 times as much.

Or look at niacin, the pellagra-preventing vitamin of the B complex. Here again liver shines, with a higher niacin content than any other standard foods except peanut butter.

Phosphorus, an essential part of every tissue and cell of the body, is so important that nutritionists say it must be ranked right along with proteins in the body's metabolism. It, too, turns up among liver's virtues. Liver has twice as much phosphorus as beef, more than three and a half times as much as enriched bread.

New scientific discoveries are constantly building up medicine's belief in the importance of minerals, some of which our bodies possess in almost infinitesimal quantities.

The need for iron is well known, but few realize that the minute trace of copper in the body plays an important part in the formation of hemoglobin in the blood. Even lesser-known minerals, like manganese, cobalt and zinc, are recognized as nutritionally essential elements.

In every one of these, liver is remarkably rich. It has three times as much iron as eggs, double the amount in raisins. It has 20 times as much copper as some other meats, eight times more zinc and markedly larger amounts of manganese.

Fortunately for the family budget, careful scientific studies have proved that the various kinds of liver are about equal in food value. Happily, too, liver loses almost none of its essential values in cooking.

An astonishing recent discovery about this wonder food indicates that every time you eat it you are getting a further nutritional bonus.

"It appears," announces Dr. Benjamin H. Ershoff, University of Southern California biochemist, "that factors exist (presumably distinct from any known nutrients) which are required in increased amounts during conditions of stress. Whole liver is a potent source of such unknown nutrients."

Whatever they are, their effects are astonishing. Rats given massive doses of strychnine, atabrine, promin and other drugs were fed liver—and showed a remarkable recovery from their effects.

In Dr. Ershoff's laboratories, rats that were fed whole liver and then subjected to repeated X-ray bombardments remained alive long after the death of other bombarded rats which had been fed on vitamins in synthetic form. Dr. Ershoff suggested that in some way the liver was helping the body to overcome the effects of poisons built up by the X-ray exposure.

In experiments with human beings, conducted by Dr. M. S. Biskind at Beth Israel Hospital in New York, nutritional deficiency victims were treated for sore tongues related to their ailment. Strangely enough, vitamins extracted from liver had little or no effect. Whole liver, however, produced dramatically superior results. Dr. Biskind reported that "the ingestion of whole cooked liver, in an amount much less than that from which the non-effect extracts were derived, caused a rapid and complete healing of the tongue."

Whatever medicine may eventually discover about the mysterious nutrients in liver that help protect your body, one thing is already certain: you'll be doing your family a favor by frequently serving this wonder meat so richly endowed with food values from Vitamin A to zinc.

◆

AN ANTIQUE SHOP in Minneapolis has this sign in the window: "You think it's junk? Come in and price it."
—*Watertown Daily Times*

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A Spot of England in Oklahoma

by Ken Miller

British union jacks wave over a tiny bit of England in Oklahoma. They mark 15 small mounds of earth covered with flowers and meticulously trimmed grass. They are the graves of British aviation students, killed in training accidents during World War II.

Mrs. Claude A. Hill, frail, white-haired wife of a Miami, Oklahoma, carpenter, cares for each grave, as tenderly as if it were one of her own who lay beneath. Twice a year this 64-year-old woman, who had no sons to serve her own country, replaces the weather-faded flags with new ones.

Sixteen years ago, when the first young Britishers arrived in Miami for flight training, Mrs. Hill opened her home to these young airmen—most of them still in their teens—who were training to defend their country so far away from home. It wasn't long after the program began that the first trainer crashed. Two days later, the blue-clad body of Fred Tufft was buried in a remote section of Miami's GAR cemetery. By war's end there were 15 white wooden crosses.

From her home, a mile away, Mrs. Hill would frequently walk past the cemetery. She watched the grass and weeds growing higher and higher, until the crosses were almost obscured. Finally she took over her gardening tools and began clearing away the weeds, sowing grass, planting flowers. And on each grave she placed a small British flag.

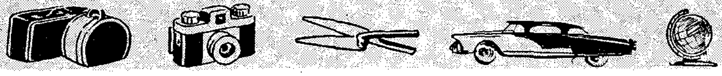
One Memorial Day, an AFC wing commander visited Miami and saw the carefully kept graves. Several months later, Mrs. Hill received a small package from the British Ambassador in Washington. Enclosed was the King's Medal of Service, In the Cause of Freedom. On the back was Mrs. Hill's name and the words: "Approved by His Majesty in recognition of the valuable service rendered by you to the Allied cause."

After awhile, Mrs. Hill began to receive letters from families of the dead airmen, expressing appreciation for her diligent care of their son's grave.

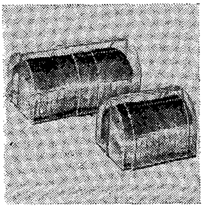
Mrs. Hill continues two or three times each year to groom the plots and place cut flowers on the graves. She has put a single evergreen at the head of each. The markers are growing dim, but still the stirring words, like these on Fred Tufft's grave, are legible: "He nobly gave his life in all its fullness, England, us to save."

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



TELESCOPIC BREAD BOX

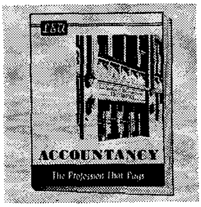


Keep bread baker-fresh in air tight container. Adjusts down to 6″, fitting loaf as you use it. No more waste, dried crusts. Even cookies, cakes stay oven-fresh. Perfect for picnic use. Of crystal clear, shatter proof styrene. 11½″ x 5⅛″ x 5″. $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-A Damar Building, Elizabeth, N. J.

REMODEL YOUR OLD FUR COAT

. . . into glamorous new style Cape or Stole. Direct by mail. Save 50% at our special price of $22.95 complete. We Clean, Glaze, Repair fur, Lusterize, Remodel completely with New Lining, Interlining, Your Monogram. Send for Free Style Book today. Many different styles available to choose from. I. R. Fox, 146 West 29th Street, Dept. K-14, New York 1, N. Y.

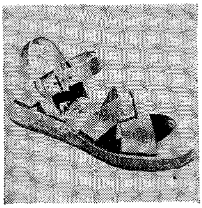
BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT



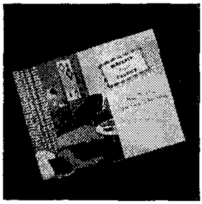
Acute shortage of trained men and women accountants makes real opportunity. We prepare you quickly at home in spare time at low cost. Previous experience unnecessary. Free book "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays" describes opportunities. Write today. No obligation. La Salle Extension University, Dept. H-743, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Illinois.

MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND

Men and women, for that casual feeling, you'll like the easy, airy comfort of these cork platform sandals, handmade of leather imported from India. The natural color, long-wearing Water Buffalo leather is perfect for year-round wear. Brochure available. Sizes 3-13. $7.65 ppd. Bloom's, Dept. CO-57, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, New York.



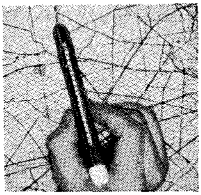
1,001 HOME DECORATING IDEAS: 10¢



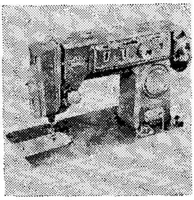
Illustrated 16 page booklet by Waverly Fabrics. Ideas on slipcovers, draperies, upholstery, furniture and curtains! Written by leading interior decorator. Shows how to plan decor; includes color-guide, easy instructions for making curtains and draperies. Send name, address, 10¢ to: Waverly Bonded Fabrics, Dept. C-5, 60 West 40th St., N.Y. 18.

MEASURES MILES — NO FIGURING!

Precision patented Mile-O-Graph finds shortest route on any scaled map. Easy as 1-2-3. 1. Turn knob to set scale. 2. Run wheel along map route. 3. Read mileage thru magnified window. Adjusts to any scale. Adaptable for air & sea charts, blueprints. $2 each, 3 for $5. Prepaid orders postpaid. Mile-O-Graph Inc., Dept. CO-5, 117 Liberty St., New York 6, N. Y.



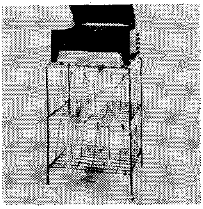
FREE MORSE SEWING MACHINES



Win one of ten fabulous Morse Push Button Automatic Zig-Zag Sewing Machines given away free each month in the great Morse Contest! Simply write on a postcard: "I'd love to own a Morse Sewing Machine because . . ." and complete the sentence in a few words. Mail to Dept. "C", Morse Sewing Machine & Supply Corp., 122 West 26th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

IF YOU OWN OVER 25 RECORD ALBUMS

Surely you will want a table-size Wrought Iron Cabinet that makes record storage so pleasant & convenient. Top holds largest player made! 12 sections, enables filing 250 albums into every musical category. Sturdy 30″H x 22″W x 17″D. Remit $14.95; shipped assembled, exp. chgs. collect. Money-Back Guarantee! ©Leslie Creations, Dept. 100-A, Lafayette Hill, Pa.



To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 166

small talk

LAST SUMMER I had a letter from my 13-year-old daughter, at camp, containing this noteworthy paragraph:

"The first day I didn't have hardly any friends. The second day I had a few friends. The third day I had friends and enemies."

—JANET L. RICHARDSON

MOST PEOPLE AGREE that children's vocabularies today have been greatly influenced by TV's cowboy and Indian sagas of the Old West. My own four-year-old, for instance, refuses to answer unless he's addressed as Wyatt, Hopalong, or Brave Eagle.

One day he came in from playing and asked for a cookie.

"There aren't any more, dear," I told him.

"What, mama?"

Then I remembered this was Tumbleweed Shorty's week.

"All the vittles been et," I said.

"Okay, pardner," he said and with a wild whoop galloped out of the kitchen.

—DOROTHY MAUDER

AFTER an unsuccessful lesson in the intricacies of tying one's shoelaces, my five-year-old daughter turned to her father and apologetically remarked, "Daddy, I'm really a big girl now, but I guess my fingers are still pretty young."

—ANNABELLE WEISS

2-WAY AIR CONDITIONER $1

Beat summer heat, enjoy cool breezes without cost. Simply attach to any fan, fill water tank, and turn on. Evaporation chills and conditions air. Also perfect for humidifying dry indoor air. Fits any fan or grilled air duct. Only $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-A Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

WANTED: MORE WRITERS

Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week at home learning to make money writing stories, articles? Adam Aretz sold two stories for $255 before completing course. Learn how you, too, may succeed. Send for Free lesson and 40-page book. No obligation. Write Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CFS-57, 1080 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, Calif.

WIDE WIDTH SHOES FOR WOMEN

New for warm weather comfort is Syd Kushner's "Mona" customized shoe. Choose from black patent; navy suede; beige calf; or red suede with black patent trim. 2¼" heel, all sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Only $9.95 ppd. Money-back guar. Write for Free Cat. showing other styles from $4.95. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

SAFE, SURE INSECT KILLER

In 2 hours your home is completely rid of pests. Light Incense Cone, place in ashtray. Airborne chemical penetrates every corner, kills flies, ants, moths, gnats, roaches, spiders, bed bugs etc. Harmless to humans, pets, plants. No after odor. 17 cones $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-A Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L525M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

(Continued on next page)

GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't, newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Radak Pub., Dept. C-5, 505 5th Ave., NY 17.

PROTECT BLANKETS FROM MOTHS

Keep moths, dust, moisture out! Zippered heavy gauge, transparent vinyl bag holds up to 3 bulky woolen blankets in complete safety all summer long. Also stores clothes, drapes. Keep in basement, closet, shelf. Extra large 27"x22"x9", $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-A Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75c per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50c. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-PL, Lynn, Massachusetts.

1/4 ACRE IN FLORIDA: $495

Orange Blossom Estates (near Sebring, Southern Fla.) offers choice property for only $25 down—includes rights to private lake, clubhouse on property. Save on clothing, fuel bills; no tax on homes under $5,000 evaluation. Free colorful, illus. brochure. Orange Blossom Estates, Sebring, Fla. (Members, Sebring & Fla. State Chambers of Commerce.)

Silver

A CAMERA left by my late husband and appraised at $25.00 was subsequently sold to a rather shy little elderly gentleman at that price. A short time later he was back at my door, camera in hand. Expecting a complaint, I was amazed when he said in a very firm voice: "This camera you sold me is equipped with a very fine German lens. It is worth twice what you asked for it. I cannot keep it unless you take this additional $25."

Confronted with the choice of refunding the money and taking the camera back, or accepting the $25 offered, I chose the latter.

"Thank you very much," I said, "I'm glad you're satisfied."

My inward amusement at his determined honesty was brought very close to the surface with his parting remark.

"Thank *you* very much. I have never taken advantage of a lady, and I'm too old to start now."

—MRS. BYRON QUAYLE

A FRIEND OF OURS at Smithville, Texas, often told us of the perpetual happiness of the aged Negro preacher whom she occasionally hired for odd jobs. Through sorrow, poverty and ill health, old Brother

Linings

Zeb continued to meet each day with a smile, and he never failed to sing contentedly as he went about his tasks.

One day, shortly after his companion of many years had died, our friend heard Brother Zeb singing a spiritual as he worked in the flower garden. When she asked how he could be so happy when there was so much sorrow and heartache in the world the old man's face lit up with a smile.

"Well, ma'am, it's like this. When I get all loaded down with the tribulations of this troubled world I remember that in the Good Book the Lord says over and over again that, 'It shall come to Pass,' and there ain't no place in the Book where it says, 'It shall come to stay.' "

—H. BRADFORD RAMSEY

MISS LITTEN, my second-grade teacher, was the most beautiful person I have ever known, with her golden hair, deep blue eyes and lovely smile.

Nothing connected with her students was too small to be of interest to her. Our small triumphs were brought for her to share—a pretty stone, a fallen leaf, or maybe

RODAFLEX TWIN LENS CAMERA $39.95

With matched 3.5 Rodar Lenses, shutter speeds 1 sec. to 1/300th, MX-Flash Synchronization, Bayonet filter mounts, semi-automatic wind, self-timer, with features found on cameras selling for over $100. Our price only $39.95 plus $9.95 for leather case, total $49.90—Flash Gun $6.95 Extra. Close Up lenses $6.95 per set. Myers, 317 W. Church St., Knoxville, Tenn.

REDUCE UNWANTED BULGES

Electric figure glorifier vibrates away flabby tissues with tested two-way action in privacy of home. Four-Roller Masseurs give you a firmer, more youthful, graceful figure. Marvelous stimulant for poor circulation, soothing relief for tired aching muscles. V.L. approved, AC only. $9.98 Ppd. Money Back Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-A Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH!

Charles Falkner's improved complete natural vitamin & mineral supplement for adults & children. Made from 100% natural vitalized foods. Contains 30 vitamins & minerals including trace minerals of Lecithin, Alfalfa, Parsley. 50 Capsules $4.50 ppd. 100 Capsules $7.50. Healthful Living Magazine with each order. C. Falkner, Inc., 1445C First Ave., New York 21.

RETRACTABLE PENS 5 for $1

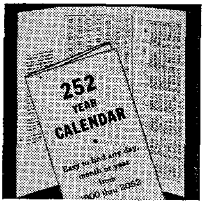
($1.79 value ea.). Red, Blue, Black or Green ink. Will not leak, smear or transfer. 5 pens $1. Quantity & imprint prices on request. Refills (49¢ value ea.) to fit All retractable pens (except Parker Jotter) 10 for $1 in Red, Blue, Black, Green or Brown ink. Add 10¢ shipping. Money back guar. Barclay, Dept. 668, 86-24 Parsons Blvd., Jamaica, N. Y.

HOW TO OVERCOME COLITIS

Suffering from Stomach Troubles (colon irritation)? Dr. Joseph Montague's easy-to-follow book, How To Overcome Colitis, tells what you can do for full recovery from this tormenting ailment. "...A must for patients suffering with Colitis"—M. V. Medical Journal. $4 ppd. COD's accepted. 10-day guar. Citadel, Dept. CG, 222 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3.

252 YEAR CALENDAR (1800-2052)

Now you can find any day, month or year, quickly and easily. And as a Free Bonus, you will receive with each order — full details on "How To Have A Perfect Memory." Only 25¢. Send your quarter to: Commercial Press, Department C-1B, 3521 Butler Street, Pittsburgh 1, Pennsylvania.

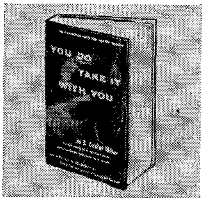


HIGH FLYING CLOTH SPACE-KITE

Exciting fun for all. This all weather 3 dimensional aeronautical kite won 1st prize many contests. Zooms, Glides, Climbs. Made of tear-proof acetate cloth in 3 brilliant colors. Sent pp. or COD with free storage case. 28" high, $1.98. 35" high, with 250 ft. kite cord, $2.95. Extra kite cord, 50c. Halco Co., Dept. E-3, 165 Dwight St., New Haven 2, Conn.

"THERE ARE NO DEAD"

—reports R. DeWitt Miller, famous investigator of "the unknown." And he presents impressive modern-day evidence from the challenging world of psychic phenomena to prove it. You Do Take It With You, tells you what to expect in the after-life down to everyday details. $3.50 ppd. COD's accepted. 10-day guar. Citadel, Dept. CT, 222 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3.



WHY OVER-PAY ON VITAMINS?

You now can obtain highest quality and save 40-50% or more. By buying direct you benefit. As example, a Food Supplement is widely sold for $19.50. Nutri-Plus, our comparable product — your price, $5.75. Other vitamins available at similar savings. Free catalog lists brands, formulas & price. Mention product you now use. Vitamin Specialists, Phila. 40, Pa.

NEW ARMSTRONG KNEE REST

Makes gardening a joy. Takes away all discomfort. Chrome arms make it easy to get down and up. No more hurt knees; pad is thick foam rubber. Trough holds tools, seeds, etc. Has indoor uses too. Strong enough to hold any weight person. $6.95 postpaid. $7.95 in west. Write for Circular. Armstrong Products Corp., Dept. C, Huntington 12, W. Va.

Silver Linings continued

even a tooth we'd lost. She never laughed at us. She realized that for us these things were important, and so they were to her.

I lost contact with Miss Litten when she left school and moved to another town. But one day several years later I learned she was back. I phoned her and was pleased to hear her friendly voice.

"I'd be delighted to see you," she said. "Please come and bring your mother, too."

I wondered how she would look now. She had been so very beautiful. I knew she would have aged. However, I was entirely unprepared for the shock I received when I saw her. Great scars covered her face. Apparently she had had an accident. Only her merry eyes reminded me of the beautiful woman I had known.

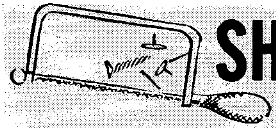
We had a wonderful visit, though, and I was glad to see her spirits were as high as ever.

After we left I turned to Mother. "Isn't it a shame Miss Litten has to be so scarred when she used to be such a beautiful woman?"

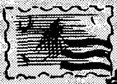
Mother looked at me with surprise and then answered softly, "My dear, her face always *was* that way."

—MRS. DOROTHY CAREY

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE



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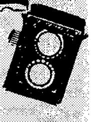


The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR GARDEN FANS

SWEET tangy onions—grow them yourself—500 sweet onion plant assortment $2.00 prepaid—growing instructions included—shipped fresh from Texas Plant Company, Box CC, Farmersville, Texas—"Home of the Sweet Onion."

LAWN-TABLE, made of durable Swedish red granite, size 60″ x 36″ will last outdoors indefinitely—100 year written guarantee. Send for free folder and price. D. DeNigris Inc., 2270 Bruckner Blvd., Bronx, N.Y.C.

REDWOOD seedlings (Sequoia Sempervirens). California's famous giant redwoods grow easily, anywhere. Thousands shipped since 1934. 8″ to 10″ trees. 3 for $1.00 postpaid. The Jolly Five, Box 708, Los Altos, California.

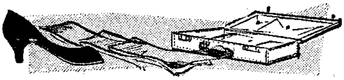
FOODS AND DELICACIES

IMPRESS Your Friends and Family. New! Delicious! Easy to Make! Barbecue Sauce Recipe for beef, pork, chicken and fish. Send 25c in coin with self-stamped and addressed envelope to: 2230-44 Park Ave., Detroit 1, Michigan.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. Our 5th Ave. shoes as low as $9.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.



MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No Selling. Free details: Jud-San, 518 E. 105th, Dept. E-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

HAIR gone forever! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Absolute money-back guarantee. Send 5¢ for informative booklet "New Radiant Beauty" to Mahler's Inc., Dept. 327-F, Providence 15, R. I.

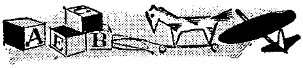
EARN money at home with your Typewriter or Sewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! Location doesn't matter. No special education needed! Write today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912-C, 12th St., Des Moines 13, Iowa.

FREE Style Booklet For Narrow Feet, new Spring-Summer shoes, widths from AAAAAA (6A's—count 'em), sizes to 12. Order by mail—perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Write today: Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57 St., New York, N. Y.

NYLONS costly? New duPont discovery reduces snags in your hosiery up to 90%. Imparts a fine body and restores that new look. It's "Snag Resist." Two unbreakable bottles (enough for 100 pairs) only $1.00 ppd. Jewel Chemical Corp., Brooklyn 8, N. Y.

FOR THE CHILDREN

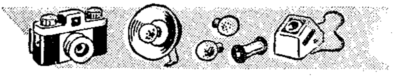
IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price, Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. J-16, Wilmette, Illinois.



EXERCISE Toy: consists of sturdy Iron Hoop with Wood Pusher-guide Stick. Tops for exercise for Boy, 6 to 12. Money back guarantee. Send $2.98 to Patterson's, Box 1054, North Highlands, California.

FOR PHOTO FANS

COLOR-PROCESSING—High Quality—Fast Service and Low Prices. Kodacolor developing 85c; prints 27c. Kodachrome: 35mm processing, 20 exposures—$1.45; 36 exposures—$2.25. 8mm movie rolls $1.25; 8mm magazines—85c. Send for complete price list and free mailers. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.



SAVE Film $$$! Fresh 8mm, 16mm color or B&W film. Write for Free Catalog. Color Film Bargains: 8/8 mm-25′ Spool—$2.79; 16mm-50′ Spool—$7.99; 16mm-50′ Magazine—$4.69. Free Processing Incl. Superior Bulk Film Co., 440-442 N. Wells, Chicago 10.

FROM Old Kentucky—Beautiful, Sparkling Jumbo Prints—B&W—8 Exposure Roll—40c, 12 Exposure Roll—60¢, 35 mm. 20 Exposure—$1.00. Color Processed at Popular Prices. Write for Mailers. Webb's Studio, Madisonville, Ky.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 166

COLOR SLIDES

150,000 SLIDES in color in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9c for 72-page Catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret. Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

FAMOUS Wolfe Worldwide Hi-Fi Color Slides on Approval. Everything from Paris night life to the Kremlin. Send 25c (deductible from first order) for 4-color catalog listing thousands of 35 mm slides. E. E. Wolfe, 1315 Westwood Blvd., L. A. 24, Calif.

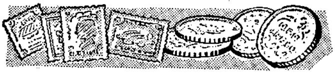
FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

ONLY 10¢ brings you 115 unusual stamps from all 5 continents incl. Airmails, Dead Countries, Old Classics, Pictorials, etc. Value over $2.00, to introduce our superb Approvals of all U. S. and Foreign stamps. Globus, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 04.

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3¢ postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

GIGANTIC Collection Free—Includes Triangles —Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives —British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5c for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada.

SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different $5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others; Hi-Values, Air-Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10¢ for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.



65 PICTORIALS, beautiful worldwide quality selection, only 10¢ to adults requesting my economy approvals consisting of complete sets or ½¢-to-3¢ singles in books of 1,000. State preference. A. Farmer, 6919 Camrose Dr., Los Angeles 28, Calif.

FOR COIN COLLECTORS

FASCINATING foreign coins from Formosa (Free China) and Vatican City, etc., plus unusual foreign paper money (banknote) only 10¢ with coin approvals. Littleton Coin Co., Littleton S36, New Hampshire.

WE offer Scarce Lincoln Cents 1909vdb, 13d, 15d, 16d, 16s, 17d, 17s, 18d, 18s, 19d, 19s, 20d, 20s, 25d, 25s, 26d, 27d, 27s, 28d, 28s, 29s, 30s, 32d—10¢ each. Special 12 diff. Indian Head Cents $1.00. Reynolds Coin Shop, 209 E. Kearsley St., Flint 2, Mich.

FOR HOMESITE BUYERS

TEXAS Resort-Site, at Falcon Lake, adjoining city. Excellent fishing! Full price, $149.50. Payments $7.50 per month. Utilities, including City Water. Ideal vacation or retirement. Write for Free Photos. John Matlock, Box 7487, Fort Worth, Texas.

FOR SPORTS & OUTDOOR FANS

CRAPPIE—want 'em? The Mini-Ghost will get 'em! Positively guar. to catch Crappie or money refunded. It will produce when live bait won't! Order Mini-Ghost flyrod lure from Flycasters Guild, Box 1384-N, Springfield, Ill. 2 for $1. Dealers Inquire $4—Doz.

FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

MANUSCRIPTS Invited for books. We have made and published books on the co-operative plan for more than 30 years; circular free. A world-wide publishing service is offered. Meador Publishing Co., 324 Newbury St., Boston, Massachusetts.

WRITERS! Become published authors. Free illustrated brochure reveals publishing, publicity, sales data for authors of fiction, non-fiction, poetry mss. Write to Dept. Z, Exposition Press, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

ALL the world loves an author! You too can win friends and royalty checks! If you write, we appraise/sell. Write/phone Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419-C Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. ORegon 9-1150.

BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

LOOKING for a Book Publisher? America's largest co-operative firm offers a tested plan for getting your work published, promoted, distributed. Many successes, one a best seller. Write for booklet 52 —it's free. Vantage Press, 120 West 31st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

FOR HEALTH & HYGIENE

REWARD!—If you now use vitamins, you will be rewarded with 50% savings by writing for our free 48 page catalog. Lists all brands, formulas and prices. For example, Food Supplements selling for $19.50—our price—$5.75. Mention vitamins now using for free samples. Box 4435, Phila. 40, Pa.

UNHAPPY because of pimples, oily skin, blackheads? Improve the appearance of your skin by simple home treatment with Sixteen Lotion. Quick and effective—money back guarantee. Send $1.25 for your bottle. Postpaid. Sixteen Laboratories, Darling 5, Pa.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P.O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information on insertions in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section, (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested, to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: May 20 for August issue; June 20 for September issue.)

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

FREE Florida Keys map & guide of attractions, mileages, motel & bungalow vacation accommodations, swimming, fishing, boating facilities, things to do and see in "Vacationland of Presidents." Key Colony Beach, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Florida.

FUND RAISING

ORGANIZATIONS, church groups, etc.; Newest, fascinating fund raising program. Earn loads of cash. No invest. No risk. Take orders on exciting costume jewelry. Members can get luxurious Mink Stoles Free! Wendell Jewelers Inc., 312-7th Ave., N.Y.1,N.Y.

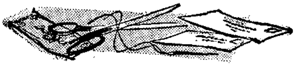
SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. C-199-E, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26.

EARN $240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only Two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears, disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabricon, 8324 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

MEN And Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-E, Chicago 26, Illinois.

RUN Spare-Time Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our wonderful new 1957 All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn up to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 11, Ferndale, Michigan.



START Big Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-E, Chicago 26, Ill.

EARN Extra Income Without Changing Jobs! Sell America's most unusual gifts, gadgets, greeting cards. Over 600 items—up to 100% profit. Free catalog. Samples on approval. Write Greetings Unlimited, 397 Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

FOR Exceptional Earnings in part or full time selling, you should consult the Perma-Stone dealer in your town. Write Perma-Stone Co., Dept. 1, 719 E. Hudson Street, Columbus 11, Ohio for his home and address.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-18, Chicago 32, Illinois.

BARGAIN Catalog! 30-80% Discounts! Appliances, Gifts, Typewriters, Tools, Watches, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Cameras, Housewares, etc. Consolidated Distributors, Clifton 18, New Jersey.

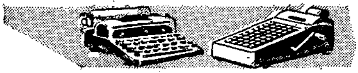
WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $10 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, 8322 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

IF you're interested in making money in selling, see the hundreds of exceptional opportunities in Salesmen's Opportunity Magazine. Send name for your copy, absolutely free. Tell us what you're selling now. Opportunity, 848 N. Dearborn, Dept. 49, Chicago 10, Illinois.

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11c brings back $2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room 2-E, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois.

MAKE Extra Money—Cash commissions. Full or part time. Everybody buys easy-selling Advertising Book Matches. Union label. All styles. No experience necessary. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-557, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

60% PROFIT Possible on Cosmetics—Why make less? Famous nationally advertised Studio Girl Hollywood Cosmetics pay up to 60%! Make up to $25 a day and more! Hire others. Write or wire for free samples, details. Studio Girl, Glendale, California, Dept. 1875E.



LEARN how to Make Money at Home. Addressing Envelopes for Advertisers. Use Typewriter or Plain Handwriting. Good Pay, Full or Spare Time, If You Know How. Mail $1 for Instruction Manual. Sterling, Dept. 11, Corona 68, N. Y. Money Back Guarantee.

SELL Knapp "Aerotred" Shoes. Nationally Advertised by America's Largest, Most Progressive Direct-Selling Shoe Company. The Knapp Franchise offers Big Daily Commissions plus Monthly Cash Bonus, plus Liberal Insurance Protection under the Knapp Security Benefit Plan. Complete Selling Equipment furnished Free. Write; Knapp Bros. Shoe Mfg. Corp., Dept. 64-B, Brockton, Mass.

FLORIDA Keys acreage, business property, ocean frontage, homes, motels, other investment, income opportunities. New bungalows only $5,950 plus lot, in fastest-growing Keys community. Details, prices: Key Colony, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Florida.

THINKING of a business of your own? Investigate Perma-Stone dealership. Very moderate investment —no franchise or royalty fee. Leading home improvement product in its field. Nationally advertised. Only one dealer in each territory. Write Perma-Stone Co., 719 E. Hudson St., Columbus 11, Ohio.

EXCLUSIVE Distributorship available in most areas for world-famous Cadmium Battery guaranteed to outlast your car. Tremendous profit opportunity. Investment for merchandise only. Free Franchise. Cadmium Battery Corp., Dept. 106, El Segundo, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS—PERSONAL

HIGHEST Cash Paid for Old Gold or Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Rings, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, Platinum, Mercury, Gold Coins. Write for Free Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rose Refiners, 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

MACK'S Anti-Noise Earplugs let you sleep, if noise disturbs. There is no substitute for natural sleep. Waterproof for swimmers. $1.00 per box (3 prs.) mailed. Guaranteed or refund. McKeon Co., Box 2269C, Cleveland 9, Ohio.

(School and College Directory on next page)

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

COLLEGES AND JUNIOR COLLEGES

VERMONT Junior College—Women. 123rd yr. Accredited. Assoc. degrees. 2-yr. liberal arts, home ec., journalism, art, nursery teaching, sec'l, med. sec'l, med. tech., pre-professional, gen'l courses. Catalog. R. K. Noble, Pres., Montpelier, Vermont.

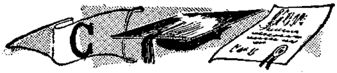
CO-ED PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

LYNDON Institute. Grades 9-12. Coed. Accredited college prep., business, home ec., agriculture, auto mech., bldg. trades. Art, music. Guidance. Winter sports. Trips. Est. *1867. Rate $1000. Catalog.* W. F. True, Box C, Lyndon Center, Vt.

BOYS PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

TILTON School. Thorough college preparation. *Grades 7-12. Builds character, leadership. Small* classes, understanding masters. New gym. Sports for all. Est. 1845. Early app. advised. Catalog. J. Rolland Crompton, D.D., Hdm., Box A, Tilton, N. H.

FORK UNION Military Academy—Our one subject plan in Upper School (grades 9-12) increased *honor roll 50%. Accredited. ROTC highest rating.* Sep. Jr. School, grades 4-8. 60th year. Catalog. Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 48, Fork Union, Va.



KEMPER Military School—Rounded educational, military, recreational program. *Accedited.* Small classes, 8th grade, H.S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, horsemanship, 113th yr. Dir. of Adm. 1557 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

WENTWORTH Military Academy—Thousands of business, professional leaders started here. 4-yr. H.S.; 2-yr. College. Accredited. Sr. ROTC. CAA flying. Sports. Summer school & Camp. 78th yr. Catalog. Col. Sellers, 457 Wash. Pl., Lexington, Mo.

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

SHORTHAND *in 6 Weeks. Age no obstacle.* Lowest cost. Famous Speedwriting shorthand. No symbols, no machines, uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% faster than Civil Service requirements. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. *The very low cost will surprise you.* Typing available. 34th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write today for free booklet which gives full details —and free sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly you can learn Speedwriting shorthand. School of Speedwriting. Dept. 4905-7, 55 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

SHORTHAND Dictation on Phonograph Records. Wonderful new system for picking up shorthand speed in a hurry. Loads of specially selected shorthand dictation in all speeds. Write for free details. Dictation Disc Co., Dept. CR-5, 170 Broadway, N.Y. 38, N.Y.

PROFESSIONAL & VOCATIONAL

INDIANA Technical College—B.S. degree in 27 mo. Engineering. Aero., Chem., Civil, Elec., Mech. & Electronics (inc. Radio & TV.) B.S. in 36 mo. (Math., Chem., Physics.) Prep courses. Enter June, Sept., Dec., March. 9557 E. Wash. Blvd., Ft. Wayne 2, Ind.

CAN I At My Age Become A Hotel Hostess or Executive Even Though I Have Had No Previous Hotel Experience? Would you like to step into a well-paid position as Hotel or Club Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social Director or Assistant Manager, etc.? The success of Lewis graduates from 20 to 50 proves you can. Harry Barnes writes: "After Lewis Training, I became Assistant Steward in a fine hotel." Our Free Book explains how you qualify for a well-paid position at home or through resident classes in Washington; how you are registered Free in Lewis National Placement Service. Write today. Course Approved for All Veteran and War Orphan Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Desk CE-1124, Washington 7, D. C. 41st Year.

HOME INSTRUCTION

BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

WHY Don't You Write? Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, *on your own time,* the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men and women learn—by writing. Our "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5497-E, One Park Ave., N. Y. 16.

CALVERT School—Educate your child at home. indergarten—9th grade. Accredited. Easy-to-follow aching manual; lessons, books, supplies. Guidance y Calvert teachers. Start any time. 51st yr. Cata- g. 690 W. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore, Maryland.

EARN more money—astound your boss, customers, iends with a better memory. Amazing new method f memory training now available by mail. Case histories rove any average person, regardless of age or edu- ation, can achieve tremendous memory improve- ent, greater self-confidence the easy Dr. Bruno urst way. Featured in leading national magazines. ost is small, benefits huge. Write today for free etail to: Dr. Bruno Furst Course in Memory & Con- entration, Dept. 4A, 365 West End Ave., N.Y. 24.

INTERIOR Decoration: Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payment. Send for free booklet. Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1415, Chicago 14, Ill.

WANTED: More new writers for TV-radio, magazines, business and social publications. Learn at home for extra income or exciting full time career. Many students earn while learning. Professional instruction. Send for free book of opportunities and free typical lesson. Send now before you forget. Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CM-57, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, California.

Motto Man

SUCCESS is often built on small talk, if the listener is alert enough. For instance, an overworked janitor complained dolefully to Frederick E. Gymer, a Cleveland advertising man, "I like to be busy enough to feel important but I don't like to be drove crazy."

In 1946, when Gymer was casting around for an unusual theme for a direct-mail advertising campaign he remembered the stuffy signs displayed in offices: "Smile" . . . "Nothing takes the place of experience" . . . He also remembered the janitor. Why not kid these virtuous slogans, Gymer thought, and evolved the "Let's Have Better Mottoes Association," with a forlorn-looking parade horse, Joe, as its identifying character and a monthly motto card and letter.

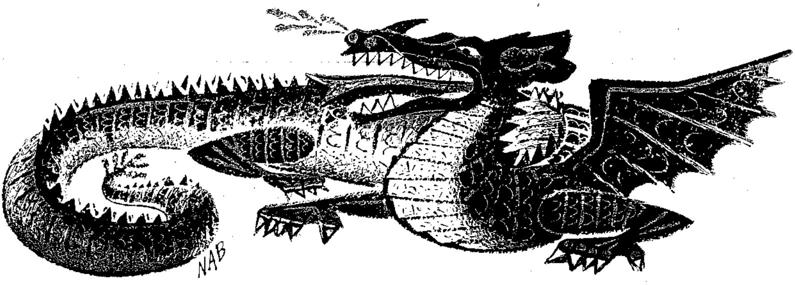
Gymer's office was soon flooded with mail from people who roared over his monthly motto cards and letters, used his services, requested more copies for friends, and suggested mottoes themselves: "Don't talk about yourself; we'll do that when you leave" . . . "Keep your eye on the ball, your shoulder to the wheel, your ear to the ground—now—try to work in that position."

Today, at 62, Fred Gymer devotes full time to the syndication of his trade-marked, copyrighted motto mailings. And in the eleven years since he got the idea for them over 1,500,000 motto cards and letters have gone out to the far corners of the earth.

The oldest of seven children, Gymer had to quit high school at the end of one year to work, and educated himself by voracious reading at the Cleveland public library. He rose to responsible positions in advertising. But he devoted his vacations to studying life—playing the tuba and bass drum in circus bands, hoboing around the country, cooking on a canal boat—which gave him a never-ending reserve of humor.

He takes pride in the fame of his sad-faced mascot, who now receives mail addressed simply to "Joe the horse, Cleveland 15." And his working day has become one long series of laughs as he creates and polishes dozens of new mottoes each year: "I spend 8 hours a day here—do you expect me to WORK, too?" . . . "Work fascinates me—I can sit and look at it for HOURS" . . . "I like my job. It's the *work* I hate." . . . "Accuracy is our watchword—we never make misteaks."

—MARK NICHOLS



They Called It Justice

by WILL BERNARD

IN THE CHINESE PROVINCE of Peichihi-li, a century ago, two merchants appeared before a mandarin. One, a tea oil trader, was demanding a wicker measuring basket from the other, a rice trader. "I lent him that basket several months ago," the tea oil trader complained to the mandarin, "and now he won't give it back."

"He lies!" retorted the rice trader. "He never saw the basket until he noticed it in my shop. I bought it myself, and I've had it ever since."

Both men stuck to their stories. At last the mandarin said, "The evidence is equally balanced. I must ask the basket itself."

An attendant placed the basket on the floor. "Basket," said the mandarin gravely, "to whom do you belong?" There was a long silence. Then the mandarin cried, "If you don't answer, I shall give you the bamboo!"

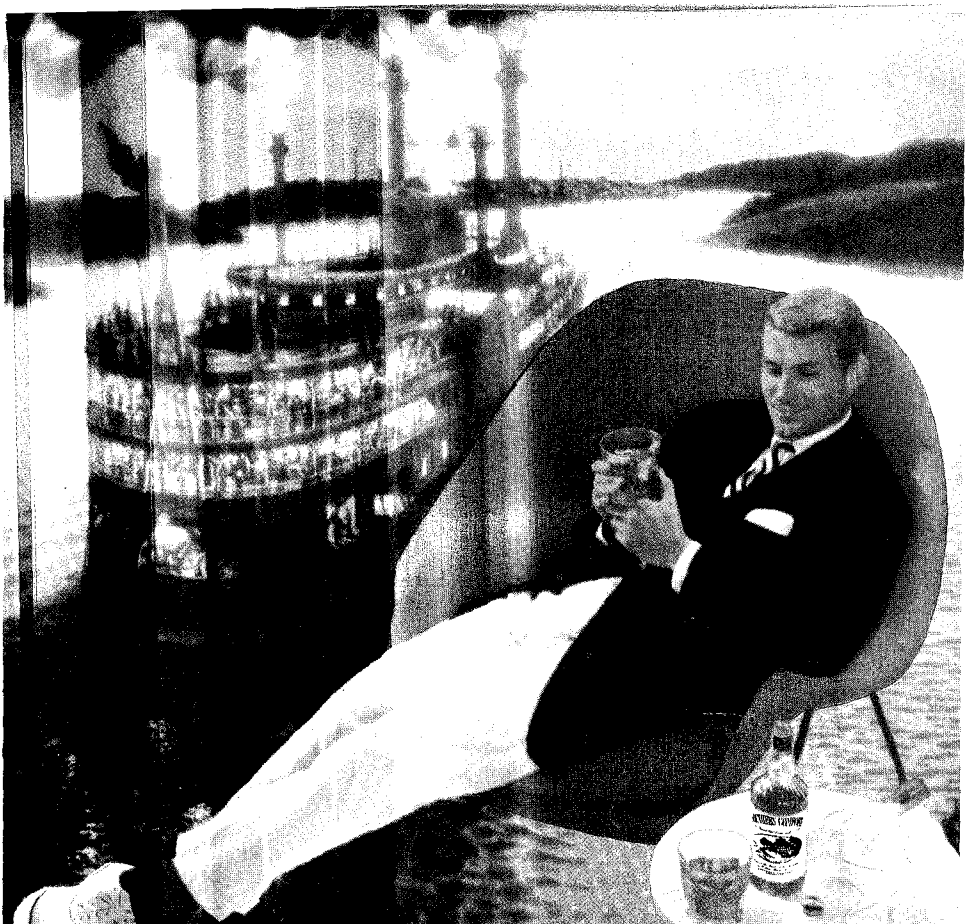
Following another pause, he summoned his "executioner"—who dutifully gave the basket 25 sharp blows with a bamboo stick. After the basket was set aside in disgrace, the mandarin got down on his hands and knees and studied the spot where the basket had been.

Resuming his seat, he said, "Give the basket back to the tea oil trader, for he is the true owner. And give the rice trader 50 blows well laid on." For on the floor he had found not only a scattering of rice kernels but also several tiny seeds of the tea oil tree.

In an isolated Maine village some years ago, a workman was killed in an accident at a pulp mill, posing the local judge this problem: since the victim had no known relatives, what should be done with the $25 and the jackknife found in his pockets?

The judge gazed gloomily at the articles, envisioning wearisome research and endless red tape. Suddenly, his eyes brightened.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "I hereby find the deceased guilty of carrying a concealed weapon. In the name of the State of Maine, I declare his weapon confiscated. And as punishment I sentence him to pay a $25 fine."



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